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St. Joseph — Our Patron

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXI.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1942

No. 1

ST. JOSEPH

Head of the House of Nazareth

THE House of Nazareth was a world in itself; a world that offset the great outside world of ordinary sinful humanity.

It experienced the human life of God-made Man from day to day during thirty years and if all humanity were lost, ample glory would have been offered in the Casa Sancta for all God's labours in creation and in His Providence over the world and this was the special world over which St. Joseph presided.

Mary, the Immaculate Conception and Mother of God, reflected the light of her Son and was worthy to have a place there and Joseph, the head of the family, must have been near her in spiritual dignity.

The angels hovered over the House of Nazareth and we are assured that St. Joseph received their messages for its economy and safety.

**St. Joseph, Head of the House of Nazareth,
Pray For Us.**

EDITORIAL

THE DRIFT FROM CHRISTIANITY

A POPULAR speaker, addressing America at large on the radio a short time ago, declared without any fear of contradiction that the United States was neither pagan nor Christian, but neutral.

To tell the English-speaking world a few years ago that it was not Christian would have caused a great shock to public sentiment, with violent reactions and denials; but not so now. Lancaster Spaulding, Catholic Bishop of Peoria, made a statement in his time that America was turning infidel, and he caused a tumultuous uproar, as his statement was considered wild and unjust to a Christian people.

When Mr. Taft, at the beginning of this century, was proposed for the presidency of the United States, a cry was raised against him, that being a Unitarian, he was not a Christian, and a believer in the divinity of Christ, and thus could never become the ruler of a Christian nation. Who would now raise that cry with any force of appeal to public opinion?

Statistics of religion inform us that seventy per cent of Americans have no religious affiliations and lately, strange to say, we were told on good authority that American Catholics number up to thirty-five millions; as many as all non-Catholic sects together. What a strange transition in a nation that was a short time ago solidly Christian, but not Catholic; when Catholics were only the poor Irish immigrants that drifted to its shores. Catholic and Irish were considered synonymous, and thus to become a Catholic was to lose caste.

England, we are assured, is in the same condition. English children, we are told, when leaving their homes during evacuation from the cities and coming into contact with a crucifix in Catholic localities, did not know what the crucifix

meant. The crucifix then, the symbol of man's redemption, has vanished from an old Christian people.

If this drift goes on for a few years more at the same rate, it would look true what a popular writer has already said: "That outside of the Catholic Church, there is little Christianity left." Catholics, however, never make this statement and they await the statistics on the number of those who believe in the divinity of Christ and His Church and of those that reject the old faith of Christianity.

SUBSTITUTES FOR CHRISTIANITY

In commenting on this startling loss of religion among our fellow citizens, our object is not polemical for the old dispute of four hundred years on the true religion of Christ, between Catholics and non-Catholics, is hushed by the silence of one side of the dispute. One side seems to have disappeared and it takes two to set up an argument.

The interesting feature now of the religious situation is what men will substitute for religion; for when religion is gone, something must take its place. What we ask, will fill the great vacuum of religion? Will it be science, humanism, state worship, or downright naturalism of our animal natures?

When the spiritual world departs, the mental world also goes with it, for mind then becomes the same as our perishable senses of brain and nerves and we are merely animals caged in a perishable world to perish with it.

Mr. Einstein tells us that the hope of survival beyond the grave and immortality is the hope of a coward. The brave man he means expects at death to die all over. He reminds us of the old children's rhyme of Billy Pringle's Pig:

"When he lived, he lived on clover
And when he died, he died all over."

We are certainly sinking back into the state Christ found the world in at His coming. Simple, ignorant people then were pagans, worshipping all sorts of gods, the gods of poetry and myth, objects of nature like the planets and stars, and

even the very animals and plants, as in old cultured and highly refined Egypt. When they shook off paganism under the influence of philosophy, they became sheer materialists, or, as Cicero and all his polished caste, downright sceptics in regard to all truths.

Plato's school of the Academy, that had restored a spiritual world to humanity, immediately after his death, sank into Academic, or proverbial scepticism, that is disbelief in the spiritual world and all fixed truth. The great St. Augustine belonged to this school of universal doubt until, as he tells us, the doctrines of Plato, as set forth by Cicero, dragged him out of the slough of materialism. Plato was for him a stepping stone to Christ.

He saw again the stars of a spiritual world above him and his boyhood love for Christ brought him back to the religion of Monica, his mother. When we read the wanderings of this great mind through all manner of weird errors down to the depths of mere animalism we can see the substitutes for Christianity.

HUMANISM A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIANITY

The most insinuating substitute for Christianity is humanism, which means modern civilization and its culture of education that marks its onward progress. It was the boast of modern infidels that the university would take the place of the Church. The outbreak, however, of the last great world war, when extreme nationalism divided the professors of universities and turned them, in many instances, into blood-thirsty barbarians, silenced this boast of university intellectualism.

The present war, too, confirms the decision that a certain country that has most universities is not thinking of world peace and humanitarianism. Was the world ever in such a state of inhumanity, just when men profess to worship at the shrine of humanism? Christianity struggled hard against the horrors of war and the evils, too, of peace and partially succeeded; but what hope does humanism supply?

In fact, the university leaders are sharply divided into those that would supply mere intellectual education without any regard to the training of character, and they are termed intellectualists in distinction to those who are termed holoists, that is, educators that would give moral training and character development as well as mental culture. The intellectualists we think prevail immeasurably over the holoists, and now when religious training is discarded, the plea of the holoists seems a mere bluff; for what have they to offer?

NATIONALISM A SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION

When Christianity departs, which is international and Catholic, that is, a light shining over all nations from high heaven giving one creed and one code of morality, the inevitable system that fills its place is Nationalism and the worship of the fatherland.

The only heaven of happiness, then, is national success, and men will give their lives blindly on the altars of their nation without hope of anything beyond this world. To live and die like bees in the hive of one's country is thought sufficient for human destiny and there is nothing beyond this world to divide our attention. It is a substitution of a kingdom on earth for a kingdom of heaven, and it results from the extreme distortion of politics, that the people are for the government and not the government for the people.

The cardinal question on which the present war turns is said to be: Whether the government is for the people or the people for the government. To make a god of the state and to sacrifice to it all the rights of the people prevailed in ancient times and threatens to prevail again. This is a substitute for religion and each little state becomes the heaven of its inhabitants and the object of its worship.

Without going into politics, we can see to-day that extreme nationalism is the real enemy of the Catholic Church. The Church is Catholic and universal and it is a continuous miracle that She survives in the face of nationalism so fierce and intolerant.

HARD TO BE AN INFIDEL

In our superficial musings, we think it a mental strain to hold religion and look beyond the stars; but the opposite is true for a man of thought. What a scrambled mess the world would be without creation and divine providence. We have indeed a world of mathematical harmony and exquisite beauty and what is the cause for it all?

Scientists of late have supplied the quickest evidence perhaps of all for the existence of the Creator, and it is that life cannot come from Nature; as they tell us that it must come from outside. This is the way Aristotle spoke of the human soul. He said it was something divine, that is coming from God. How hard on our heads to think of life and the human soul coming from sterile mud.

It puts us in mind of an incident that occurred to Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. He thought he was the only inhabitant until one day he visited a beach at some distance garbed, as we think of him, in his loose hanging pelts, shaded by his crude, but ingenious, umbrella, with his parrot on his shoulder that gave him back his own sad words: "Poor Robinson Crusoe."

But lo, he starts with a shock from his spirit of solitude, for he sees numerous tracks of human feet on the sands of the beach, and he realizes in alarm that he is not alone.

Materialists, too, assume that they are alone with Nature that evolves all things from crude sterile matter. The foot prints of God, however, are everywhere where life and its various systems crop up. Infidels are not alone, but have God with them. And thus it is hard to be an infidel for a man that thinks.

It is only of late that science has shown with certainty that life cannot come from sterile matter, and a hundred years ago all classes of men presumed that the lower forms of life emanated from slimy deposits on the earth's surface. Now we know that the merest germ comes from an original germ, which in turn came from God. St. Thomas himself would have appreciated this argument if science at his time had supplied the experimental reasons that we have now.

THE VIKING VERSION OF CLONTARF

By RT. REV. MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

AS USUAL, when about to describe great battles and world-shaking events, the Nordic Skalds prefaced their sagas by narrating strange and weird and supernatural visions or omens that foretold or portended these momentous affairs. Sir George Dasent warns us that we must not allow the improbability of some of these omens and signs to influence us into thinking that the history related in the Sagas is also improbable. He says "That with occurrences of undoubted truth and minute particularity as to time and place, as to dates and distance, are intermingled wild superstitions on several occasions, will not startle any reader of good judgment. All ages, our own not excepted, have their superstitions, and to suppose that a story told in the eleventh century—when phantoms, ghosts, and wraiths, were implicitly believed in, and when dreams and warnings and tokens were part of every man's creed,—should be wanting in those *marks of genuineness*, is simply to require that one great proof of its truthfulness should be wanting. and that in order to suit the spirit of our age, it should lack something that was a part and parcel of popular belief, in the age to which it belonged. To the thoughtful mind, therefore, such stories as that of Swan's witchcraft; Gunnar's song in his own grave; Wolf's ride before the Burning; Flosi's dreams; the signs and tokens before Brian's Battle; and even Njal's weird foresight on which the whole story hangs, *will be regarded as proofs rather for than against its genuineness.*"



There were two Viking leaders, Ospak and Brodir, who held a strong fleet west of the Isle of Man. They quarreled, and Brodir declared for the Danes, but Ospak said he would not

fight against so good a King as Brian, and he vowed he would give up the pagan gods and go to King Brian, and follow him to his death's day. Then Ospak sailed to Ireland, and told King Brian all he knew of the intentions of the Danes. He then took baptism from one of Brian's priests. After that King Brian came to Dublin with his whole host the week before Palm Sunday. King Brian's army amounted to 20,000 warriors. According to the Saga account the leaders of the Danish host were Brodir, the Admiral of the Fleet, Sigurd, the powerful Earl of the Orkneys, and Sigtryg, King of the Danes of Dublin. So far this agrees well with the Irish account. The Skalds seem to be confused when they mention the leaders of the Irish. The only names they give, besides that of King Brian, are "Kerthialfad," and "Wolf the Quarrelsome." "Kerthialfad" may have been a Viking name for Prince Murrough, Brian's son, who was the chief Irish Commander, as the great sword-feats of Murrough are attributed by the Skalds to him.

Here we will break away from the Saga narrative for a moment, and give the Irish array, as it stood, facing south-west on the field of Clontarf, on Good Friday, the 23rd of April, 1014.

The right wing of Ireland was composed of the brilliant Dalcassian and Eugenian battalions, King Brian's household troops; and of the household troops of Royal Meath, under the command of the former Ard-Ri, Malachy. Prince Murrough (whom the Danes called Kerthialfad), was supreme commander of this right wing. The Irish center division was composed of the troops of Desmond, or South Munster, under the command of Kian the son of Malloy, and of Donal, son of Dhu Davoren of the Eugenian line. The Irish left wing was composed of the forces of Connaught, under O'Kelly, Prince of Hy-manie, O'Heyne, Prince of Hy-Fiachra-Ahna, and Echtigern, King of Dalaradia! We will now go back to the Saga account.

* * * * *

Brodir tried by sorcery to find how the battle would go, and the answer ran thus: "If the fight were on Good Friday, King Brian would fall, but win the day; but if they fought on another day, they who were against him would fall. Then Brodir said they must not fight before Good Friday."

Wolf the Quarrelsome was on that wing of the battle against which Brodir stood, but on the other wing where Sigtryg stood against them were Ospak, the converted Viking, and his sons.

In mid-battle was Kerthialfad, and, *before him the Irish banners were borne!* Kerthialfad (Prince Murrough) came on so fast against the enemy that he laid low all who were in the front rank, and he broke the array of Earl Sigurd right up to his banner, and slew the banner-bearer. Then they got another man to bear the banner. Kerthialfad smote this man to his death immediately; and so on, one after another, all who stood near him.

Then Earl Sigurd called upon Thorstein, son of Hall of the Side, to bear the banner, and Thorstein was about to lift the banner when Asmund the White, an Icelfander, said, "Don't touch the banner, for all they who touch it die."

"Hrafn the Red," called out Earl Sigurd, "bear thou the banner."

"Bear thine own fiend, thyself," answered Hrafn sharply. Then the Earl said, "It is fittest that the beggar should carry the bag," and with that he took the banner from the staff and put it under his cloak.

A little while after, Asmund the White was slain and the Earl was pierced through with a spear. Ospak, the converted Viking, had fought through all the battle on his wing, he had been sore wounded, and lost both his sons, but he overcame King Sigtryg, who fled!

Then flight broke out throughout all the Nordic host!

* * * * *

Thorstein, Hall of the Side's son, stood his ground while all the Danish army fled in panic, and he was idly tying his

shoe-string when Kerthialfad asked him why he ran not as the others.

"Because," said Thorstein, "I can't get home to-night, for my home is out in Iceland." And Kerthialfad, marvelling much, took him prisoner, and pledged him safety.

Brodír, the pirate captain, saw King Brian praying in his tent and rushed in and killed the victorious King. Then he held up King Brian's severed head, and cried aloud, "Now let man tell man that Brodír felled great Brian!" Then the victorious Irish troops surrounded Brodír and put him to death at once.

* * * * *

After the battle of Clontarf the Saga of Burnt Njal relates many unusual signs and wonders:

Fifteen men of the Burners fell in Brian's battle, and there, too, fell Halldor, the son of Gudmund the Powerful, and Erling of Straumay.

On Good Friday at Swinefell in Iceland, blood came on the priest's stole, so that he had to take it off when saying Mass.

At Thvattwater the priest saw on Good Friday a long, deep of the sea, hard by the altar, and thereon he saw many awful sights, and it was long ere he could chant the prayers!

The following thing happened in the Orkneys. Hareck thought he saw Earl Sigurd, and some men with him. Then Hareck took his horse and rode to meet the Earl. Men saw that they met and rode under a wood, but they were never seen again, and not a scrap was ever seen of Hareck. The Earl had been killed at Clontarf before Hareck's vision.

* * * * *

Earl Gilli, in the Southern Isles, dreamed that a man came to him, and said his name was Hostfinn, and told him he was come from Ireland. The Earl asked him for news from that place, and then the visionary Hostfinn sang this song:

I have been where warriors wrestled,
High in Erin sang the sword,
Boss to boss met many bucklers,
Steel rang sharp on rattling helm.
I can tell of all that conflict
Sigurd fell in flight of spears;
Brian fell but kept his kingdom,
Ere he lost one drop of blood.

* * * * *

An Irish account concludes thus: "Such was the victory of Clontarf, one of the most glorious events in the annals of Ireland. It was the final effort of the Danish power to effect the conquest of Ireland. Never again was their effort renewed. For a century subsequently the Danes continued to hold some maritime cities in the island, but never more did they dream of conquest! That design was overthrown forever on the bloody plain of Clontarf!"

* * * * *

It was, as the historian called it, truly "a conflict of heroes." On each side nearly every commander of note fell in battle. The list of the dead is a roll of nobility, Danish and Irish; among the dead being the great Stewards of Mar and Lennox, who had come from distant Scotland to fight on the Irish side that day! The fame of the battle went out through all the nations. The Chronicles of Wales and Cornwall, of Scotland and of Man; the Annals of Ademar and Marianus; the Sagas of Denmark and of Iceland,—all record the world-shaking clash of Clontarf! The Norse settlers at Caithness and the people of the Orkneys saw, on the day after the battle, terrific visions of the Valkyries and of Valhalla! Thus did Ireland uphold the cause of Christendom in those days when England and France and Spain were cowering under the shadow of the Vikings' Raven-Flag.

GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE

AN ADAPTATION OF GHEON'S POPULAR PORTRAIT.

By REVEREND THOMAS F. BATTLE.

ALL-TIME mystical experience has nothing more lively or lovely than the story of Ars. At once and consistently for forty years the world's highways poured into this neglected corner. Yankee Stadium with two double-header gates would equal the throng that daily swarmed to Ars. The average was 100,000. The same number came the day the Curé died there.

Unbelievable how so many came by homely and joyless travel. The spectacle at Ars was under way before the Monroe Doctrine was announced, before Stephenson ran his locomotive, and quite before Fulton had furrowed the Hudson. No automobile yet existed, save in Roger Bacon's medieval forecasts. No seer had foretold the American Clipper or the Normandie or the Ile de France. It would be seventy-five more years before Elwood Haynes would have his stalled "contraption" ordered off Michigan Avenue by an Irish Cop, and almost a century before Wright Bros. could fly their planes with measurable safety. No rapid or luxurious transit helped the crowd find Vianney and his village.

The first seeds of sainthood in young Vianney were discovered by M. Balley, an apostolic priest in a neighboring town where Vianney's mother was born. The peasant boy was willing but dull. He tried in vain to learn-but, unlike Alexander Pope, while he lisped the numbers never came. He did not exactly give up, but took to the road and begging on the way, walked seventy-two miles to the Shrine of St. Francis Regis. He asked this saint to intercede for him and when he returned home to M. Balley the lessons came better but he was far from an Aristotle.

Desiring to be priested, he was permitted to try out a

Junior Seminary at Verrieres. Alas for Vianney! Philosophy might well be hieroglyphics and its Latin, Sanskrit. He made a mess of things, but came up smiling. They moved him to the Greater School at Lyons. There was less intolerance here for backwardness. After six months they opened wide the gate and lavishly bowed him from their mythical campus. He was back on Balley's door step.

M. Balley patiently tutored his forlorn student and with apostolic boldness sent him up for Minor Orders. He said he would go guarantee for him. He believed in long shots. Vianney went berserk at the exams. He thought as a man whose body was in France but the mind elsewhere. He completely lost his head. But Balley was undaunted, so appealed for a second test. There was a great improvement but again he was no Stagyrte. The authorities finally passed him with a shove, and almost two months after Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo, from whose army Vianney had been saved, the unlettered was ordained a priest at Grenoble on the 13th August, 1815.

Before being sent to the show ground at Ars, John Vianney served three years as curate to M. Balley. The pair set up a two-man monastery in the humble rectory at Ecully. For what Gheon says of Vianney,—that sin was known to him only in his theology books—would apply to Balley also. They ran riot with austerities and rigorous spreeing. So much so that both were raked over the coals by the Vicar General of the diocese. Both wore hair shirts and used the discipline. Their table was a shambles. According to monastic rule, Vianney gave himself to study. When Balley died, Vianney was made Curé of a nowhere place. The conditions of the road leading there was a proof of this. When dispatched, the Vicar General said to him: "It is a little parish where there is not much love of God; you must put some into it." When Vianney arrived he was followed by a cart that looked like a junk dealer's. It carried a few old sticks of furniture. He knelt down and kissed the ground. He said, not with pride, but with prophecy: "This parish will not be able to

hold all those who later will come to it." That was the first omen of the 100,000 per day who would clamor through the village and his little plant. As yet he was unknown in France, America or anywhere but heaven.

Before taking off his coat he surveyed his plant and people. He was horrified at the dilapidated state of the house of God. Moving among his people in their homes and farms, while treating and being treated kindly, talking of their ways and their wares, he soon learned that most of them were dilapidated too—spiritually. So he got busy. He hadn't come to Ars to fool.

He ascended the pulpit with the gloves on and backed his people to the ropes. Gheon quotes something of what he said: "Christ wept over Jerusalem. . . I weep over you. How can I help weeping, my brethren? Hell exists. It is not my invention. God has told us. And you pay no heed . . . you do all that is necessary to be sent to it. You blaspheme the Name of God. You spend your evenings in the cabarets. You give yourselves to the sinful pleasures of dancing. You steal from your neighbour's fields. You do a world of things which are offences against God. Do you think, then, that God does not see you? He sees you, my children, as I see you, and you shall be treated accordingly. What misery! Hell exists. I beg you: think of hell. Do you think that your Curé will let you be cast into hell to burn there for ever and ever! Are you going to cause this suffering to your Curé?"

It is true that in his ten years' campaign against the folly and iniquity of the district he did not escape with impunity. The devil saw to that. As one by one he shattered the temples and idols of vice around him there was some who just couldn't take it and he paid some price for his success. They began to vilify him. Some of the young playboys of the village, afraid to confront him, boldly lodged a whispering campaign against him. What did they say? They passed the word around that he was a hypocrite; they said that he was immoral and devoted a deal of his time to debauchery. They pointed to his emaciation and pallor as proof of this. They

passed over the cold potatoes, the board bed, the four hours of sleep and the whippings and hair shirt. Village hooligans formed a procession to his house and jeered him to the accompaniment of an improvised band. When he came out of the front door in the morning it was pasted with filth. How did he take all this? He did not reply nor hit back nor desert his post. This was not the first time nor the last that such things had been said and done against innocent men—even saints.

This session of slander was not his only cross. When the world found a pathway to his door, a new enemy arose in some of his brethren of the cloth. It is true, very little was due to professional jealousy. The way the priests apologized and asked forgiveness seems to indicate sincerity and the former fear that he was a fake and a fanatic. When pilgrims swarmed out of the world's parishes as well as his neighbours', the local brethren of his diocese began to complain. At least some did. They honoured him with anonymous letters. He was sufficiently smart to detect their handwriting and he graciously replied to each one of them, saying they were right and thanking them for their action. As things kept up they drew up a petition to the Bishop and, to give them credit as men, they sent him a copy of the same before its final despatch. He read it and, reaching for a pen, made it unanimous by adding his own name to it. We have often heard of the wit and humour of sainthood. The world of holiness rings with the laughter of the saints. But it is hard to beat this case of humorous ingenuity. However, he was sincere.

At Belley there happened to be a bishop, Msgr. Devie, who knew Vianney better than his accusers. He had looked into the Curé's activities before. A friend had tipped him off as to the Curé's genuineness so the brethren could tell the bishop nothing new. One thing they could not tell him was that Vianney was a fakir. Another thing they couldn't inform him of was that Vianney was a saint, because he had known that for a long time. Msgr. Devie was convinced that France had a nineteenth century saint. One bright spot in all this and to the credit of all his accusers to a man is, that they came to

Vianney and asked his pardon. As the crowds continued to Ars the devil came with them. He, the enemy of all men, was the new enemy for Vianney. He took a hand in affairs. This infernal gentleman did not come in his customary red tights with horns and tail. It is not certain that he was actually seen. But he made himself heard, and considerably annoyed the Curé. He started in a small and seemingly natural way. He imitated the persistent gnawing of a mouse in the saint's bedroom—rather where the saint slept. More than once the Curé arose in search of Mickie Mouse but he was not there. Loud thumpings came on the front door. The Curé threw up the window and called below, but in vain. The devil disturbed him with the bed clothes, dumped him out of bed, and finally set it on fire and Vianney forthwith summoned the fire department, which was himself. At other times there were noisy clamors and clatters. There is available evidence of the devil's visit to Ars.

He heard confessions for 15 and 16 hours per day. It was a common thing to wait a week or more for your turn. There are men and women still living who, as boys and maidens, were in the penitential queue. It is not so far a cry to the year before the American Civil War, when he died. A present-day patriarch of ninety could have been in his box. Certainly many a person still living heard his parents tell of the lacing or the leniency they got through the screen. There were folk who came for a size-up of their vocations. Some were told they would be damned if they entered the priesthood. Others were told they would be damned if they didn't. He knew the past, present and future of his penitents before they opened their mouths. It was useless to deceive him. If cowardly sinners concealed their iniquities he immediately apprised them of the same. When blackguards tested his powers with tales of vice they were innocent of, he immediately unmasked them, and confounded them or kicked them out. Among the throngs who came to hear him preach were preachers themselves. Gheon tells us that it was a feat for him to make priests cry. The incomparable Lacordaire came

down to see him. He left his pulpit and his preaching at Notre Dame where he was giving the Conferences. This orator of an era sat and cried at the sincere pleading of the rack of bones before him who vibrated with the heavenly Word. Lacordaire resumed his Conferences by saying he had never heard Vianney's like before.

Keen observers have opined that men like Vianney in our world have saved it from annihilation. There is no way of checking the truth of this except to say it could be. God once promised to keep His hands off Sodom and Gomorrah if ten men like Abraham could be found there. And old men like Vianney and young girls like Thérèse Martin, the Little Flower, may have given France and the world a new life-lease. People like these oft trail an age whose mind and manners so differed from theirs. History does not stint in giving us case histories. Vianney's career is a chapter following the unholy narrative of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. He stepped along the early half of his century beside the materialism of Herbert Spencer and the evolutionism of Charles Darwin and the mad sanctity he set going in his vineyard was a reaction to the spirit of science gone mad throughout Europe. So he drew a world fandom to his village ringside to see him take a wallop at the powers of darkness before the Industrial Revolution threatened to envelope Europe and the world. In life and in death, the nations learned his fame. France had seen saints before, but never quite like this one. Secular priests acclaimed his beatification as confirming and consoling their status. Forgotten fathers in rural backwashes looked with less envious eyes on their urban brethren who had gained cathedral stalls. Parishes and prebends were outweighed by the preaching and potatoes of Ars. Backward students took heart. A gleam of hope flashed across the pages of their manuals and compendia when they learned the lean talents and fat triumphs of Vianney. They heard of Lacordaire leaving his pulpit to hear a man of three hundred words. The learning of the schools might be a good thing, but the Ten Commandments and the Seven

Sacraments and prayer and fasting had done well in Ars.

The turn of our century did not dim his popularity. In fact, it took on fresh life, as people prayed to him the more and popes and princes of the Church parleyed his celestial citizenship.

As the decade of the 20's stepped along, the devil's advocate at the Holy Office walked out of the picture and the promoters of Vianney's cause at Rome now had him in the saintly sack. Amid the splendours of the liturgy of the world-wide Church, they canonized John Vianney on November 1st, 1924, in the presence of majesty and millinery. Pius XI proclaimed him saint before 35 cardinals and 200 bishops, not to speak of throngs of others. The Curé had done well by officialdom. It was a far cry to the humble presbytery at Ars or the schoolgate at Lyons when he was an unwanted nobody. The world knew now that it was right when they placed him whither he had herded his hordes away back in the days of the lambastings in their earthly home. These same were now being congratulated, instead of castigated, by the glorified mighty atom of Ars. He was now a fellow citizen with the saints, some of whom once upon a long time ago were the cabareters and harlots who turned the parish and district into a brothel.

It was this gentleman of France who helped save his generation in the things of the spirit. Up to date, we are already overdue for someone like him.



THE SOUL OF MARCUS DE FABRE, JR.

By RUSSELL FOX

MARCUS DE FABRE, senior, was pleased. He re-read the legal papers his lawyers had forwarded to him and again affirmed to himself his conviction that practically nothing human could happen to dissipate the colossal fortune he had amassed even after his own brain and hand ceased to guide and control his affairs. Trust deeds were his mighty weapon; covenants and stipulations that would give no one person complete authority over any part of his estate were the servants that would do his bidding long after he had passed away. On the morrow his son would be wed and then would come into operation the machine he had devised to perpetuate and increase his wealth.

The wedding was to be one of the most outstanding of many seasons. It would unite the all powerful industrial family of de Fabre with the family of the great international banker, Penobscott Tardieu. It would not be a social affair. Neither family moved within the sphere of any social group, and there were no known benefactions extant to create even an appearance of public good will. The wedding ceremony would simply be a welding of gold with gold.

Of the bride and groom-to-be little was known. Ann Tardieu, an only child, was an attractive girl, but most of her years were spent at school or in travel, and the young people of her community knew her only to see her. Marcus de Fabre, junior, was in much the same position as his bride. The few who came in contact with him considered it was only natural he should be like his father, determined, hard, selfish. Yet at times he would seem to set aside the paternal model before him, and he would do some little thing suggestive of graciousness, kindness, humanity.

Rosetta Monessi, demure, petite private secretary to the older de Fabre had often occasion to note these flashes of

something fine in the young man, and she seemed to have prescience that some day something would happen to bring him to a realization of the joy and peace to be experienced in sharing the cares, trials and perplexities of others. Speaking of the young man to her pastor, Father Murphy, one day she said:

"Our Lord must have lifted the veil from the eyes of millions of people since that day when St. Paul saw him on the road and asked: 'Quo vadis, Domine?' Why may we not expect he will do as much for young de Fabre if we pray earnestly for him."

"God moves in a mysterious way, my child," replied the priest. "Do, by all means, pray for this young man."

Once Rosetta stopped her car before the door of the church in the nearby village and was surprised to find a car stop just behind her. Out of it climbed young de Fabre. "Pardon me," he had said, "but just as you left the house I noticed you had dropped these," and he handed over her Rosary. "I know they are for prayer, but I do not know how essential they may be to your worship, although I would like to know and hope that someday you will tell me." Rosetta had invited him into the church for Benediction. He had hesitated but accompanied her, and afterwards he had sought explanations that showed his interest was prompted by an honest desire for information.

Rosetta followed the advice of Father Murphy. She prayed for the young man. She prayed that his eyes might be opened to the glories of Faith, the significance of the Redemption, the meaning of a Christian life motivated by love for others, and she prayed that his marriage might be happy. Rosetta was always praying for something or somebody, but never for herself. "God is too good to me already," she would tell her friends, and during the day she would whisper to herself many times: "He hath given His Angel charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; in His hand He will hold thee lest thou cast thy foot against a stone." The passage would restore to Rosetta a feeling of the carefree happiness of

childhood, and relief would come from all worry and anxiety.

On the evening before the wedding, Rosetta started to drive home from the church to the de Fabre residence after saying the Rosary. It was a condition of her employment that she live at the country residence of her employer, and the office in which she discharged her secretarial duties adjoined her living quarters. She was well away from the village when the large car of the younger de Fabre, going in the same direction, passed her. A short distance further she recognized the tail light and saw that the de Fabre car had stopped. She stopped her own vehicle, alighted and went forward. Mr de Fabre, junior, was gazing at the figure of a man sprawled on the pavement in front of his car.

"What is the matter?" the girl asked. "Have you had an accident?"

"Yes, a rather bad one, I think. He appears to be dead. I am glad you came along. We must do something quickly."

"Yes, indeed we must," agreed Rosetta as she knelt down by the figure on the road. "Are you sure he is dead?"

"Well, he doesn't seem to have any pulse if that means anything."

The girl felt for the pulse. "Yes," she said, "It seems to be hopeless. Do you know who he is?"

"No. Haven't any idea. Never saw him before. Tell you what to do. Go up to that house on the hill and phone my father. I'll move our cars so others may pass. Let me have your keys."

"The keys are in my car," she said, starting on her errand. Quickly she called her employer, told him what had happened and heard him say he would come at once. Then she called Father Murphy and suggested that the victim might be a Catholic. The priest said he would come immediately, as Extreme Unction could be administered even after the pulse had stopped, and he also undertook to relieve her of the necessity of notifying the authorities by doing so himself.

Rosetta then returned to the scene of the accident to confront one of the greatest surprises of her life. The position

of her car and that of young de Fabre had been changed. Her car now occupied the spot the de Fabre car had occupied when the man was killed, and the de Fabre car was back where she had stopped her car.

She looked at de Fabre; he smiled at her. "Do not be alarmed," he said. "Everything will be all right. This thing can't happen to me, especially on the eve of my wedding. You will have to pretend it was you who killed the poor fellow. Accident you know! My father will get you out of it, and I'll see you are well paid."

Rosetta stood back in amazement. "But such a thing is impossible," she exclaimed. "I couldn't think of permitting a pretence of that kind. As it was simply an accident why are you afraid to admit the truth?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know. But I am afraid," he answered, clenching his fists in anguish. "I will be labelled a killer. I will be put in jail. My marriage will be called off; my future smashed. Miss Monessi,—Rosetta—you must help me. Say that you will take the blame," he pleaded. "I am weak; you are strong. I have never had to do for myself. Oh! do help me!"

The girl was moved: "But don't you see," she said, "I would be labelled as the killer. I know how you feel. You have never had to do for yourself, as you say, and now you are afraid. However, it may be the greatest opportunity of your life. Face it like a man and I know it will develop what is in you. Surely you would not want to look back on it and realize that the way out for you was to shoulder an employee of your father, a woman employee with the blame."

"Oh," moaned the young man, "I know you are right; there can be no question about it. But I can't take it. It would kill me to be locked up, to face a judge and jury and then to stay in prison God knows how long. If you take the blame everyone will sympathize with you and my father will get you out of the trouble. Say that you will help me, that you will admit it was your car. By Heaven, you must—"

Neither was aware of the approach of another car until

it had stopped. The passenger was de Fabre. He nodded to the girl, proceeded to view the remains of the victim and listen to his son's explanations. The two men walked down the road out of hearing of the girl and for some minutes continued their conversation. Both then returned and the father spoke.

"Come," he said to the girl. "This is no place for you. It is a most unfortunate affair. Get into my car and we will go home. Your car will be all right. My son will look after it."

The girl did as she was directed. Mr de Fabre, senior, stepped in beside her and started the car, leaving his son on the roadside.

"I did not quite gather what had happened from your telephone message," de Fabre said to the girl. "However, I did telephone my lawyer before coming. He will be at the house any minute now. You are in somewhat of a predicament, but we will do all we can for you."

"How do I happen to be in somewhat of a predicament?" asked the girl.

"Well, is that not apparent?" asked the other. "Doesn't a man dead on your hands require an explanation of some sort?"

"But I have no man dead on my hands, sir," she replied.

"That was your car I noticed quite close to the remains of the poor fellow, wasn't it? In any case do not worry. I am sure everything will be all right."

Rosetta knew her employer and she did not have to be told that his remark meant he fully intended to fasten whatever guilt there might be in the circumstances of the stranger's death on her. She felt that his son had explained his movement of the cars and his motive. She realized that she was opposed to a force stronger than any human influence she could command. Then, as is so often the case after a period of prolonged concentration, her thoughts strayed to other things. She recalled of once reading a newspaper item about a man who had spent many years in prison for a crime committed by another. She remembered how happy and care free

she was only an hour ago as she said the Rosary, and she discovered herself saying over and over in her mind: "He hath given his Angel charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; in his hand he will hold thee lest thou cast thy foot against a stone."

At the de Fabre house, de Fabre accompanied her to his library. "I do not think," he smiled, "that either of us will be up to much work this evening, but there is nothing so urgent on hand that it can not stand. Let me order you a refreshment. I myself think a stiff drink of whisky is indicated. Could you take that or some wine or will I have some coffee made?"

Rosetta told him she did not want anything and when a man servant came in answer to his bell he ordered whiskey for himself.

Francis Gerard Cooper, lawyer and adviser to Marcus de Fabre and other millionaires, was not long in arriving. With him came, Angus MacDonald, noted criminal lawyer, and trailing after them was the younger de Fabre.

"From what you telephoned me, I considered I should bring along our very learned Angus" explained Cooper. "His specialty is criminal law, you know, and I rather suspect we may need some help. We met your son at the scene of the fatality, and he came along, too. The police are coming here, I believe."

"In that case we had better get along," replied de Fabre. "Help yourself to whiskey and soda," he added, pointing to the table.

"Angus," said Cooper, "you had better conduct the proceedings."

"Very well," replied the Scotchman. "Tell me now just what happened."

"It seems my secretary here was so unfortunate on her way home from the village as to have an accident. Her car killed a man. If you were at the scene of the accident you probably know as much about it as I do."

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "we learned the essentials."

Then turning to Rosetta, he said: "Tell me, Miss, just how fast were you travelling?"

"About 30 miles an hour," she answered.

"That's a reasonable enough speed. Did you see the man before you struck him?"

"No," she said, "I did not see him, and I am not sure that I recall striking him."

"You see," interposed de Fabre, senior, "the poor girl is distracted. She does not remember what occurred. My son was the first person she saw after the accident, having come along behind her in his car. She was stunned. However, I am going to treat her as my own daughter and give her every help."

"Considerate, considerate and generous of you," replied the lawyer. "I do not think we will have much trouble in freeing her. Would you, Mr. de Fabre, be prepared to put up a bail bond for say several thousand dollars to obviate her detention?"

"Oh yes," answered the millionaire. "Do not spare anything that will contribute to her successful defence."

"In that case I will phone one of the magistrates to come here and arrange the bond so that even a trip to the police station may be avoided," and suiting the action to the word, MacDonald approached the telephone.

When he had finished, the girl spoke and she was as calm as though she were considering the trouble of another rather than her own. "As I understand it," she said, "I hit the poor man who was killed, and Mr. de Fabre had nothing to do with it." The lawyer smiled. "That seems to be the situation," he said.

Rosetta astonished the others with a hearty laugh. "Well, then, everything may be all right," she said, "but what I would like to know is whether Mr. de Fabre, junior, will testify that he saw my car hit the victim."

All looked to the corner of the room in which the young man was sitting. His face was buried in his hands and he made no reply.

"He is completely unnerved," remarked his father.

"Leaving the question of his evidence aside for the moment, will you please proceed, Miss," said the lawyer. "You have probably something further to say," but the girl did not appear to hear him. Then banteringly he continued: "A penny for your thoughts, young lady!"

"Oh, my thoughts," exclaimed Rosetta. "Why certainly. I was thinking of the trial of Our Lord before Pontius Pilate, of how innocent He was of the charge brought against Him, and of how easy He has made the trials of all of us if our dispositions are right. Our church says: 'He hath given His Angel charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; in His hand He will hold thee lest thou cast thy foot against a stone.' I know my good Angel will not desert me now when I need him."

From the corner of the room where de Fabre, junior, sat came a noise. Attention was being directed to him when a knock sounded on the door, and a man servant announced the presence of Police Magistrate Duffy and Homicide Officers McGillicuddy and Matthews. The magistrate bustled into the room, the detectives behind him.

"These two worthy gentlemen were sitting on your doorstep when I arrived," said Duffy. "It seems they are waiting for a brother officer to return with a warrant for the arrest of one Rosetta Monessi on a charge of manslaughter. I presume if bail is to be arranged we will have to await the arrival of the warrant. I invited them to come in with me. I suppose we can wait here."

No one replied, but from young de Fabre's corner came another noise. The young man had jumped to his feet.

"I can't take it" he screamed. "I can't take it, not this—not this unholy injustice. Oh, Dad! Why did you agree? Why did you not stop me?"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my boy," commanded his father. Leave the room until you feel yourself."

"No, I'll not leave the room," the young man retorted.

"It is my business to be here, and here I will remain until my business is finished. Then I will go with these gentlemen to the police station. The fact is simple. I am guilty. It was my car that killed the man. Miss Monessi came up behind me, and when she stopped to talk with me, the devilish plan of blaming her entered my head. She is not defending herself and she is giving me my great opportunity to be a real man."

"Oh, please, please forgive me," he implored, turning to the girl. "At heart you are genuine and good and to think of the ordeal I would have put you through to save myself! Repeat those words about the angel you just used, please repeat them to give me strength, and go over them slowly so I may say them after you."

"He hath given His Angel charge over thee," the girl repeated, and the young man followed; "to keep thee in all thy ways; in His hand he will hold thee lest thou cast thy foot against a stone!"

The youthful de Fabre put his hand to his forehead. "Now I know; now I understand," he said slowly. "Always you have been a mystery to me, Miss Rosetta Monessi, with your beads and your evening visits to your church, but now you are a mystery no more. God help me for being a fool so long. Heaven help me for considering even for a moment a marriage that would have been a mockery built on such a foundation as I proposed to build mine."

Francis Gerard Cooper came to his feet: "This," he said, "is strikingly dramatic. It is well that it should have occurred, Mr. de Fabre, because the happiness of your son during his entire life depends upon it. He must live with his conscience all his days, and he could not live with it if he allowed the blame to fall upon the shoulders of this girl with her consent. It is not unusual in my experience, and I dare say in your experience, Mr. MacDonald, for a word, a phrase or a line to take on such pregnant significance that it may altar the viewpoint and the entire life of someone. If you will pardon the intrusion of something personal, may

I say the quotation Miss Monessi gave us was a favorite of my own mother. I have not heard it for years."

"The girl did not say de Fabre killed the man and that he was putting up a job on her," said MacDonald. "Her restraint and her apparent willingness to take the blame for the accident has forced a confession from him, and there can be no doubt it is for his own good that he accept the consequences. He would have been an out and out scoundrel to let her plead guilty; he would have deserved to be lynched."

"No, no, no," declared Rosetta stoutly. "Mr. de Fabre, junior, would have taken the course he has taken in any case. I know I can safely say that. He has simply found his own soul."

As the detectives were leaving, one of them approached Rosetta to shake hands: "You weren't in any danger at any time, little lady," he smiled. "The de Fabre car looks all right, but there's one or two tell-tale marks on it that only a close examination would reveal and that de Fabre would find hard to explain. But you sure got pluck to have kept his secret for him."

Rosetta laughed a little hysterically "It wasn't pluck," she said, "It was the grace of God."

"Well, maybe you're right," said the detective, "but if they had tried to frame you all of the old man's millions wouldn't have been worth a rusty nail in saving him from the public."



THE CHRIST BOY AND HIS PARENTS ·

By REVEREND PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.

AT the close of the episode of the Christ Boy in the temple, the Evangelist writes: "And He went down with them and came to Nazareth and was subject to them." Luke II, 51). The form of the verb "was subject to" in the original signifies voluntary and continual obedience on the part of Jesus during the succeeding years at Nazareth, where He resumed the role of living "the life of the many." As one Who had declared His own Divine Sonship, He did not owe obedience to those who were privileged to be His earthly "parents," for as Creator, He superseded all laws which He Himself made. Yet He respected His own institutions and economies and sanctioned responsibilities arising therefrom. It was only when the obligation of His mission required it during His twelfth year visit to the temple that He acted above human parental authority and above natural law. Yet this was followed by His free resumption of His place as a member of the Holy Family, the lowest place to all outward appearances. He began again and continued to give obedience and to pay respect to St. Joseph, His legal father, in the eyes of the townspeople of Nazareth, His real father. He also gladly commenced again His life of devotion and loyalty to His Virgin Mother, cheerfully carrying out her wishes and constantly catering to her needs. As St. Jerome writes: "He venerated the mother of whom He Himself was the



parent, and He cherished the foster father whom He Himself had nourished."

When the sacred text adds, "His mother kept all these things in her heart" (Luke 11, 51), the force of the words implies the continuous, careful, loving storing away in Mary's memory of the incidents of Christ's twelfth year. We were previously told (Luke 11, 19) that the incidents of Christ's Birth had been lovingly laid away in the mother's memory. These two texts are indications that she herself is the final authority for the account of the Sacred Infancy found in the Third Gospel. The statement that the Virgin Mother stored away in her heart the details of the episode of the Christ Boy in the temple furnishes a key to her whole life, shows that the incident was not lost to her, but rather had a profound influence on her, insinuates that the mysterious words of the Christ Boy more than compensated for the ordeal of the three days' loss and indicates that Mary's life was one of devotion and service to Jesus.

From among all the daughters of Eve, Mary had been chosen for the greatest of privileges, as His Mother, to be nearest and dearest to the God-Man. How direct she was in her question about her perpetual virginity when the Archangel Gabriel delivered his remarkable message! What exceptional knowledge befitting her exalted position did she reveal in her Magnificat! How firm her faith in the word of the Archangel as praised by St. Elizabeth, and how implicit her trust and confidence in God while she awaited His revealing the secret of the Incarnation to her spouse, St. Joseph! When the latter proceeded with his intended marriage, he took responsibility for Mary's child, and in the eyes of the law of his time and with his neighbors was considered the real father. He took up his duties as foster father and protector with holy joy and carried them out with alacrity. He humbly keeps in the background and preserves a reverential silence in the finding in the temple, allowing the Virgin Mother to speak for him as well as herself because of her close relationship with our Divine Saviour.

Good, pious Jews these "parents" were. Carefully did they carry out the requirements of the sacred laws, and promptly did they obey all the directions of God concerning their Wonder-Child. They were naturally surprised when they found out that others, such as Simeon and Anna, were vouchsafed the knowledge of what He was. The prophecy of opposition for the Son and sorrow for the Mother did not open up the future in detail but must have left a lingering shadow. There were joy and consolation when the Magi, heaven sent, presented their loyalty and acknowledged His divine Kingship; yet this was quickly followed by the sorrow occasioned by the death of the Holy Innocents and the hardship of the exile in Egypt. During the golden years as Jesus grew from childhood to boyhood in the happy home at Nazareth, presumably nothing was spoken among the members of the Holy Family concerning His nature and mission, for the "parents" were to merit by faith in Him the dependence on God's Providence. To all appearances the Christ Boy lived like an ordinary boy, and there was so little of the extraordinary about Him that the manifestation before the Doctors in His twelfth year constituted a decided shock to Mary and Joseph; for they had become accustomed to His natural way of living and did not expect anything out of the ordinary to happen.

For the Son's tarrying behind on this occasion, no one can accuse the "parents" of neglect. The Boy Jesus deliberately and surreptitiously stayed behind when they thought He was as usual with the caravan from Nazareth returning home,—the gospel text explicitly states this. It was natural that they became alarmed when they missed Him; they could not imagine what had happened to Him. It was natural that their hearts were torn with sorrow and solicitude as they searched for Him all the way back to Jerusalem and through the streets of the Sacred City until they found him in the temple on the third day. Separation from Him was real agony, and the word the Blessed Mother used when she said, "Thy father and I sought thee sorrowing," expressed the extremes of torture. She called Him "Son" and she implied,

while asking for the reason of His doing so, that she was aware that He had deliberately stayed behind.

The Blessed Mother's sorrow and amazement were changed into holy joy by the Christ Boy's succinct saying—the outstanding feature of the whole episode. His words conveyed more than an adequate explanation, for they afforded comfort and consolation, while bringing confirmation of her faith in Him. His mention of God as His Father recalled the Virgin Birth and conception of the Holy Ghost; and His reference to His mission to be carried out at all costs was prophetic of His Public Ministry. It was only after her poor heart had been transpierced with the sword of sorrow seeing Him carry out His Father's mission to the bitter end that the boyhood saying was fully understood. She cherished it as part of her education; when she was giving it to St. Luke the Evangelist, she recalled that it was not understood by her when it was uttered, for it did not fully make known to her the Divine tragedy that later unfolded itself.

Our Divine Lord was, of course, the Blessed Mother's great teacher, educating her for the exalted role of Queen of Martyrs and Co-operatrix in redemption. Her privilege of Mother of God was not to exempt her from the sad experiences which she accepted in the proper spirit and which led on to Calvary. There was the embarrassment before St. Joseph was told she was with child of the Holy Ghost; there was the birth of her Son in a cave without ordinary comforts; there were the massacre of the Holy Innocents and the flight into Egypt; there was the sudden tarrying in the temple costing three days of intense solicitude; there was His leading the ordinary life that caused such scandal to His cousins; there was His rejection by His own townsfolk; and there was the bitter opposition of the evil Jewish leaders. These and other trials gradually prepared her for the cruel, cruel, long, long, hours at the foot of the cross where she stood so valiantly, the perfect heroine.

The personal example of her Divine Son was a great, sustaining support and power for His Virgin Mother. The God

of all power and majesty had emptied Himself of His glory in assuming human nature. He hid Himself within her virginal womb; He became a helpless, little Infant; He subjected Himself to the ordinary laws of growth and human economy; He endured pain in the circumcision and hardship in the exile; and He lived a simple, humble life as an ordinary lad at Nazareth. Only once for a brief time did He exercise His Divine Independence when the gospel necessity called for it. This was at the cost of sorrow for those nearest and dearest to Him, for whom He must have felt great sympathy in His heart. But He took the brave stand which He enunciated in boyish accents that all must be sacrificed for His eternal Father's interests. All this far from being lost on His Mother, influenced her profoundly.

Above all, as Mary watched her Divine Son subjecting Himself to her and His foster father, doing the daily errands of the home at Nazareth as the lowest of rank in the household, she was edified beyond measure. His very living the life of an ordinary individual in an obscure town deepened her humility. His obedience made obedience a joy for her. His doing ordinary, every-day work made her realize that holiness consists in doing ordinary things well. His patient dependence on God's Providence strengthened her trust and confidence in God's Providence. Thus, profiting from His exalted example, she became the first and best pupil in the school of Christ.

Was she not the first to request the Messiah to perform a great miracle? When she saw Him surrounded with His first disciples, her great faith in Him and her charity towards others prompted her to make an appeal that occasioned the first public manifestation of the Saviour's power. When Our Divine Lord proclaimed that spiritual kinship with Him depended upon doing God's Will and pointed to His disciples as His mother, sister and brother, He did not insinuate that the Virgin Mother was remiss in striving after the accomplishment of God's Will. Rather in always seeking to do the Will of God, she followed closest in the footsteps of her Divine

Son and enjoyed the closest spiritual relationship as well as that of motherhood.

Then when He preached the high ideal that the Kingdom of God must be put above family ties, as He did for instance in the words: "I have come to set a man at variance with his father. . . He who loves father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me" (Mtt. X, 35-37); in this He was reflecting praise on His Blessed Mother; for she lived closest to this ideal. The proof is that she had lovingly preserved the Boyhood saying that had cost her three days of extreme anxiety, and that when the supreme test came, she met it as the great high priestess offering herself in sacrifice at the foot of the cross, and her Son in sacrifice on the arms of the cross. No wonder, then, she was so deservedly to be found among the chosen disciples when the Holy Spirit descended upon the infant church at Pentecost.

As a final reflection we may add that the Christ Boy's obedience to His earthly "parents" was according to the pattern of His whole life. For He submitted to the laws of Rome in being born at Bethlehem, to the laws of nature in regard to physical growth and to His Eternal Father even unto the death of the cross. So that if we wish to follow in the footsteps of the Master, we must learn to practise the hard virtue of obedience to parents and superiors.



THE BEST READERS DON'T READ THE BEST SELLERS

By REVEREND GERALD T. BRENNAN

DO children read the best sellers? No, they do not. But children do read the best books. Yes, children's books are excellent products of writers, designers, and publishers. Illustrators lavish their best efforts and skill upon them. There seems to be an "all out effort," on the part of all concerned, to make our children's books of unquestionable excellence. Certainly, this is just as it should be.

The children of to-day are fortunate. Their books cover a wide field: Books of Adventure, Travel, Mystery, Biography, History, Plant life, Animal life, Career books, Hobby books. There are books for every taste, every fancy, every mood. Our bookstores and our library shelves are well stocked with books to whet the appetite of any boy or girl.

When youngsters make their weekly trip to the library, they enter with unprejudiced minds. Unhampered by best seller lists, free from the undue influence of the encomiums of publishers, their selection of a book is really an adventure. Watch their eager faces as they scan book after book! Particular? Very much so! They don't want just a book. They want a good book. Instinctively, children do not waste their time on trash.

When a child reads, he reads with a free spirit. A child likes a book without fear of being wrong. He does not have to agree with best seller lists, just because he thinks he should. Nor does the child have to disagree, just to be contrary. His mind wants to be filled, and he wants to be filled with the best. What does a child know about book lists, the book of the month, best sellers, carefully planned advertising programs? Nothing at all! And it is well that Johnnie and Susie are not acquainted with these high-powered sale schemes. Children are individualists, especially, when it comes to

selecting a book. Children want good books. Best of all, children read good books.

As long as children read books which have been written to strike their own age level, they are doing well by themselves. We need not fear their reactions. We can hardly conceive any author writing into children's books anything that would harm these innocent youngsters. Therefore, we need not worry about the reading habits of children. We are concerned mostly in helping the children to acquire the habit of reading.

Children are impressionable. They retain what they read. What books do you remember best? I hear you answer, that you remember best the books you read as a child. No doubt, you recently read "The Keys of the Kingdom." Do you still remember the main characters of the book? Do you still retain the main episodes of the book? I am afraid that your answer is a negative one. How much do you remember from your reading of "Gone With The Wind"? What about "Wind, Sand and Stars"? Yes, you read these books in the not so long ago. You enjoyed these books. You considered these books as "must reading," because they were best sellers, because everybody was reading them. Yet, you have retained little from your reading of these best sellers.

Now what about the books you read as a child? Have you forgotten them? Somehow, you seem to remember them. You cannot seem to forget Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, or Anne of Green Gables. Horatio defending the bridge, is as fresh in your memory as if you had read the story yesterday. Black Sambo! Well, you just cannot forget Black Sambo. You read these books as a child, and you still remember them.

In your younger years you picked your books with discretion. You read carefully. Yes, and you read your children's books over and over again. How many times did you read "Gone With The Wind"? How many times did you read "Black Sambo"?

May we not then, take a lesson from the little children?

Let us use more discrimination in the selection of our reading matter! We can well afford to discriminate. Invest your reading time in worth-while books, books that will stay with you. Their number is legion. Best seller lists should not be your yardstick of reading. Follow the example of the children. Select well, and then read carefully!

Bear in mind, what I have said above, namely, that the best books are not necessarily the best sellers. Keep in mind, that the reason for the popularity of many of the best sellers, is the fact that the books have been pushed by advertising. Many books are built up for cash. It's a sad commentary that people can be bolted into reading the book of the day, just because "everybody's talking about it."

By the way, how long is it since you have read a good book?

A GOOD BOOK.

Joy of living, joy of laughter,
Joy of romance, joy of lore,
Joy of memory-laden hours,
Joy of wood, of hill, of shore;

Joy of God's unbounded mercy,
Warming hearts with sorrow numb,
Joy of truth and peace and beauty,
Joy of endless joys to come.

Brian O'Higgins.

THEY ALSO SERVE

By PAUL KAY

“**M**AKE it two,” he muttered, putting his hands on the dirty counter. He drummed a nervous rat-a-tat-tat with his fingers.

“Two ‘Javas’ coming up,” sang old Joe, as two steaming jugs careened along to come to a slow stop in front of the two men. They drank. One deadly calm, the other noisily.

“‘At’s what a man needs,” said the noisy one. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His companion gave him a look of disgust, in which were mingled a few drops of pity.

“Do you call yourself a man?” he asked, in a tone which required no answer. “That is the third cup of coffee you have needled me for in the last hour. You’re a bum.”

The speaker was clad in a neat brown uniform. Chevrons decorated his arm and he wore authority well. The person he addressed was in civilian clothes, which were much the worse for wear. He took the epithet “bum” as though he were used to it. He was not more than forty years of age. He whined half in shame and half in bitterness.

“Sure, ’m a bum. James Rowan was my name. But now I’ll take ‘bum’ or anything else, so long as you’ll do the buying. Just one hot coffee, soldier.” He turned to give the order to old Joe, but his soft touch walked away from the counter. He shrugged his shoulders and trailed him to a nearby table. The soldier paid no attention.

“One more cup won’t break you, soldier. Is it all right?” He had the annoying persistence of a new shoe. The soldier looked at him. It was the pride of youth looking at the shame of middle-age.

“I was wrong,” he said. “You’re more than a bum. You’re a coward. A crawling coward. You don’t have to hang around begging. You could be where I am. Fighting for

your country. Haven't you the guts to ask for a uniform? Are you afraid the boom of guns might wake you up? You're yellow!"

The bum's cheeks tinged slightly with a weak flush. He kept his eyes downcast and traced with his finger a circle on the table. "No go, huh, no go?" He rose a bit unsteady, straggled back to the counter, where he waited for his next touch, his next cup of coffee.

* * * * *

The soldier turned to leave. As he did so, he noticed two of his buddies, fellows from his own squadron, coming in. No use, he thought, in letting them get stung the way he had been. Three coffees were only three coffees, but thirty cents thrown away on a bum was money he could ill afford on his salary.

"See that fellow near the counter?" he asked.

"Yah, sure. What about him?" they replied, hurriedly.

"Well, unless you want to be done out of this month's wages, don't go near him. Nothing but a coffee coffin. Wants us to buy his food and drink as well as fight for him. Too yellow to join up himself."

His buddies looked at him, surprised. "This is the first time you've been in here, I guess," one of them said.

"That's right. The first and the last, if that guy is always hanging around."

"Come on back and have something with us. We've got a good story for you," they urged.

* * * * *

"Now, that's the way we got it from old Joe. The guy never mentions it himself, but Joe has known him since he wore kneepants. Bullheaded, if anyone ever was. A hundred thousand guys are wrong, as far as he's concerned. He tells them to jump in the lake. Got a job to take care of, he says. Let them all go. Let them sail away. He'll stay behind. Got a job to take care of, you see. Finally, they got him. He was saying anything then. He had waited too long. Shrapnel tore away most of his insides. Not much of a stomach left

now. Wouldn't take a pension, either. Said the country needed money for the fighters, not for the guys at home. So, there he is, what's left of him, stretching his borrowed time on the next cup of kindness. Wonder how it feels to be the last Englishman to leave Dunkerque."

* * * * *

The soldier with the chevrons walked quietly up to the figure at the counter. Chevrons didn't wear his authority so well right now. He took the fellow's hand into his own.

"I'm proud to know you, Private Rowan," he said. And then to old Joe:

"Make it two."

GOD'S CARE.

Trees and flowers are springing
Ivy tendrils clinging,
Heaven's message bringing
 of God's care:
Robins gaily singing,
Humming birds a-winging,
Keeping joy-bells ringing
 Everywhere.

Stars above are beaming,
Silver streams are gleaming,
Nature all esteeming
 God is Love;
Richest blessings teeming
Far beyond our dreaming,
Day by day are streaming
 From above.

H. W. Barker.

MODERN SPIRITISM

By REVEREND JOHN FULLERTON,
St. Augustine's Seminary, China Mission Seminary.

ALL peoples except those who affect pure Materialism believe in spirits. The Chinese are continually fleeing from spirits; the Irish tell fantastic stories about fairies; all Eastern peoples are continually haunted by ghosts. The question then arises—can the spirits of the dead return? The answer of Catholic Theology is a very simple one—there are spirits both good and evil. With the permission of God they can, and from time to time actually do, return and communicate with the living. But we ask further—do the spirits communicate every day? Do they ring bells, rap walls, play accordians, direct messages of the ouija board? Do they actually come at the bidding of agents called mediums, men and women, usually of a low and vulgar character and who work for nothing but material gain? In answer to that question we will investigate the claims of Spiritism. In doing this we will follow a definite order: (1) What is Spiritism? (2) A short history of it. (3) An outline of the principal phenomena—what actually happens or what appears to happen. (4) We will eliminate all those phenomena that are obviously pure fraud and those phenomena which though abnormal in character, nevertheless may be explained naturally. (5) We then deal with the purely psychical phenomena and treat of and evaluate the usual explanations:

- (a) The Devil.
 - (b) Natural forces unknown to us.
 - (c) The Spirits.
- (6) We will then say a few words on the morality of it.

First—What is Spiritism? Spiritism is two-fold in character; it is a science and it is a religion. As a science it is that hypothesis that through the mediumship of persons of a peculiar and special sensitiveness the dead can communicate

with us. As a religion it is a system of beliefs based on this hypothesis.

HISTORY OF SPIRITISM.

The belief that communication with the dead is possible is by no means new; it is as old as the human race itself. The essential features of Spiritism may be found in Necromancy which flourished among the fakirs of India, the ancient Chaldean magicians, the Egyptians, the Chinese and the Persians. Socrates and Aristotle conversed with the spirits and Cicero, Pliny and Horace make frequent references to Necromancy. Perhaps the classical example is the story of the Witch of Endor, whom some Spiritists claim was the first medium. In modern times the forerunners of Spiritism were Mesmerism and Swedenborgianism. Mesmerism started as a system of curing diseases. Mesmer claimed to have discovered a new force called "Animal Magnetism" capable of curing all diseases. The science soon developed into what we call Hypnotism and later adherents associated the phenomena with the work of spirits. Swedenborg, on the other hand, claimed to have had a vision in which Our Lord initiated him into spiritual sense of Holy Scripture. He had many trances in which he claimed to have communicated with the other world. Both these movements gained many followers and so the world was prepared to receive Modern Spiritism as we know it to-day.

MODERN SPIRITISM.

Modern Spiritism had its origin in the pranks of two school-girls, Margaret and Catherine Fox, who lived with their father and mother in the little town of Hydesville, New York. Each night in bed, they amused themselves by dropping apples, suspended by a string, on the floor, and pulling them under cover when anyone came near. They soon developed the art of producing noises with their toes. They easily deceived their parents, who proposed questions to the spirits which were answered by a series of raps. Spiritism then spread—Margaret went to Rochester and Catherine to Auburn; seances

were held in both places, and the girls became famous over night. The movement soon spread throughout the Eastern States and new mediums appeared. In 1850 the Fox girls were exposed and admitted fraud and yet the movement spread. In 1851 there were 100 mediums in New York. In 1854 a petition signed by 1,300 people asked Congress to investigate Spiritism, but no action was taken. The movement soon reached Europe: Scotland in 1852, England in 1853 and Russia, Scandinavia, Germany, France and Italy took up the movement in quick succession. New and more startling phenomena were added: furniture moved, bells rang, spirit hands appeared. The movement literally took the world by storm so that even to-day in Toronto you have your choice of many churches where seances are held.

Such is the history of Spiritism—not an enviable record. Whether or not there is anything in Spiritism we will discuss later. History simply shows that it had its beginnings in sheer fraud and that it has always been supported by the mob who frequent the Midway at the town fair.

OUTLINE OF PHENOMENA.

We now turn to the Phenomena—just what does happen, or better, what appears to happen! Usually a distinction is made between Physical and Psychical Phenomena, the distinction being based on the phenomena themselves, not on their cause. Physical imply the application of physical force to an object or the conveyance of intelligence through physical means. Such phenomena include table-turning, movement of objects, levitation of the human body, materialization, spirit writing, etc. A Psychical Phenomena on the other hand is defined as: “A sensible effect provoked by a medium as an instrumental cause and produced through forces generally unknown, by an unseen intellectual agent, as a principal cause.”

Of these two types of Phenomena by far the more important are the Psychical. As long as the phenomena remain physical, as long as the mediums content themselves with

rapping on walls, knocking over tables, hitting someone on the head from behind, then we are in the realm of good, clean fun. Once, however, they purport to have received a message of religious importance, a message that undermines the most fundamental Dogmas of our faith, then Theology is vitally interested. For this reason I propose to treat of Physical Phenomena only in so far as they enter into Psychological Phenomena, and to give a fairly complete explanation of Psychological Phenomena.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

In our definition we said that a psychical phenomena was a sensible effect, that is, we are able to perceive it by our senses. It is not merely intellectual or spiritual, but we can see it or hear it or feel it. It is provoked by the medium, that is, it is brought about by one who has a strange power of producing under certain conditions, effects in which the directive power of some exterior agent appears. Thus two minds are at work, the mind of the medium and the mind of some invisible agent; the medium is the instrumental cause and the unseen agent is the principal cause. By that I mean that the unseen agent actually produces the effect, the medium merely co-operates passively, or to put it in philosophical language, acts dispositively to the effect of the principal agent. The unseen agent is like the writer, the medium like the pen; both cause the writing, one as a principal cause, the other as a mere instrument. With this definition in mind we can investigate the phenomena, and eliminate some which no matter how wonderful in themselves have nothing to do with spirits, that is the medium in these cases is no mere instrument—he is the principal cause.

FRAUDULENT PHENOMENA.

In the first place it must be recognized that from the beginning fraud has been intimately connected with the Seance Room. Looking at the phenomena themselves we note that:

- (1) They are highly improbable, e.g., the passing of mat-

ter through matter which entirely upsets our conception of the laws of nature, though of course our conception may be wrong.

(2) The arrangement of the seance room is highly favourable to fraud. The spirits, so the mediums tell us, are very tempermental creatures, and cannot work unless they have a dark room, soft music, etc., all of which makes the detection of trickery very difficult. Moreover, so many famous mediums have been detected in trickery that we are justified in not accepting a phenomenon as genuine until it has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt as such. This is not an easy matter. Recently Mr. Joseph Dunninger, famous magician, has attended over 1,000 seances. To date he has witnessed nothing that he himself cannot duplicate by trickery. Again, in regard to spirit messages, we must say that the mediums are tireless in seeking information. The death notices in the daily newspapers, the records in the coroner's office, and the records in undertaking establishments which the mediums diligently inspect, provide them with ample food for startling messages. Failing this, the services of a professional lip-reader is contracted, whose observations in the sub-way, the hotel lobby and the race-track provide many a juicy scandal. Such are the methods of the mediums. I do not say that all the phenomena are frauds; some without doubt are genuine. The genuine, however, cannot be produced at will. This being the case, the mediums at times find themselves in the embarrassing position of having a large audience and despite all efforts, the spirits will not appear. Being genuine troupers, the show must go on and fraud is resorted to. As a result there are only one or two mediums of any note, who have not at some time or other in their career been detected in fraud.

NATURALLY EXPLAINED PHENOMENA.

Having eliminated a number of Phenomena as fraud, we now turn to the next phase in our series of eliminations. Is there not some natural explanation for many of the Pheno-

mena paraded as Spiritistic? Do we need to go beyond the medium himself for an explanation? By way of example we could take Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Materialization, Automatic Writing, etc. In all of these we must distinguish between the physical part of the phenomena and the message. The physical part we can explain naturally. If the message is within the range of knowledge of the agent, we also can explain it naturally—if beyond his knowledge, then he is merely an instrument of some outside agent and the Phenomena are purely Psychical in character. By way of example, let us take automatic writing. In this we have two parts—the writing itself, which is physical, and the message conveyed by the writing. The physical part differs little from Somnambulism—a natural, though abnormal phenomenon. The Somnambulist (that's a fancy name for sleep-walker) writes letters, poetry, plays music, etc.—and all in an unconscious state. Turning now to automatic writing, we see that the medium while in a trance writes some message or other—it differs little from Somnambulism. How do we explain it? We don't know exactly. We know that in Somnambulism the sub-conscious mind is simply at work. Everyday experience shows us the mind can work in two ways—(1) Consciously and (2) Unconsciously. When we are asleep we are unconscious—yet in this condition the mind is at times very active. This activity is said to be of the unconscious or sub-conscious mind. Again even in our conscious state the subconscious mind is at work, e.g., when we move our hands in conversation. Such an act is said to be an unconscious act and proceeds from the unconscious mind. Every minute in the day the mind is receiving impressions—some are vivid—others vague. The vivid may easily be recalled—the vague only with difficulty and sometimes not at all. We have all experienced trying to think of something, yet despite all efforts it will not come. Though the conscious mind gives up the struggle the sub-conscious continues and later when thinking of something else, what before you were trying to think of dawns on you. Consider now Somnambulism—the sub-conscious mind is simply active

and directs the movements of the sleep-walker. Turning now to automatic writing, we note that the medium goes into a trance, which is very similar to sleep. If the mind of the sleep-walker operates when he is asleep, moreover performs operations of which he is incapable during the conscious state, why not the mind of the medium while in a trance? Besides, the medium is of a very special sensitiveness, far more sensitive than any of us. His sub-conscious mind is more acute. Could we then not explain some of his information which he has written, as the work of his sub-conscious mind, bringing back some impressions he received earlier? At least we may say a few of the Phenomena may be explained in this way.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

We have now reached the last stage in our eliminations. We have shown that a great many phenomena are sheer fraud; many more can be explained naturally. Nevertheless, we have not eliminated all phenomena. There is a certain class, for which we must seek an explanation beyond the scope of every-day experience; there is a class of Phenomena that escapes the magician's wand and which is too subtle even for the sub-conscious mind. I refer to the purely psychical phenomena. In all of these we have:

- (1) A sensible effect—something we can perceive by our senses.
- (2) An instrumental agent, known to us—the medium.
- (3) An unseen principal agent.

What or who is that unseen principal agent? Is it the Devil? Is it some natural force, unknown to us? Or must we bring in the spirits? If we can answer that question then the problem of Spiritism is solved.

If you ask the ordinary person what he thinks about Spiritism he will tell you that 95% of the phenomena are due to the intervention of the devil. While it is not my intention to be a debunker, I think we should give the devil credit for

a little more intelligence. If he actually is the cause he certainly has lost much of his cleverness. In all fairness to the devil, let us examine the facts intelligently. If we say the Devil is the cause of the Phenomena it is equivalent to saying that the medium is possessed. The devil causes the raps, tips the table and moves the medium to produce the message in some way or other. According to this theory the devil is the unseen principal agent—the medium is only the instrument. The force that produces the phenomena, as well as the mind that directs that force, come from the devil. The devil acts upon the medium from within—to put it bluntly, the medium is possessed.

But, it is not the mind of the Church that we should ascribe such things immediately to the devil. The Ritual warns the exorcist not to be ready to think that anyone is possessed and not to confuse diabolic attack with nervous diseases. Besides the mediums do not show the symptoms of one possessed. Anyone who has read an account of a possession will know that a person so afflicted suffers acutely, goes through fierce contortions and writhings. The medium on the other hand goes into a trance at will, comes out of it in the same way, and although slightly fatigued he is never so exhausted that he will not for the sum of two dollars go into his trance again and find out more about your Uncle George's present condition. I do not say that the devil can't direct a medium—he can—but, I do say that we should not, merely because the explanation of a phenomenon is not immediately evident, attribute it entirely to the devil. No doubt it does explain a few cases, but as a general explanation, it is entirely insufficient.

Next we come to the solution that these phenomena are the result of some natural force unknown to us. Many such theories have been forwarded. However, since most of these consider only the force and not the mind behind the force, they are inadequate and so we will confine ourselves to those theories which attempt to give an answer to the question, What is the intelligence behind the Phenomena? The most plaus-

ible theory is the Telepathic Theory. It does not explain the force that produces the physical phenomena but it does explain the mind behind the force.

In general we may define Telepathy as "the communication of impression of any kind from one mind to another independently of the recognized channels of sense." It postulates that one man's mind can communicate with the mind of another. The mind is like wireless transmitters and receivers. Some minds send messages—other minds receive them. That Telepathy does exist can hardly be denied in view of overwhelming evidence we have in records of cases, e.g., the mother knows the son has been killed, though the son is many miles away. We know the facts; we know what takes place, we don't know the cause. Spiritistic cases are very similar to many of these cases. Perhaps Telepathy is the explanation; perhaps the explanation will be found along these lines. It could be the explanation. Time and experience alone will tell whether it is the explanation.

Finally we have the explanation of the Spiritists: The mind behind the force is a discarnate spirit. It is a very simple explanation and one that is applicable to all cases but it is without solid foundation. No proof is given—the word of the spirits is sufficient. We might ask if anyone has ever visited the land of the spirits and the Spiritist's answer is no. How, then, does he know such a land exists? He has received messages from the spirits. If the spirits didn't send them who else did? My dear reader, someone else could easily have sent those messages—someone using fraud or employing some strange power of the mind. We do not deny the existence of spirits; the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is one of the most fundamental truths of our Catholic Faith. We do say, however, that God would not permit souls to communicate with this earth merely to satisfy the greed of mediums and the curiosity of those who attend the seance. The mind at work in most cases is very much of this earth. When they show us some other mind is at work, then and only then will we seriously consider their theory.

MORALITY OF SPIRITISM.

This paper would be incomplete without a few words on the morality of Spiritism. Is it lawful to experiment along Spiritistic lines? Is it lawful to attend a seance? Moralists have gone to great pains to show why it is illicit to delve in Spiritism; books have been written showing the dangers, physical, mental and moral. However, for Catholics, this is unnecessary; the problem has been settled centuries ago. From the earliest ages the Church has forbidden any attempt to communicate with the dead, and for Catholics this is sufficient. Council after council has legislated in this regard—the Fourth Council of Carthage, the Fifth Council of Constantinople, the Second of Tours, the Sixth of Paris, the First of Ancona, and the Fourth, Fifth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth of Toledo. Finally, on April 17th, 1917, the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office in answer to the question whether it was permissible to take part in Spiritistic Communications, by asking questions of the souls of the dead and hearing answers or even to take part without any desire to communicate, answered that it was not licit. Why does the Church forbid it? There is danger the devil has a hand in it,—not that the Church ascribes all the phenomena to the devil—on the contrary, it is the mind of the Church that we should not readily ascribe phenomena to the devil,—but the danger is present and the Church, being a loving mother, keeps her children from even the danger of harm.

Thus, in brief, Catholics are forbidden under pain of grave sin to (a) attend a seance, even if protestation is made against the devil; (b) to act as a medium; (c) to call a seance. A private individual may in the cause of science, experiment with spirits, but only in private and never publicly, and never out of mere curiosity. As Catholics we must in the words of St. Paul, “fly these things and pursue justice, piety, faith, charity, patience and fight the good fight of faith, laying hold of eternal life, whereunto we were called.”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Received From the Sisters of St. Joseph in China.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Sisters of the Pittsburgh diocese, went to Hunan, China in 1926 to work in the district assigned to the Passionist Fathers. The letters from which these extracts have been culled were written to the Mother House of the Sisters in Baden, Pennsylvania.

Since the reception of the letters from which we give extracts, Sister Catherine Davenport has arrived in the States to help raise money to rebuild the mission hospital of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Chinkiang, destroyed by Japanese bombers. Sister Catherine has spent six years in China, and while she speaks of the Japanese and the war without anger or bitterness, she radiates supreme confidence that her friends, the Chinese, are going to remain unconquered. "The Chinese are more patriotic and more united now than ever before," she says. "Even the babies learn for their first words the phrase, 'Beat the Japanese.'" Never a complaint is heard from them and their sense of humour is a constant joy. The people can still laugh in spite of everything, and do so frequently—especially when the Japanese come over and waste hundreds of rounds of ammunition shooting dummy planes while the real ones are hidden elsewhere.

Yuan, Hunan, China.

Dec. 30, 1938.

"The first of September found me being carried over the mountains by coolies to Fengwang. Our Bishop asked if one of the nurses would go over and care for Father Timothy, who was very ill. He stated that it was not necessary for a Sister to accompany me, as two away from compound would cripple our work badly. Indeed, I felt very brave, being the only foreigner with an old Chinese woman as companion. The journey required two days, which meant one night in a Chinese home. I had a half-respectable lodging house for the night, but did very little sleeping. My distractions were many—rats everywhere; two room-mates, one an old woman suffering from asthma, and the other a T.B. patient at the coughing stage. The asthmatic was everlastingly gasping for air and the T. B. patient, when she was not coughing, was puffing away at a water pipe. No dawn of day was ever so welcome. But, I did truly enjoy the trip; the scenery could be best described by referring you to a Geographical Magazine.

"I remained in Fenwang for two months. It was a little rest for me after the hard summer fighting cholera. I could

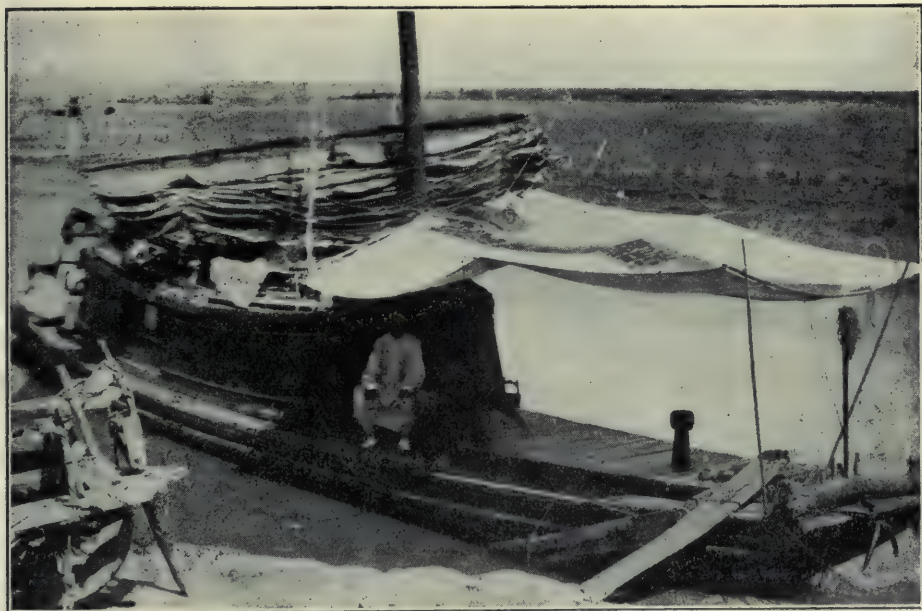
have left sooner but banditry was so bad on the road and it was impossible to get a guard of soldiers. Then out of the blue the division in Fengwang got orders to move to Chihking. Father Timothy, being a friend of the Major, did not hesitate to ask him if he would allow me to accompany them. Major Lu was delighted, so I travelled as the guest of the Major and his wife.

"The return trip took us three days and two nights due to the number in the party—400 soldiers and a number of honorable wives. I lived a soldier's life for those days and nights. Our sleeping quarters were indescribable. As I stretched out on straw for the night next to a Chinese woman, I wondered what a real bed would do to my aching bones . . .

"Things in Chihkiang have been going on at a great rate since my return. It looked as though the Japs were waiting for me, as a week after my arrival they showered bombs on our airport. There is nothing quite so terrifying as an air-raid. You get so excited you don't know whether to run or what to do. The day of our first air raid when the alarm sounded we kept on eating, thinking it was only practice—a warning that we were quite accustomed to. A far-off drone could be heard, so I decided to go out for a "look-see." As I was straining my neck to locate the planes, the first blast sounded. Our house shook so from the reverberation that it seemed as though it would topple over. Father Gregory came in as white as a ghost and advised us to get into the dugouts. We saw nine Jap planes flying so high that they resembled white birds. You will excuse me if I say they were beautiful. At the same time we saw an incendiary bomb ignite in the air.

"We have opened a small hospital and we were able to take in five of the air raid victims. Their wounds were dreadful and as we had no doctor, we had to do the best we could. Two of the patients died, the others have recovered a bit crippled. We were able to get a doctor and two nurses to help a month later. When the Japs aren't bombing, the bandits are doing their evil work.

"Yesterday we had an air-raid alarm which kept us in the dugouts for over an hour, but no Jap planes were sighted. We are a bit uneasy to-day. We live in a state of uncertainty these days. But despite it all, we carry on cheerfully and trust in God. We know everything lies in His Hands. Our Christmas was a happy one despite the fact that we did away with much of the trimming."



CHINESE SAMPAN ON INLAND RIVER



COUNTRY SCENE IN CHINA

Chinkiang, Hunan, China,
January 13, 1940.

"The \$5.00 you sent us hasn't reached us yet, but when it does it will be about \$62.50 in national currency. Of course, prices are soaring so it amounts to about the same. We are cut off from all foreign supplies. The coffee still holds out but each cup brings us closer to the last. We are down to two tablespoons to the pot and are considering saving the grounds and drying them for the day we use the last of the good old Java.

"The biggest event since I wrote you last was the separation of our beloved Community over here. October was a dreadful month for us. At least the first two weeks were hectic—with air raids every other day, and talk of our humble city being reduced to a mass of ruins by the Japs. The Bishop suggested that two Sisters take half our orphans—the little ones—to Kienyang. Being off the beaten track it was necessary to use the age-old method of sedan chair travel. Sisters Christina and Mary Mark left on the Feast of St. Teresa. The following day we packed off twenty-two tots in company with some adults. It just about broke my heart to see them go, but one can't be sentimental on the battle field."

Sister Catherine-Davenport.

* * *

Feast of St. Joseph, 1940.

"St. Joseph is the patron of China, which makes the day a holyday of obligation. All the Chinese of the mission were in to wish us a happy feast, and shot off the everlasting fire-crackers. Their form of greeting is three bows to each Sister, but one pious old fellow genuflected before each one of us and made the Sign of the Cross.

"Since the war began Chihkiang is getting on the map. Refugees are pouring into town. Some of them are quite educated, speaking several languages. As soon as they learn that this city is not safe (we have a large airport—a target for Jap bombs) they move on. Chihkiang has no steam whistles, so we rely on age-old bells from pagan temples to herald the approach of planes. From the four city towers comes a clash which sounds like mighty dish pans. The streets are cleared, nothing white is permitted outside, even white buildings had to be painted black. Everybody must remain under cover till the "all safe" signal is given."

May 15, 1937.

... "Perhaps you have read much about Chinese culture. When you enter their home they beg you to be seated and simply implore you to have tea and a smoke from the water pipe. My answer is, "I am unworthy, please don't let me trouble you." When you are leaving the home, the host or hostess bows you out the door, at the same time shouting, "I have troubled you, walk away slowly." My answer, "No, you haven't, please be seated." . . .

* * *

Dec. 27, 1940.

"We had a most blessed and happy Christmas. The church was packed to the doors. Over a hundred new Christians knelt at the crib this year. Imagine 100 pagans who knew nothing about the birth of Christ last year! These are the things that count most in making the missionary's Christmas a happy one. I know the Divine Babe is pleased—what more could we ask to make us happy?"

"It would be sad for me not to mention something about the decorations here for Christmas. The Christians had charge of decorations outside the sanctuary. And did they decorate! They started from the front gate and didn't stop till they reached the Communion rail. With all the wreaths, streamers, flowers, etc., one could hardly get through. Numerous babies crying during Mass added to the festivity. We had our three Masses early, beginning at five; then breakfast and back to three more Masses. To finish the day, we had an air raid alarm which sent us flying to the hills. The first alarm for over two months.

"In the last raid, the Japs just about bombed us out of everything. We are still living in the bomb-shattered house, but expect to get moved next week. The girls' school is being converted into a convent. The last bombing was a dreadful experience. Imagine standing on a hill, seeing your own home being split in two. The entire city was ablaze. We had to run over hot tile and smoldering timber to reach what had been our home. It looked as though our compound would be gutted by the surrounding flames, but a providential wind changed the course of the flames. We have been given so many proofs of God's love and protection to "those who leave lands for My sake" since this war began. . . ."

Sister M. Catherine Davenport.

Chihkiang, Hunan China.

April 28, 1940.

"No doubt you have heard ere this about our recent disaster. A staggering blow to me, as I spent all my time in the Hospital. (Note: Sister Catherine is a registered nurse). It has been very hard to get the hospital and keep it running. Last year we had to quit the city and we carried on our work in two mud huts; then we moved to the new quarters which were really fine. Only that morning of the bombing I stood admiring the place and thanking God that everything was running so smoothly. I'm sure you have seen the pictures so there is no need to go into detail about the destruction. (Note: These pictures have been printed in *The Sign*). However, it is surprising the amount of equipment we were able to salvage. For the present we are carrying on our work in the boys' school. The next move will be our fourth move for the hospital in a little over a year. It is all beginnings and very little accomplished by the beginner. But Faith must come in and tell us that our work is not in vain. We are doing it for Him, and He knows the 'why' of all these misfortunes.

"Many thanks for your generous gift. True, the exchange is very high but prices are high accordingly. Sugar is \$1.40 per lb. and it is terrible stuff, almost brown and has a winey taste. Lux soap is \$1.30 a cake. Please tell your girls how much we appreciate their donation. Every bit helps. It means so much to give these people medicine and rice. When we can heal their bodies, they are willing to have their souls healed. . . ."

Sister M. Catherine Davenport

* * *

Kienyang, Hunan, China,

April 14, 1940.

"We have been very busy dodging Jap bombs and running aid raid alarms. I shall never write a book about it, for if it ever ends I shall want to forget all about it. We were hoping and praying that it would soon be over, for there was some talk of peace. The past two months have been very rainy and, of course we had no visits from the enemy. But the first fine day, which was last Friday, we ran three times in one afternoon. We finally reached home at seven o'clock in the evening, so tired and hungry we could hardly walk. Twenty-seven bombers flew over us on their way to Chihkiang. We are waiting to hear what damage was done this last visit. Of course you

know we are not all in the same place now. Sisters Magdalena, Rosario and Catherine are still in old Chihkiang, but Sister Christina and I have been down here in Kienyang, a day's journey from Chihkiang, since the 15th of last October. Pray for us and our orphans. It means everything to keep them safe, and to be able to baptize those new Christians who come to us. This war seems to make them think more about religion—to want to pray and lead good lives."

Sister Mary Mark.

TO ST. JOSEPH.

O Foster-Father of Jesus! who taught
Him in childhood's hour,

Gentle and tender Joseph, pure spouse
of the Virgin Maid,

However the sun be shining, however
the skies may lower,

Teach us to follow His teaching forever,
thro' light and shade.

And then when the shadows of evening
darkly around us hover,

When reason lives no longer, and eyes
grow faint and dim—

Signs from the Father Almighty that the
journey at last is over—

Be thou our guide, O Joseph, and lead
us Home to Him.

Brian O'Higgins.

GREGORIAN CHANT IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

By REVEREND BROTHER THADDEUS, F.S.C.

TO-DAY more than ever, music is being given a special place of honour on the school curriculum by educationists. Many of them believe that every child, even the stone deaf and deaf-mutes, should know something of music and its principles in order that they may enjoy all the more the works of the great musicians. Consequently, our educational authorities have prescribed for our elementary schools a course in the fundamentals of music, sight-singing, correct breathing, proper enunciation, tone-production, and ear-training.

The Catholic School supplements secular training by means of religious instruction in the doctrines of the Church and in the beauty and significance of the Liturgy. And, since Church music is so intimately bound up with the liturgy of the Church, should it not go hand in hand with religious instruction?

In saying that the foundation of true Church music is Gregorian chant, pre-eminently suited for creating a truly religious atmosphere of prayer, one is merely paraphrasing an excerpt from the Encyclical "Motu Proprio" of Pius X: "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in movement, inspiration, and savour, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple." Accordingly, teachers could hardly do better than spend a good share of the time available for instruction in Church music training their pupils in Gregorian chant.

Two methods of training in Gregorian chant may be employed: learning according to scientific principles and by rote. Any class that has been taught to read music from the modern staff notation has only to apply the same principles to the singing of Gregorian chant, since books can be procured that have the Gregorian melodies written in the modern

staff notation. Of course, there are a few details of theory peculiar to Gregorian chant that are not met in modern music. By taking a few lessons from a competent instructor, a teacher with a fair musical training can pick them up quickly, and then pass them on to her pupils. Rote-singing, according to a very reliable authority, has its place, too, in this important work and should not be ignored even while pursuing the scientific method.

It is recommended that the teacher start with the simplest melodies; for instance, the Responses at High Mass. Then she could teach a few easy hymns; as *O Salutaris*, *Tantum Ergo*, *Adoro Te devote*. Gradually one of the most simple Masses found in the Kyriale can be learned. Some classes may even prepare a more elaborate Mass for some solemnity of the Church year or of the parish.

It is important for young teachers to know that those already experienced and highly successful do not attempt to introduce Gregorian chant into a school all at once, nor speedily. Patience, perseverance and a sufficient amount of time over a period of at least several years is considered necessary. To know this may prevent many from becoming discouraged in their initial attempt at teaching Gregorian Chant.

Furthermore, it may stimulate them to know that, in his Encyclical "*Divini Cultus Sanctitatem*," His Holiness Pius XI earnestly exhorts teachers to do what they can to promote the knowledge of Gregorian chant in their classes. This is the way the Church works for the future—sowing the seeds, so to speak. "The little Catholic school child is learning to pray, not only in words, but also in song; not only in the Church's language, Latin, but also in her musical language, chant; and when these children grow up, our choirs will be the whole Catholic world."



NOTES ON MNEMOSYNE

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON

MEMORY is but a fickle traveling companion. Just now I have been peering into her pouch to see what she has saved for me out of all my expensive and inconvenient journeys about this habitable globe. Said I unto myself, "There should be treasure trove here — nuggets of wisdom — fruits of research — the raw material of erudition." And what do I find? Only a heap of snapshots, not even arranged nicely in an album and properly ticketed for posterity — just jumbled together any which-way. Look at this — a most astonishing set of *gold* false teeth, shining and complete in the head of a waiter — and that's all I carried away from Colorado Springs!

What's this? The great clenched paw of a ship's captain on a Cunard liner. It is crushing a hard roll into complete disintegration. The rest of the captain was there I know, telling tall tales of the sea, but it is his huge fist that I remember. I recall a great green iceberg, the distant curved back of a whale, and the extraordinary wool lace blouse of a particularly violent shade of green on a short square female who sang laboriously at the ship's concert on that trip. Not much so far.

Here, this is rather better! Sunset on the Grand Canyon, riotous with color . . . sunset on the Mojave desert — a great copper disc slipping down behind the golden sands with a flaming forest fire for good measure . . . sunset sharp and startling behind the black menace of a sudden storm on the Sierra Madre Mountains . . . sunset on the Golden Gate in San Francisco, spread out on the water like the shimmering train of a queen . . . and now it fades to moonlight — moonlight on Lake Como, cold and silver-clear . . . moonlight on the Bay of Naples, warm and touched with gold . . . moonlight on the Grand Canal with a gondolier in black silhouette, a mellow song from the shadows, and the lights of the Lido far a-glimmer.

There's a good bit of color here . . . blue and white of San Diego . . . white and blue of Havana . . . orange and blue of the beach at Nice . . . red and green of the mountain ash in the city of Seattle . . . old Faithful at night, silver against deep blue . . . the dramatic flame of Vesuvius against a midnight sky. The plumage of birds makes spots of color . . . a flamingo poised near the quiet pool of a fountain . . . the flight of thousands of frigate birds over the blue Pacific like some vast aerial squadron, and an osprey's nest high on a gaunt, black cliff. Most vivid and colorful of all is a medieval procession with scarlet doublets and violet cloaks, plumes of white and crimson, green and gold and silver on banners and fringes and capes—all the gay pageantry of ancient times re-enacted in the grey old cobbled streets of Siena.

The ear has its memories too. There was a bluejay that nearly frightened me out of my wits with a fearsome, strident screech as I clung to the precarious safety of Bright Angel Trail, half-way down the Grand Canyon. A small, meek wood-thrush served me quite as ill only a moment after by voicing right beside me a tiny chirp that, magnified by the terrible stillness, almost sent me over the cliff again. Ornithology held no charms for me that day. The clamor of the great bronze gong at St. Mark's in Venice, setting the pigeons flying . . . the chime of the Angelus at Santa Maria Novella in the lovely city of Florence . . . a small green linnet, bursting with song at San Juan Capistrano . . . my first mocking bird on the smooth, clipped lawn of Mt. Vernon . . . a sudden waking on a train at night, a startled glance into a mail car on the next track and the cheery sound of the postal clerk whistling, "Arrah, I want to go back to Oregon" . . . my first ukulele, and the Missouri Waltz somewhere out in Iowa . . . a gramophone in Monterey, playing over and over again, "I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes," until I nearly wept myself . . . a vesper service in Brompton Oratory in London where, in an unseen choir, a boy's voice spun a silver thread of sound that was caught by a tenor, then by a baritone, merged into the deeps of a bass and was lost in the great roll of the organ while I held my breath for

very ecstasy . . . and the torchlight procession at Lourdes with thousands of candles against the black mountain night, winding endlessly along the paths to the Virgin's Grotto and out of the dusk a song—a prayer lifted up to the sky, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria." It will ring in my ears forever.

My nose remembers well the scent of moon-drenched acacias and the not-easily-forgotten smell of the fish on the wharfs in Gloucester . . . the salty tang of the misty sea as I stood on the deck of a boat steaming out to meet an incoming troop transport in New York harbor . . . the heavy odor of over-ripe bananas on a fruit steamer in the Caribbean . . . and the horror of a hot night spent in a close cabin in which a little old lady had spilled half a bottle of an incredible perfume called Black Narcissus, bought at a shop in Havana. The olfactory memory it would seem is more retentive to unpleasantness than that of the other senses.

There are other scenes in my picture book. I can see a man's head in a night cap, sticking out of a Pullman window one evening in St. Paul's . . . two beautiful white collies in Mexico City "Los Americanos," said the proud owner, "Fannie and Bobby"—only she said "Fonnie and Bawby" . . . the heaps of hairpins on Buffalo Bill's grave, the pigs and chickens wandering about under our feet as we consumed ambrosial Devonshire cream with strawberries in a cottage near Lorna Doone's home . . . two great royal stags standing stark against the sky on a high hill shadowing the same Doone Valley . . . a sunny sail on Loch Lomond . . . a potter's wheel in Barnstaple near the dunes where Kingsley wrote the "Water Babies" and where Lewis Carroll's rabbit slipped down a sandy hole as he muttered, "Oh my ears and whiskers! What will the Duchess say?"

I can see a ruined arch in Holyrood Palace . . . the storied walls of the Coliseum . . . the funny little sentry-boxes at the Castle of Edinburgh . . . a Punch and Judy show on Princess Street and a kiltie band skirling the pipes . . . the sound of the Bells of Shandon just as in Moore's old song . . . the lovely blonde curls of the Irish children on St. Stephen's Green in

Dublin and the beautiful black-eyed babies giving the Fascist salute in Naples.

A square in San Jose with a band concert in progress and the dark-eyed Costa Rican girls with black braids falling forward on their shoulders walking two by two in one direction and the young men, brave in shining shoes, marching along in the other while sharp-eyed duennas watched . . . I remember the trenches in Belleau Wood and the lump in my throat as I looked at the gallant small pigeon *Cher Ami* with his one little leg and his medal of honor in the Bronx Zoo in New York . . . seven naked black babies in a row at Morro Castle. . . . a silly gramophone playing under the giant red-woods . . . a swim in hot Lithia water with a straw hat adorning my head . . . down on my knees in old Panama, watching with breathless interest a line of parasol ants, a long, green moving ribbon as far as my eye could reach just as Beebe described them in one of his jungle books . . . a bag of gooseberries that I solemnly munched as I stalked round the Ruskin museum . . . the wife of the Panamanian minister singing "Valencia" to her small daughter . . . the minister himself standing on a box and haranguing his people with gestures while they all shouted, "Viva! Viva!" . . . and an unforgettable picture of the Holy Father in Rome, a small, white, vibrant figure who blessed us and was gone.

So what have I now for my travels? I fear I must shake my head. Not even a disquisition on the arts of antiquity—no learned dissertation of paleontology—not even a single thesis or monograph or brochure—nothing but rags and patches of movement and color and song—for shame, Mnemosyne!



ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

By REV. MYLES V. RONAN, M.R.I.A., F.R.Hist.S.

THE ARDAGH CHALICE.

AMONG the most precious of European chalices, dating earlier than the 12th century, perhaps the most important is that which was discovered with a bronze vessel and four silver brooches at Ardagh, Co. Limerick. The position it receives in works on Christian Art and on the special subject of chalices seems to confirm this view.

*Ardagh Chalice*

The Ardagh Chalice was discovered in September, 1868, in the interior of a rath or earth fort, by a young peasant named Quin, whilst digging potatoes. The whole treasure had been partially protected by a rough flagstone, and possibly had been encased in a wooden box

that would have long since perished.

As Quin's land was a tenancy of St. Mary's Convent, Limerick, the objects were brought to the convent, where they were studied by Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick, and by Lord Dunraven, a keen student of archaeology. At the latter's suggestion, apparently, they were sent to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, for further examination and report. Lord Dunraven read a paper on the Chalice before the Academy, 22 February, 1869, and the objects were restored to the Bishop who finally acquired them from Mrs. Quin for £50, 21 June, 1871.

The British Treasury became interested and, in 1873, moved to have the articles expropriated in accordance with the terms of the Treasure Trove regulations, relying on the report that the chalice and brooches were of silver, and that they were found buried in the ground. The Bishop denied that they were silver, but to avoid litigation, he was willing to have them submitted to assay. It was determined that the chalice was of silver, and the Crown's agent got the Bishop finally to agree to part with the objects, in 1878, for £100. The objects were deposited in the Academy, and, when that body's collection was removed to the National Museum in 1890, they were included in it.

The cup of the chalice is an almost hemispherical bowl with two semi-circular and highly ornate handles and ornamental expansions fitted to it by rivets. The foot consists of a domed plate and is fitted below to a flat circular sole-plate, of complex construction, highly decorated and padded with lead to secure balance.

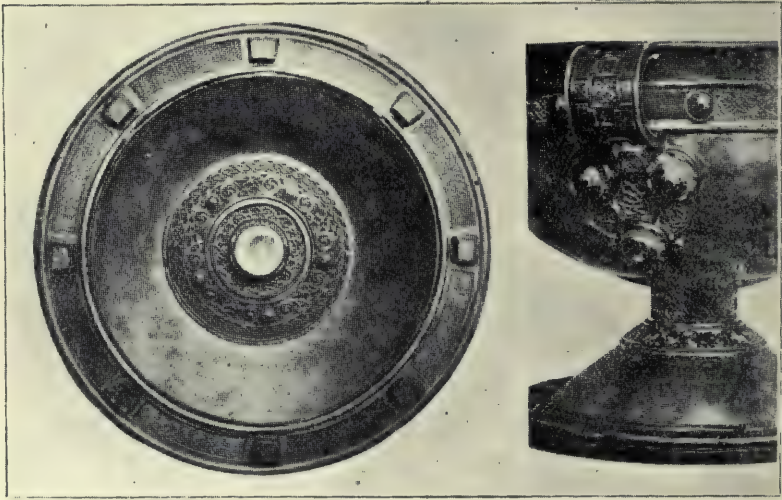
In form and ornamentation the vessel is a precious work of art, and represents the neo-classic of the Romanesque period. The same restraint that characterizes its form, maintaining its geometric simplicity, characterizes also the distribution of the ornamental details which in every case emphasize the units or parts of its structure. Thus it illustrates the Romanesque idea to perfection, and at a period when the worship of construction, which culminated in the Gothic style, was at its height and probably at its best.

Under the rim is a decorative frieze divided into twelve panels by twelve globular settings of cloisonne enamel beads. The same ornamentation governs the other horizontal parts. The surface of the handles and their expansions are elaborately ornamented with enamel settings and gilt panels.

The handles are of the plate type normally associated with vessels of thin plate, and are made in this form to secure an even distribution of stress over a large surface. As they are vertical they are treated in a different style from the frieze and other horizontal members. The settings are flat and rec-

tangular, and the centre is decorated with filigree panels in sockets sunk in the body of the metal.

The ornamental expansions of the handles or escutcheons, being of less structural importance, receive less ornamental treatment. The basic design of these members is an equilateral triangle to which are joined semi-circles to accommodate the



Ardagh Chalice: Details of handle and under side of foot.

large circular settings of complex construction. The resultant is a peculiar figure to which the panel within the triangle ingeniously responds in gold filigree. Besides these escutcheons there are on the bowl two medallions apparently of symbolic importance.

The sole-plate or base of the dome foot was ornamented, on the upper side, with eight panels separated by eight rectangular enamel settings. Four of the panels are missing, but it is probable that they are filled with filigree pattern. The underpart of the sole-plate is also divided into eight panels and settings, all intact. Four of the panels have a uniform pattern of the simple interlaced design. Two of

them, of silver linked-work, suggest an effort at copying certain panels of a kind found in the "Book of Kells" where they occur as corner pieces. The remaining four panels, of copper, are chased with a double row of step-pattern—swastika type—set in rectangles cut into squares.

It is not clear why copper was used; it may be in imitation of illumination work, but the use of copper and other base metals to contrast with gold and silver is a long-standing convention in French goldsmith work. We have already seen, however, how a reddish bronze was used as a backing for the cruciform pattern on the back of the Soisceal Molaise (the shrine of St. Molaise's Gospel). The settings between the panels of the underpart of the plate of our Chalice are rectangular pieces of blue glass backed with a silver plate decorated with squares, etc.—this complete ornament is not found in any other Irish work of art of pre-Norman date.

The extraordinary thing about this Chalice is that its greatest artistic feature lies in the underpart of the sole-plate—in the centre. This is the great crystal with its zones of gold, amber, and gilt bronze. The mechanical skill and the artistic genius of the craftsman are here at their best. The crystal is surrounded by zones of zoomorphic and filigree ornament. The zone, divided into sections by five blue enamel settings, consists of Celtic spiral ornament. The outer zone consists of a running scroll that also appears on the Tara Brooch. The whole design of this centre-piece of the underplate is probably one of the finest in mediaeval metalwork.

Why this usually hidden portion of the Chalice should be the most artistic of the whole composition has not been satisfactorily explained. It has been suggested that, after the Consecration of the wine, when the Chalice was raised on high, the brilliant ornament in the centre of the underplate would attract the attention of the faithful, in a symbolic manner, to the Precious Blood in the Chalice. I must say emphatically that I do not agree.

To assume that the faithful raised their heads in those days, to adore the Host or the Chalice is, I think, without any his-

torical justification.¹ To assume that the pious faithful would be concerned with Art, or that Art would have any influence on their devotion at such a moment, is too fanciful. I should rather regard this most artistic design as due to the fact that the artist had here a free field for his workmanship, not limited by design, geometry, and measurements, as the rest of the Chalice was. I believe that the artist simply let himself go in working out a beautiful design, which would be appreciated by connoisseurs as the other portions of the Chalice were appreciated. In other words, we must regard this Chalice as a show piece—in form and ornamentation.

The artist, apparently had in his mind a particular chalice which he wished to copy, and, in dimensions and form, he was exacting. Take the dimensions. They are all a deliberate variation of the unit 7 for aesthetic purposes. The height is 7 inches; the diameter of the cup is $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the diameter of the foot is $6\frac{1}{2}$ in., without the rim moulding. An elaborate geometry seems to underlie the whole construction. This is not the only work of Irish Art which shows this attention to geometry. It is an interesting phase of this Art.

The use of the unit 7 is, of course, scriptural, and, in this case, would seem to point to Hebrew influence not only as to dimensions but as to form. The date of the Chalice is about A.D. 1000, that is, about the time when the legends of the Holy Grail were taking shape. The fashioners of these romances must have had before their mind some ideal form, and various chalices throughout Europe were claimed as the original cup or chalice of the Last Supper. Our Irish artist was apparently influenced by the idea of representing to the Irish people the form of the original Chalice examples of which he was well acquainted with.

It is interesting to read the account of the Chalice of the Last Supper by the modern Catholic mystic, Catherine Emmerich, and to compare it with the Ardagh Chalice. The

¹ The ancient Irish discipline was all the other way. In St. Brigid's Cathedral of Kildare (late 5th century) the hangings of the chancel arch were drawn during the Consecration. There is no evidence that the discipline was changed in the later Irish period.

points of resemblance are very striking. The description is well worth studying for the sake of comparison.

All this confirms my belief that the artist was not concerned with the chalice, either for its use or for its impression on the faithful assisting at Mass, but simply that he felt he had a duty to perform—to represent the traditional form of the Chalice of the Last Supper for the Irish people.

What was the source of the wealth of ornamental detail on the Chalice? It seems perfectly justifiable to state that the great school of illumination work which flourished in Ireland from 650 to some time after 850 provided the decorative motifs. As we have already seen, Rome and the near East furnished many of them, but the Irish artist used them in his own way and threw in native elements. Although serious damage was done to the monastic libraries by the Norsemen, yet a fair number of those highly artistic books must have survived and provided the craftsman of later date (10th and 11th centuries) with numerous patterns for stone and metal panels, as our crosses, brooches, and shrines indicate. Our Chalice shows how an expert metal-worker could use the motifs to glorify an altar vessel—even to translate into metal the intricate, difficult spiral designs.

The inscription on the Chalice is proof that the craftsman had before him one of those precious books. It reads:

PETRI, PAULI, ANDRI, IACOBI, IOHANNIS, PILIPHI,
BARTHOLOMEI, THOMAE, MATHEI, IACOBI,
TATHEUS, SIMON.

It will be observed that the two last names are in the nominative whilst the rest are in the genitive. Apparently the exemplar was in the genitive, and the craftsman copied faithfully, but found, after inscribing two lines, that his own inscription should be in the nominative, and inscribed the last line so.

Piliphi is spelt incorrectly, doubtless under the influence of the Irish form, *Pilip*. *Tatheus* is also influenced by the Irish form, *Tatha*.

The names of the 12 apostles are not precisely those given by the three Evangelists (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), but


those given in the Commemoration of the Living, in the Ordinary of the Mass (6th century). The order of the names on our Chalice differs somewhat from that of the Roman Missal. The latter gives this order: Petri et Pauli, Andreae, Jacobi, Joannis, Thomae, Jacobi, Philippi, Bartholomaei, Matthaei, Simonis et Thaddaei. (The names are all in the genitive).

The order of enumeration varies in various collocations, including the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. It will be interesting to see the order in two of our famous Irish Missals. The Bobbio Missal² (probably 6th century) has the same order as that of our Chalice, with the exception of the last few names. In the Stowe Missal (probably 6th century) there are three lists of the Apostles; in one there is considerable variation from the order of our Chalice; in another, the order is exactly of the Roman Missal of to-day, and in the third the only variation from the order of our Chalice is that Simon precedes Thadeus.

It seems clear that the craftsman of our Chalice got his list from an ancient Missal, and it is quite probable that this book belonged to one of the monasteries of the Rule of St. Colmcille, probably in North Britain.

Many other points could be discussed in connection with this wonderful Chalice, but they would occupy too much of our space. Enough has been said to show its importance as a work of Art and its place among the precious chalices of the pre-12th century period. Readers who wish to make a more detailed study of this interesting subject might consult "The Ardagh Chalice" by L. S. Gogan, M.A. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, 1932), a scholarly and beautifully illustrated brochure.

² It belonged to the monastery of Bobbio, in Northern Italy, founded by our St. Columbanus in 614.



OUR LADY OF SPRING

By LILIAN MARY NALLY.

BECAUSE you are the fairest thing God made,
Of dew and light and of the blossoms sweet,
I lay my heart in homage near you there,
A footstool waiting for your shimm'ring feet.

Because you are the sweetest thing God made,
I see your face in every flower that blows,
I feel your soft caress within the wind,
And love you in the beauty of the rose.

Because you are the gentlest thing God made,
The sunlight of His Paradisal lands,
I give my soul to you to keep for Him,
And leave it in the caring of your hands.

Because you are the purest thing God made,
To be conceiver of His earth born One,
The sun, the moon, the stars cannot compare
With you who are the Mother of His Son.

Because you are the dearest thing God made,
When pain beats on the highway of my life,
And when I need you most I find you there,
My solace and my succour in the strife.

Because you are the lov'liest thing He made,
The richest gem of all the Heavenly sward,
I lay my heart a footstool at your feet,
Because you are the Mother of my Lord.

FAITH

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

A LONELY Man on a lonely cross
Died once on a lonely hill—
And most of the world has forgotten,
But some remember still.

And those who remember love Him—
They know Him for their Friend
Whose loving voice will call them
When their time on earth shall end.

And they pray to Mary, the mother
Of the lonely, forgotten One,
That those who forget may have mercy
When they come before her Son.

For the King and Judge of all the world
Died on that lonely hill,
And those who forget may well be saved
By those who remember still.



SPRING

By HENRY AYNESWORTH BRITTON.

SPRING comes not with the clash of arms
To devastate the world,
Spring comes with soft, refreshing charms,
Her flags of Peace unfurled.

No birds with death beneath their wings
High in the Heavens soar,
No chariots of steel she brings
To sail earth's garden floor.

But over valley, hill and plain
Her valiant soldiers glide
In serried ranks of silvery rain—
A vast life-giving tide.

And oh! the land is truly blest;
For, clothed in verdant hue,
It wakens from long nights of rest
To blossom forth anew.





DIAMOND JUBILEE .

On January 6th, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sister Bertille saw another anniversary day dawn bright as members of her Community and her family gathered to do her honor on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. Still active and intensely interested in community affairs, Sister has been a most zealous worker during her long life in Religion. The Motherhouse and the House of Providence for years had the benefit of her business ability while she was bursar in both places, and, in between these charges, Sister spent a comparatively brief but fruitful period as a teacher and as Superior at Mercy Hospital and at St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

Many years a pupil of St. Joseph's Academy, the little girl from Mount St. Louis was happy to remember that she had been born where the martyrs toiled and died. Was it then a mere coincidence that a high light of her Jubilee celebration was that three Jesuit nephews offered sixty Masses as a Jubilee Gift for Sister.

Congratulations, Sister, and may your example be a light to those who follow after, that serving joyfully they may "make melody in their hearts to the Lord."

GOLDEN JUBILEES.

The years have sped on winged feet, and on January 6th a Golden Jubilee caught up with Sister Claudia and made her pause for the day in her round of duties at Mercy Hospital to receive the congratulations of her many friends.

Besides the Community Mass at 6.45 Sister had her Jubilee Mass sung at 9 o'clock by Rev. J. A. McDonagh, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society. In his sermon Father McDonagh drew a parallel between the gifts the Magi offered on the first Epiphany and the vows offered by Sister on her Profession Day. Like the Magi, too, Sister has journeyed

afar on her mission of service. One of the pioneers of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., in the midst of hardships and difficulty, Sister spread that sunny cheerfulness that is her outstanding characteristic. We join with all who know her in hoping that her Diamond Jubilee will find her as she is now, the cheerful giver so beloved of the Lord.

* * *

When the angel calls the roll on the Last Day he will find many among the just who will look gratefully back on the devoted training which guided them along the straight path which led to Eternal Life, and outstanding among their teachers will be Sister Elizabeth on whom the golden light of her fiftieth Anniversary of Religious life, shone in January, 1942.

The years have gone quickly for Sister who has found that to be all in all to the little ones in her care has kept her young with them—young in her understanding and never-flagging zeal in spite of the depth of her experience and judgments.

Those who have had the privilege of Sister's care and instruction join with her Community in warm congratulations and a fervent prayer that her Diamond Jubilee will find Sister still our Sister Elizabeth—kind, smiling and gracious and showing forth that charity which is Christ in all her actions.

* * *

On January 4th at Mount St Joseph, Richmond Hill, was celebrated a Golden Jubilee which must surely have found an echo in Heaven. Our Lord's command to go forth and teach has been accepted literally by Sr. Waltrude throughout her whole religious life and, now that her active teaching days are over, she still teaches by what St. Francis of Assisi calls a sermon more powerful than words—by example. Mistress of schools for several years, Sister placed at the service of her Sisters the invaluable experience of her own long years of successful teaching—and still by an active interest in the Foreign Missions and in the instruction of converts Sister is still labouring in the Master's vineyard.

May God grant you a still longer period of happy service, Sister, that your friends and your Community may enjoy your gentle kindness many years to come.

SILVER JUBILEES.

On January 6th the following Sisters celebrated the 25th anniversary of their religious Profession: Sr. M. St. Cyril, House of Providence, Toronto; Sr. M. St. Lawrence, St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines; Sr. Mary Adele, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sr. M. Euphrasia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sr. St. Denis, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Ontario. Ad multos annos!

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

On December 15th the "Fire-fighters" Band entertained at the House of Providence, thus being the first heralds of Christmas music.

* * *

A gala Santa Claus party was held at the House of Providence, December 21st, when members and friends of the Toronto city sub-division of the Catholic Women's League gave Christmas cheer to the aged folk. Reverend Sister Superior and Mrs. T. E. Regan received the guests. Seven hundred Christmas stockings were distributed through the house and ladies of the Concordia Club sang carols.

Members and their friends were guests of Rev. Sister Superior at tea, when Mrs. Peter Heenan and Mrs. A. M. Dunn presided. Assisting were: Mrs. James O'Neill, Mrs. A. Martyn, Mrs. W. Metzler, Mrs. Frank Pujolas and Mrs. E. F. Henderson. Helping to fill the Christmas stockings were members of the Altar Society of Holy Rosary, the Christian Mothers of Holy Family and St. Cecilia's; the Church Extension of St. Monica's; the Mission Group of St. Vincent's; the lady bowlers of St. Clare's.

* * *

On December 24th and 26th, Mass was said in our Chapel by our two newly-ordained priests, Reverend Father Fullerton, S.F.M., of St. Ann's Parish, and Rev. Father Kirby of St. John's, Toronto.

* * *

On Christmas morning His Excellency, Archbishop James C. McGuigan, said Mass in our Chapel. Later on he went through the Institution, meeting the residents and brightening all by his cheery words.

* * *

In late January the Right Reverend Msgr. Malouff spent

a few days at the House of Providence, renewing old acquaintances.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

Late in December Santa visited the Convent School. His pack was well filled and he overlooked no one, even the Reverend J. Darby and the Reverend T. Monahan, who happened to call in.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

The following are appointments of our graduate nurses in Military Service:

Mae Madden—Class of '27, of Staff of Westminster Hospital London, Ont., has been granted leave of absence for active service in the R.C.A.F. at Port Albert, Ontario.

Helen Sexton—Class of '31—R.C.A.F., Toronto.

Mabel Gardner—Class of '38—Sister in charge of the School of Gunning and Bombing, Picton, Ontario.

* * *

Congratulations and prayers for perseverance in her vocation to Marian Ball, Class of '39, who on October 29th received the habit of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, and is now known as Sister Monica.

* * *

The Hallowe'en Concert of Oct. 30th was repeated for relatives and friends on October 31st. The proceeds of a silver collection were used to buy gift-boxes for our Nurses Overseas: Nursing Sisters Margaret Hunt, '32; Constance Bond, '32; Beatrice Curtis, '32; and Kathleen Zeagman, '35.

* * *

On Nov. 12th the Senior Nurses held their Uniform Dance in the Residence and on Nov. 13th Intermediate Nurses.

* * *

The Graduate Staff Nurses, Staff and Student Dietitians Internes entertained at a Uniform Dance on December third.

* * *

On December 6th many new "black-band" nurses appeared around the Hospital.

* * *

Reception of new members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary by Reverend F. M. Mogan, took place on December seventh and was followed by a sermon on Our Blessed Mother and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Alumnae on Dec. 7th held a Silver Tea in the Assembly Room of the Hospital. Proceeds were used for the Scholarship Fund and British Nurses' Relief Fund. The Douglas Sisters gave the music selections and a concert.

* * *

In middle December the Probationers presented with great success a play, "The Birthday of a King," and the Sodality decorated a beautiful Christmas tree laden with gifts which a jolly Santa distributed to thirty-six eager-faced children.

CORPUS CHRISTI SCHOOL.

The pupils in Corpus Christi School are busy preparing a Catholic Press Exhibit and their aim is to make it even better than the one they had on exhibit last summer at the Summer School of Catholic Action in New York City.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE, SCARBORO.

On December 11th the annual Concert was staged to appreciate parents and friends. The Hall, festive with its artistic decorations of green, red and silver, typical of the Christmas season, was a pleasing atmosphere in which to view the plays. "How St. Nicholas Came to St. Joseph's" was played by the Juniors. Jolly old St. Nicholas with his Eskimo children greatly amused the audience. In the Senior play, "The Little Leper Maid," the story of the first Christmas Night was re-told with an added feature of how the little Leper Maid was cured by the Blessed Virgin on her way to Bethlehem. The closing scene of the Nativity with its contrasting colours and artistic groupings, made a beautiful tableau. Vocal and instrumental duets were enjoyed between acts.

* * *

On December twentieth school closed with "Reading of Marks," awarding of prizes and last, but by far not the least, "The Christmas Tree!" Some one had been planning! Yes, when the classroom doors were thrown open there was the Christmas Tree with a goodly assortment of mysterious packages. In a short time the children were the proud possessors of these treasures and their smiling faces and exclamations of delight assured all that they were happy and grateful.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

The annual Nativity play was presented by the Preliminary students in the Auditorium and was well received. The addition of very realistic scenery, the work of Miss Kiki de Lesseps, added greatly to the spirit of the Holy Season.

* * *

St. Joseph's students took part in the annual Inter-school Basketball Tournament sponsored by the Inter-school Association, held at St. Joseph's Convent.

* * *

The Sodality activities include the following:

- (1) The sponsoring of a successful dance held in the Residence.
- (2) A stimulating meeting conducted along the lines of a Quiz Programme, with regard to knowledge of our religion—Miss Eleanore Izzo carrying off the laurels.
- (3) The annual preparation of Christmas baskets by each class, which entails hard work and sacrifice.

* * *

The Graduates of 1942 are: Misses Susan Hedman, Marcella Clarke, Alma McCutcheon, Kathleen Albertson, Marion Hobson, Irene Glynn, Mary Hilton, Gladys Curtis, Grace Courtney, Pauline Davies, Rita Burnie, Ruth Donnelly, Florence Watson, Alma More, Monica Caden, Dorothy Rynard, Margaret Quilty, Lillian Johnson, Esther Miller, Betty Chislet, Kathleen Houston, Rita Gendron, Leola Bateman, Dorothy Ceauette, Harriet Newman, Ruth Feir, Muriel Warrian; Martha Rogers; Loretta Pelletier, Margaret Suckie, Betty Broomfield, Audrey Powell.

* * *

The graduates of 1942 were the guests of the Intermediate Class at their "uniform stripe" dance held in the Residence, Jan. 28th. The Auditorium and Recreation Room were decorated in Valentine colours and each graduate received as a favour a hypo syringe in case.

* * *

The Sisters and nurses were entertained by the young people of St. Anthony's Parish, who presented their play "Kempy" in the Auditorium here. Later in the week St. James' Young People's Club presented "Mystery at Midnight." Both plays were very enjoyable.

* * *

St. Joseph's students were well represented at the Inter-

school Dance held at the Royal York Hotel, Feb. 4th, in aid of the British Nurses' War Fund.

* * *

The members of the graduating class were guests of honour at a Valentine Tea held in the Residence, Sunday, Feb. 15th. Miss Teresa Hushin, Miss M. Goodfrid, and Miss M. Rice received the guests along with the guests of honour. St. Michael's Cathedral Boys' Choir presented an enjoyable programme.

* * *

On February 2nd the new class of 19 probationers registered. Later in the month they were entertained by the Junior Class at a sleighing party, followed by refreshments in the Residence.

MERCY HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

The year closed happily when His Grace the Archbishop celebrated Mass in our chapel. He was assisted by Reverend Father Allen, and our chaplain, Father Kirby, was present. All the patients who were able to go to the chapel attended, and after the Mass His Excellency spoke, suggesting ways by which the sufferers could win peace and order for the world by a generous acceptance of their sufferings with those of our dear Lord. Afterwards he visited throughout the Institution.

* * *

Our sincere thanks to Mr. McNeil, through whose generosity the patients have enjoyed several moving picture entertainments recently.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Bertha.

On February 17, Sister M. Bertha, one of the oldest members of St. Joseph's Community, died suddenly at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro. Although in failing health for some time, she had followed the Community exercises throughout the day and seemed as well as usual until she suffered the heart attack which caused her death.

The deceased Sister, formerly Margaret Duffy, was born in Barrie, Ont., and at the early age of seventeen became a Sister of St. Joseph. For many years she taught music and is affectionately remembered as teacher and friend by many former pupils in Oshawa, Thorold, Orillia, St. Mary's, To-

ronto, and perhaps most of all in St. Catharines, where she remained longest, having charge of the Boys' Choir at the time when the work of restoring Gregorian Music was begun. She filled the position of Superior in Orillia, and that of Assistant Superior at the Mother House and later at the House of Providence, while her last years of labor were given to the children at the Sacred Heart Orphanage.

Throughout her long religious life of almost 66 years, Sister Bertha brought sunshine into the lives of many by an unfailing generosity and cheerfulness. Her simple faith, coupled with the happy faculty of finding "the silvery lining" of every cloud was often a spiritual tonic to her Sisters and friends. Frequent periods of suffering during the past few years of retirement were borne with edifying patience and childlike confidence.

A Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on Feb. 19, by Rev. L. A. Markle, assisted by the Very Rev. W. T. Davis, as Deacon, and Rev. O. L. Quinlan, C.S.B., as Sub-Deacon.

Of Sister Bertha's immediate family there survives only one sister, Miss Annie Duffy, Chicago to whom we offer our sympathy.

ST. JOSEPH.

Oh! by all thy peaceful years,
By all the dangers run,
By all the joys, by all the fears,
For Mary and her Son;
Oh! by thy peaceful failing breath
Jesus and Mary nigh;
Be with us, Joseph, at our death,
And help us all to die. Amen.

Brian O'Higgins.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942**

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

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Mrs. E. F. Ellard

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Mrs. Colin Grant

Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist
Mrs. D. M. Goudy

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Miss Mary Callahan

Miss Ruth Bradley Mrs. John Griffin.

Historians

Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

Many attended the annual membership tea and musicale held in St. Joseph's College School auditorium. Members of the R.C.A.F. were entertained during the afternoon. Mrs. Ferguson Ellard and Miss Viola Lyon were hostesses. Contributing to the program were Miss Patricia Morrison, pianist; Miss Rita Schreiner, elocutionist; Miss Kathleen Williams, vocalist; Mr. Gordon and Mr. Douglas Bean and Miss Barbara Parker, dance trio; and Mr. Rex Sloeum, magician.

The tea table, arranged by Mrs. B. Unser, was presided over by Mrs. W. C. Gilchrist and Mrs. Ernest Dainty, assisted by members of the alumnae.

On the evening of November 27th, a Fashion Show and Bridge was held in the school auditorium. Miss Viola Lyon convened the event, assisted by Mrs. E. F. Ellard. Miss Mary Kidd was in charge of the raffle. Other members of the committee were: Mrs. George Bartlam, prizes; Miss Patricia Morrison, music; Mrs. Jack Griffin, publicity; Miss Mabel Abrey and Miss Helen Hetherman, bridge; Mrs. B. J. Unser, tea convener, assisted by Mrs. D. M. Goudy and Miss Margaret Kelman. Alumnae assisted in looking after the guests. Those taking part in the fashion show, "Life With Mother," sponsored by John Northway and Son Ltd, were Miss Betty Ann Peacock, Mrs Harold Peacock, Miss Marion Tyrell, Miss Rosemary Ellard, Miss Audrey Gilmore, Miss Norma Taylor, Mrs. Gerald Dunn, Miss Viola Lyon, Miss Rosemary LaPrairie, Mrs. L. A. Lambe, Miss Sheilah Kirby, Miss Margaret Carolan, Miss Rolande Godin, Miss Mary Culotta, Miss Helen Wallis, Miss Mary Shanahan, Mrs. John Griffin, Miss Joan Brady, Miss Veronica Malone, Miss Helen Malone, and Master Billy Lyon.

Reverend Thomas Battle of St. Michael's Cathedral, presented the prizes.

Viola Lyon, Secretary.

February 18, 1942.

Dear Alma Mater and Girls-at-Home:

This month the news briefs have been arriving hard and fast, and it does seem as if St. Joseph's girls are taking their part in the many activities falling to Canadian women and girls. Our graduates take their places and responsibilities in all groups here and elsewhere.

Perhaps you would like to read part of a letter from Peggy (Monica) Reynolds, in England, with the 15th Canadian General Field Hospital: "Over here things are fairly quiet, but since Japan's contribution there has been a tense feeling. The hospital has nearly 800 routine hospital cases of accidents, pneumonia, etc.,—no war casualties. Last year we had some R.C.A.F. lads. I enjoy life here; there is no other dietitian, and little fancy food to work with. So my years at learning how to tempt a patient's appetite with dainty fruit salads and melba toast are fruitless! However, there is plenty of food, but fruit juices and fresh fruits are almost nil. The deprivation from such luxuries show no ill effects. Everyone is happy though homesick just now for snow and Christmas trees and winter sports. Once a month we get a week-end

pass and usually go to London. You wouldn't recognize the big town in blackout, because it is not crowded and has no bright lights. Nevertheless it fascinates me with its antiquity and its 'cosmopolitanism.' I've made up my mind to see every little place—slums included. We have had 3 seven-day leaves. Last April we went to the Lake District; spent the last leave in Hertfordshire and part in Scotland.

Agnes Neill was transferred to Canadian Medical Headquarters and left us last month—she is wonderful!" (Your correspondent's note—Agnes Neill is matron of all Canadian nurses overseas—a Peterborough woman—no doubt she is well known to graduates of St. Michael's and the Sisters, for she spent some years in Toronto before going overseas).

In Lindsay, a St. Joseph's Alumnae has been formed of girls who attended a St. Joseph's College or Convent anywhere. It has members from many different centres but now resident in Lindsay. Marcelle McNulty (St. Joseph's) is now Mrs. George McCrae of Lindsay, and when I visited at her lovely new home recently she told me of the new alumnae association. The group is doing very good work at the Convent and is responsible for donations—among them the attractive hall rugs in St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay. Several Catholic organizations have helped them; the Knights of Columbus recently turned over to them the proceeds of a Bingo Night. We hope that Lindsay's example in this will be followed. It is well nigh impossible for an out-of-town member of the Toronto Alumnae to attend meetings—I have attended about 3 in the last 5 years. Here in Peterborough we have few St. Joseph's girls—Catherine Corkery is a member of the local Symphony Orchestra, whose recent concert for British War Victims was the result of long hours of practice. Cath. managed to get to the Newman Ball and has been telling us about it. Margaret (Marnie) Corkery is leaving the Royal Bank soon to prepare herself for the Inspection Board of Great Britain and Canada. Joan Lynch has joined our badminton club this year.

Katharine McGuinness, R.N., is taking the Public Health Course at Toronto University and Joan Mosteller, R.N., is now doing private duty in Cleveland, Ohio. She is Isabel Abbott's daughter, is she not?

Bettina Vegara, who attended St. Joseph's, gave a violin recital in Eaton Auditorium on February 5th. Bettina was studying in Paris under the famous Enesco, and teaching in his school, when war shattered her work. She got to Lisbon where she was soloist with the National Orchestra for four

months. Bettina was born in Colorado, but spent most of her life in Toronto studying under the late Luigi von Kunits. Before going on to join Enesco in Paris she was in New York under Hartmann. Bettina's meticulous technique, and her interpretation of Brahms, Mozart and Bach, called forth well-deserved applause from audiences and critics alike.

Greetings have reached St. Joseph Lilies from Mother Margaret Mary of the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, Edgewood, Wheeling, West Virginia—(Lucy Ashbrook, of Washington) with pictures of their beautiful grounds and buildings, and from Mrs. Chesley Milne (Ella Hutton) from St. Petersburg, Florida.

The nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, have brought out a mimeographed "News" edition of the doings of the Hospital. Mary Thompson and Evelyn Van Lane are on the Editorial Staff of the quarterly published by the A.A. of St. Michael's Hospital.

Marie Bandel has joined the staff of Defence Industries at Pickering, Ont. Mrs. Charles Sullivan (Marie Barry) with her family has joined Dr. Sullivan in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Marsh (Bernice Leonard) visited St. Joseph's last month. This was Bernice's first visit since her marriage but since she is now living in Hamilton, we hope she will often drop in on her way to Orillia. Mary McNamara from Scranton, and Bernardine Simpson from Haileybury, both graduates of our College, were recent visitors to old haunts at St. Joseph's. Margaret Kane is now a R.N. and has taken an extension course. She is planning to work in Montreal. Ann, Gerry and Louise are in Quebec City, all three busy with War activities. Helen Wallis has completed her course in Therapy and is located now in Fredericton, N.Y. In the St. Catharines news we see such names as Marie O'Mara, Helen Timmins and Yvonne Darte, doing Mission work, War work and Red Cross work.

We extend our most sincere sympathy to the following friends and alumnae. Monita MacDonnell, one of our College graduates, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Julia MacDonnell. Mary McGarvey, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Annie McGarvey. Mary was a pupil of St. Joseph's from baby days until graduation from College. Sister Roberta, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Catherine Moher; Mrs. Moher was also an aunt of Eugenie Plouffe. Mrs. Ann Walsh (née O'Keeffe) and family on the death of her husband, Mr. James Walsh. To the family of the late Mrs. Roy Kenny (Averille Kavanagh). To the eight Conlin girls, all of whom are St. Joseph's pupils

and graduates, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Herbert Conlin. To Mr. Conlin and Gerard, now overseas, the Lilies wishes to express most sincere condolences. To Julia O'Connor, on the loss of a grand centenarian mother, whose life was a full and useful one. To Miss Bertha Heydon, on the death of her brother, Thomas.

To the family of the late Father R. T. Burke, C.S.B.

To the family of the late Dr. A. J. McDonagh, noted Canadian dental surgeon. Mrs. Ralph Swift (Rhona), Mrs. Arthur Kelly (Aileen), Mrs. Shirley McDonald (Pauline), are all graduates of St. Joseph's. Mrs. McDonagh is a leader in our own alumnae as well as in C.W.L. work. Father Joseph McDonagh of the Church Extension Society is a gifted contributor to the Lilies. Dr. McDonagh will be greatly missed not only among his confrères in the dental and medical professions, but by all who knew him.

To the family of the late Abraham Halford, who died suddenly on Feb. 14th.

To the family of the late Mr. William Heatherman—his daughters, Rita (Mrs. Walsh of Millington, N.J.), Helen and Marie of Toronto are Alumnae of St. Joseph's.

To the family of Mr. Albert W. Maisonville-Marie, a former S.J.C.S. pupil.

* * *

There have been such lovely weddings lately, and such pretty brides, many of them graduates and former pupils of St. Joseph's.

Teresa Breen was married on December 27th to Mr. J. S. Griffin. On February 15th her cousin Gay (Mrs. Ronald Daly) was celebrating the arrival of her new daughter.

Edith McGovern was married to Mr. J. A. Schantz of Rochester in St. Vincent de Paul's Church, on February 14th.

Mary Dunn was married to Mr. Ross Trimble on January 12th.

Helen Torson was married to Mr. Mervyn D. Miller in October last.

Rosemary Reid was married to Mr. Barry Gartlan in September last (sorry to be so late with our good wishes!)

Gerry O'Brien, an active member of our alumnae, was married in December to Mr. J. Brady.

Margaret Glover, daughter of Dr. T. Glover and the late Mrs. Glover, was married to Mr. Tim Stewart on February 14th. The same evening Margaret Carolan announced her

engagement to Mr. Bob Speno of Ithaca, N.Y.—an Easter wedding, we hear.

Verna Rowe was married in November to Mr. Ted Stewart. Many old friends, members of our alumnae, were among those who entertained before Verna's marriage—Helen Richard, among them, also Mrs. B. F. Unser.

Patricia Downey was another Valentine bride—in her marriage to Mr. Joseph Nadeau. Mary Vigeon, Mrs. Edward Rosar (formerly Helen Sheedy), Margaret Glover (also a bride of the same day), Jean McCabe, Mrs. George Noll, and Margaret Carolan were among alumnae who entertained for Pat prior to her pretty wedding.

* * *

New arrivals, some of them to be S.J.C. pupils same day, we hope, should also be welcomed. Our congratulations to their parents:

To Dr. and Mrs. Boden (Aurelia Gaudet) on the arrival of their son Donald Joseph, at Mount Carmel Hospital, Detroit, November 15th, 1941.

To Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Speno (Clarine Hughes) whose son was born at Ithica, N.Y., on February 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Daly (Gabriel Breen) whose daughter was born February 15th, also.

* * *

Prominent among the Catholic Junior League workers are many of our girls: Gertrude Ross, Verna Ross, Barbara Walsh, Mildred Gough, Marie Leon, Beatrice Gough, Edith McGovern, Eileen Zeagman, Frances Grimes, Eleanor Hines, Mrs. George Davis and Sunny McLaughlin. In the Ave Marie Subdivision—Mrs. L. E. Phenner (Bernice Miller) was the convener for the Valentine Tea held at Newman Club February 12th, at which there was a raffle of a portrait done by Catherine Van Tuyl.

Douglas (Josephine Petley) and Mrs. Gus Pape (Angela Durkin) have sons in the Services. Jack Pape is a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, and two of "Jo's Boys" are in the business of winning the war, one in the Air Service and one in the Northwest Mounted Police. Mrs. J. A. Thompson's son is now in the Army Service Corps, and Gerald McKenna, Margaret McNamara's son, is a sergeant pilot in the air force. Wouldn't it be interesting to know how many other sons of our alumnae are in the business of making peace? Could you get such a list?

In the March issue we hope to read about the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in China. The California Sisters of St. Joseph have a mission in the Solomon Islands—a hot spot just now!

Spring is here—well, almost—the marbles are out, and we hear there are Pussy Willows in the editorial office—not produced in Ontario but in Prince Rupert.

We hope all may have a joyful Easter.

Hilda Sullivan.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

Thank you so much for your kind and interesting letter. It was most unexpected. Ever since the "Lilies" inception as our Alumnae Magazine I have taken it, and always enjoyed it. I am married to a good Catholic; during our engagement we read the Lilies together, and each year after our marriage, our children read it, but it never was as appreciated as it is to-day. The boys are grown men now and look avidly for the copy each quarter. We all realize what a high standard of uplifting Catholic literature it represents. But how could it be otherwise, under the able sponsorship of the good Sisters of St. Joseph—God bless them!

I have not seen Isabel (Abbot) Mosteller or Marg. McCrohan since their visit to me last summer. Isabel and I correspond frequently. The only member of our alumnae known to me in Hamilton is Mrs. Cyril Filgiano, with whom I am not very well acquainted.

So you see, dear Sister, I have nothing to contribute to alumnae news—but I am enclosing a couple of poems I have written. At some future time perhaps I'll be able to send a news letter to the magazine. . . I have five children, two boys and a girl, adults, then one girl in high school and one girl in preparatory school. This has necessitated much contact with teachers, mostly Sisters of St. Joseph of the Hamilton diocese.

Thank you again for your letter which gave me much happiness.

Yours in Pleasant Memories,

(Mrs.) Mabel R. Summers Keenan.

Editor's Note: Mrs. Keenan's complimentary letter enclosing subscription for the Lilies was handed to the Editor. What a surprise—Mabel Summers, now Mrs. Keenan! A letter went to Hamilton immediately to glean news. The above came by return—not for publication, but the Editor found it interesting and thinks other alumnae will too.

. . . For Christmas we had Marjorie (Krausmann) and Harry Donohue and Bill (Krausmann) and his wife Kay. So much for the family, but we had other guests too.

I received wedding invitations from Gerry O'Brien and Mary Dunn. My aunt and myself motored to Toronto for Helen Sheedy's marriage but the gas situation worried us at the time. We didn't want to delay and so missed seeing many of our friends. Just now we are working on a big drive for \$170,000 for St. Mary's Hospital, the only English-speaking hospital in Montreal. . . .

You remember Notre Dame Church in Montreal. Recently when visiting it a Bostonian pointed out to me that the interior of the church is most unusual, for the walls (with few exceptions) are covered by panels of carved wood niches wherein rest statues of all sizes and beautiful paintings.

We spent some time in the museum behind the church proper. What priceless relics of the past from tiny medals to huge crucifixes are exhibited: old letters, documents, books, sacred vessels and other articles were on display, but what astonished me most was a humeral veil woven from gold and silver thread three hundred years ago and to-day it appears as untarnished as the day it was completed.

I never liked bells at school, but nevertheless, I noticed that the heaviest bell of the set of chimes in the Cathedral, is said to be the largest bell in the Western Hemisphere. It weighs several tons and they told me if it were struck continuously for any length of time the vibrations are so strong that windows are liable to be broken in buildings four or five blocks away.

You know we are celebrating Montreal's tercentenary this year. Come to visit and secure material for the Lilies. . . .

Evelyn Krausmann,
Montreal.

Many of our Alumna had the pleasure of hearing Muriel and Lucile Reubens, two of our graduates, when they gave a two-piano recital in the Eaton Auditorium. We quote in part from the eulogies given the young artists in the Toronto papers:

"These duo-pianists got all their training in the very progressive school of St. Joseph. . . . The Reuben sisters have developed an instinctive flair for two-piano art. They play with spontaneous ability, intense tone-color in romances, strict

regard for form in classics, and an evident delight in the more bizarre numbers on a wonderfully selected program. . . . The Bach fugue was imposingly accurate in figuration and as steady as a great clock in rhythmic tempo. . . . In Milhaud's Scaramouche Suite, they cut loose into a colorful revel of picturesque energy. The swagger of Scaramouche was graphically portrayed in contrast to an almost domestic cradle-song episode of quite tender quality . . . and the Brazilian Dance made a sparkling, splendid finale of quite impish abandon. . . . A group of Russ numbers was effectively poised against a closing triad of Spanish dances, of which the familiar Ritual Fire Dance of De Falla was a savagely barbaric finale." (Augustus Bridle in Toronto Star.)

"The sisters Reuben undoubtedly have something definite and individual to say on their two pianos. It was a beautiful message of eager youth, full of sunny ecstacy and smiling courage. Their technique is brilliant and confident. . . . The Frescobaldi was beautiful. . . . These young players touch the keys with reverence as well as with power and virtuoso authority."—(Edward W. Wodson in Toronto Telegram).

. . . Rachmaninoff and de Falla were all superb pianism." (Edward W. Wodson in Toronto Telegram.)

"Mozart's masterpiece, the Sonata in D, was given a memorable rendition. . . . Using Bach's Fantasy and Fugue in G minor, the Misses Reuben gave a striking interpretation of the reciprocal tone effects. . . . The triumph of the night was Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark," as arranged by the sisters for their own interpretation. Seldom have the rippling cadences been heard with such varied effects."—(Globe and Mail, Toronto).

"The duo-piano team, Muriel and Lucile Reuben, have the gift of letting themselves go without becoming wild or exaggerated in their methods. While they play classics with musical apprehension, the brilliance of their temperamental playing comes forth in the Spanish Dances of Manuel de Falla and the Brazilian studies of Milhaud." (Saturday Night, Toronto.)

* * *

In order to make this department devoted to news truly representative of the Alumna Association, members are requested to kindly co-operate and send items pertaining to anything which might prove interesting to other members. Alma Mater is always interested in her children and follows them with much interest.

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of our deceased friends: Rev. P. Costello, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Burke, C.S.B., Rev. Father Barrack, Mr. T. Stafford, Mrs. L. Miller, Mr. J. Nangle, Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. Murray, Mr. L. MacKenzie, Mrs. Gamble, Mr. L. Flaherty, Mr. A. W. Maisonsville, Miss LeClair, Mr. D. Macastocker, Mr. J. Whitty, Mr. Grace, Mr. Campbell, Mr. F. Curtis, Mr. A. Meehan, Mr. T. Heydon, Mrs. Hanrahan, Mr. Kenny, Mrs. McAvoy, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. G. E. Abrey, Mrs. Grobba, Mr. T. E. Knowlton, Mrs. McIsaac, Mrs. MacDonnell, Mrs. McGarvey, Mrs. H. Conlin, Mrs. B. Crowley, Mr. Gale, Mr. H. Sylvais, Sgt. Pilot D. Savage, R.C.A.F., Flight-Lieutenant B. Jobin, Miss A. Mallon, Miss Mangan, Mr. Russell, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. G. Tessier, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Moher, Mrs. M. Donohue, Mrs. A. Dault, Mr. J. Walsh, Mrs. McAlpine, Mrs. E. Cote, Mr. W. Breen, Mr. Neven, Dr. McDonagh, Mrs. Kennedy, Dr. C. Heydon, Mr. A. Halford, Mr. Jordon, Miss M. Carroll.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.

VIA LONGA.

It's far I must be going
Some night or morning gray,
Beyond the ocean's flowing
Beyond the rim of day;
And sure it's not the going
But that I find the way.

P. McD.



RECEPTION INTO THE SODALITY. On Monday, December eight, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, an impressive ceremony was held in the College Chapel, when three young ladies were received into Our Blessed Mother's Sodality. The aspirants for membership recited their Act of Consecration before Rev. Father Ignatius, who then invested them with the badge and medal of the Sodality.

Following the Reception, Mass was celebrated. In his sermon, Father set before the members of the Sodality their obligation of imitating Our Blessed Lady in the practice of the virtues of purity, humility and simplicity. He begged them to place an implicit trust in her as their Mother.

The ceremony closed with the recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the singing of "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." The students received into the Sodality were: Anne Matthews, Marion Saeli and Verna Oag.

Ann Matheson, '42.

ST. JOSEPH'S AT-HOME. On Thursday, January fifteenth, the college girls held their Annual Formal Dance at the Granite Club. The Committee in charge of arrangements were Misses Bette Mondo, Mary Martin, Aileen McDonough, Beatrice Dobie, Theresa Knowlton, Anne Matheson, Clare Kelly, Agnes Futterer, Margaret Seitz, and Sheilagh Ryan, convener. A Coffee Party was held at the College before the dance and a supper was served in the club dining-room before midnight.

Patrons and patronesses for the event included Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Cody, Rev. Father T. P. McLaughlin, Rev. Father J. H. McHenry, Dr. Victoria Mueller, Miss Clementine Wein, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ryan, Mrs. C. Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ellard.

Sheilagh Ryan, '42.

SODALITY SUNDAY. On our last Sodality Sunday, January 18, Reverend Father Sharkey, of the China Mission Seminary, delivered to us a most interesting talk on his experiences

as a Chinese Missionary. Father Sharkey has a quiet, unassuming air but his frequent humorous quips made his discourse lively and entertaining.

From the Missionary's words it was easily seen that he has a genuine love and a true appreciation of the Chinese and their civilization. Most people have the erroneous opinion that the Chinese are uncivilized, Father said. However, he added, that although China is certainly not modernized, the Chinese have a culture which dates back to centuries before the time of Christ. Father also pointed out how wrong the idea was that the Chinese and Japanese races were similar. "These two races have absolutely nothing in common," Father said. Militaristic, shrewd and cunning were the attributes he applied to the Japanese, while he called the Chinese a peace-loving, cultured people with high moral standards.

In graphic detail Father Sharkey described all the horrors of a Chinese famine, but he lauded them for their happy exterior kept in the face of misfortune and poverty. We learned also that the Chinese religion consists chiefly of "devil-worship" and superstitious practices because it is based on fear rather than love. This is called the curse of paganism. However, we heard some very heart-warming stories about the faith of the newly-converted Chinese.

Although Father Sharkey said he was happy in his present work in Canada, his heart is still with the Chinese people whom he has so quickly learned to love. So we can only hope and pray that Father Sharkey may soon be able to return to his splendid life of self-sacrifice and labour for the greater glory of God. We are looking forward to a Movie-on China which Father has promised to show us soon.

Loretto Miller, 44.

LITERARY SOCIETY. The first closed meeting of the Literary Society was held Tuesday, January 20th. Mary Kelly reviewed Jacques Maritain's "France, My Country," in which M. Maritain, after reviewing the facts of the situation—political, military, and psychological—explains that the fall of France was due to a universal lack of faith and principle; therefore the fall of France is one part of a tragedy that is world-wide. However, it is his firm conviction that France will undergo resurrection. The review was followed by a discussion led by Sister M. Bernard, Hon. President of the Literary Society.

On Thursday, February 5th, at the second closed meeting,

Clare Havey reviewed John Buchan's "Sick Heart River." This book is the last of Buchan's serious works and it becomes almost autobiographical through the character of Leithen. In the discussion that followed it was decided that it was not the story but the characters and the scenes in which they move that make the book notable.

The next book to be reviewed is the "Autobiography of Eric Gill," the eminent Catholic sculptor.

Clare Havey, '44.

* * *

At the second open meeting of the Literary Society we were honoured with the presence of an eminent Canadian poet, Professor E. J. Pratt of Victoria College.

Professor Pratt's topic was his poems, "Brebeuf and His Brethren"—an account of the martyrdom of our Canadian martyrs—although always allowing scope for the imagination, he retains scientific accuracy in historical data.

The speaker was introduced by Rev. Father Shook, C.S.B., who commented on the accuracy of the poem theologically and on its great poetic beauty. Professor Pratt is ranked as one of the greatest of Canadian poets.

The meeting concluded with the reading of stirring passages describing the deaths of Lalemant and Brebeuf. Clare Havey moved the vote of thanks.

Talla Luciani, '44.

THE STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL sponsored a Valentine Tea for the International Students' Service—a truly worthy cause—on Sunday, February 15th.

The decorations carried out the Valentine motif with hearts and cupids and lace galore. A record crowd was present, enjoying sausages, French-fried potatoes and chocolate cake—any boy's delight.

For added attraction ping pong tables were set up in the lower lecture hall so that excess energy was worked off in real fun.

Mary Arnold, '43, who convened the tea, and her able Committee are to be congratulated.

Anne Matthews, '44.

During the Christmas vacation Loretto Bradley, 2T7, was married in the Basilica, Quebec City, to Marcel Everard, R.C.A.F. We all extend our good wishes to our loyal graduate and her husband.

Miss Catherine Keating, another of our graduates, paid a short visit to the Convent at Christmas time. Catherine has been teaching at Collingwood.

Misses Mary Trimble, Glenise McKenna and Irene Haffey are learning the art of teaching at O.C.E. this year. It must be very engrossing, as we scarcely ever see them!

The Staff of the College had the great privilege of spending an hour with Professor Maritain, the world famous French Philosopher, on Tuesday, February 3rd, in the Common Room of the College. The discussion centred on the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, on which Professor Maritain is an outstanding authority. Those who have read the splendid biography of the great Mystical Doctor by Father Bruno Marie, O.D.C., will remember the illuminating Preface to that work by Monsieur Maritain. Members of Loretto College Staff and of the Ursuline Community were also present and Monsignor Maritain not only made clear to us the place of Contemplation in the Active Life, as expounded by St. John of the Cross but he also told many interesting and intimate stories of great converts and great Carmelites he has known. Those who were present will cherish that hour as one of the pleasantest and the most instructive they have ever had.



Betty Holmes, '44.

MY FIRST AIRPLANE TRIP.

I am sure that anyone who is going to make his first trip by air is agog with interest and perhaps with fright. If my memory does not fail me, such were the emotions which I experienced when three years ago, alone and tied to my chair, I waited for the airplane, which would take me from Santo Domingo to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to take off.

There I was with plugs in my ears and with my mind filled with all sorts of worries. What if I got sick, if we crashed, if we ran out of fuel . . . !

But by a happy chance, I did not have much time to consider, because suddenly a tremendous noise was heard and we started moving. At first the airplane still touched the ground

and it seemed as if I were in an automobile. I distracted myself by looking out the window and saying good-bye to the friends in the air-field. Then, slowly the airplane began to ascend. I shut my eyes and did not open them for a few seconds. Down below, the air-field seemed the size of a tennis-court, so small it appeared!

The hostess came around to see if I was well and comfortable; afterwards she brought me some pineapple juice.

Soon we saw nothing of the small island, because we were high in the sky. Clouds surrounded us. It was a beautiful day and the sky was very blue. The pure whiteness of the clouds made a beautiful contrast against the bright, deep blue of the sky. The clouds were so soft that they seemed to be made of cotton or of the finest feathers. That was all we could see. Around us—a blue sky and velvet-like clouds. Below us—the deep water of the Caribbean Sea.

The airplane seemed not to move. It was very comfortable except for the noise of its roaring motor which I could hear in spite of my ear-plugs.

This noise did not last very long, for it took us only about two hours. We covered about 250 miles. Soon we saw the San Juan air-field, and we touched ground! The airplane slid ahead and soon stopped. The door was opened. Oh, how good it was to see my parents and to touch "terra firma" again.

Alicia Balzac.

BALDUR, THOU BEST-LOVED OF ODIN'S SONS.

Baldur, thou best-beloved of Odin's sons,
I heard the tale they sing of thee, and tears
Swelled in my heart; for even Song uprears
Her mournful head, and from her lips there runs
For thee, the fairest of the Heavenly Ones,
A stream of grief, more melting than the glow
Of Sindri's forge—more freezing than the flow
Of the Twelve Rivers in the far icy aeons.
"Baldur the Beautiful is dead," all things did weep,—
"Baldur the Fair! Who now will give release
From care, to those in Asgard,—strength and peace?"
But Odin bent above the Asa's sleep,
And whispered of a heaven that was to be,—
A life of beauty and tranquility.

Mary Kelly, 4T2.



The Archbishop's Visit. The students of the College School were privileged to attend a Mass for Peace offered in the chapel by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan on Monday, the fifteenth of December.

From eight-forty-five until nine o'clock, the girls filed into the chapel, wearing their uniforms and white veils. As His Grace entered and walked slowly up the aisle amid the rows of standing pupils, there came over many of us a new and inspiring realization of the wonderful strength and solidarity of the great Mystical Body of Christ—a feeling that not alone or singly do we live our glorious faith, but carried along in union and support of this great society of Christians, the Church.

The choral background of the Mass was provided by the students, who sang "Veni Creator Spiritus," the Kyrie, Sanctus and Benedictus from the Mass of the Angels, the School Hymn and "Hail, Queen of Heaven."

At the conclusion of the Mass, His Grace urged us to renew the fervour of our prayers to God for Peace. Then he spoke at length about the history of our Archdiocese, its inauguration just a hundred years ago, the heroic life and administration of Bishop Power, and finally the interest and fervour which ought to mark for us our Jubilee Year.

Marjorie Wagner, III-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

St. Michael's Play. On Friday, December twelfth, 1941, St. Michael's Dramatic Society, under the direction of Reverend C. P. Crowley, presented in our auditorium, "You Can't Take It With You." The characters were well chosen and admirably suited to their respective parts. Perhaps the most amusing note in the play was the miraculous way that "make-up" and sisters' clothes transformed the boys to girls. It would be impossible to list the favourite players, as all proved very popular. Music was provided between scenes by St. Michael's High School Band.

The audience—a full house—included many of the pupils of St. Joseph's and St. Michael's College Schools, along with parents and friends.

D. Fraser, II-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

Mr. Whitehead's Absence.

The last few Wednesday afternoons have been rather dull and extremely long. I am sure all the girls feel the same way as I do, and wish Mr. Whitehead a speedy recovery. Red Cross must miss our donations these last few months for there has been a steady falling off of ten-cent fines, the penalty for breach of silence.

St. Joseph's students hope that these songless Wednesdays may soon be replaced by ones again made bright and cheerful by our usual choral period.

Donna MacKenzie, II-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

The Christmas Carol.

The entire class clamoured to see the examination time-table. Singing period was a blank. Dismay—there was going to be choral after all!

Having completed a strenuous two and a half days of examinations on Wednesday, December seventeenth, we were taken in a body to the auditorium balcony. As this action was not customary, my interest was aroused. On a close observation I noticed a large, white screen on the stage and green blinds covering the windows. A moving picture! When the whole school had assembled, the show began. First there were pictures of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal and other points of interest. Then to our great joy the commentator announced "The Christmas Carol."

Our Christmas spirit indeed was climaxed before the performance ended. I am sure St. Joseph's students kept singing in their hearts, with Tiny Tim, throughout this Christmastide, "God bless us each and everyone."

Anna Lawlor, II-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

The Winning Basket.

The final basketball game of the term between Moulton College and we girls of St. Joseph's, was scheduled to start in five minutes in our school gymnasium.

At three the whistle blew and the time-keepers and score-keepers took their place on the sidelines. The players arranged themselves on the floor and the first half of the game was divided evenly, each team scoring four points.

After a brief intermission the play was resumed.

In the throw-in the Moulton team got the ball, threw a pass which put the ball in the basket by a forward, making the score 6-4 for Moulton.

This made St. Joseph's all the keener. Every player was feverishly working to get the ball down to the St. Joseph's forwards. Suddenly the break came; before we knew it the ball was in the basket and the score was tied.

Three minutes left to play! A St. Joseph's girl received the ball and made an attempt at the basket but did not succeed; however, the forward caught the rebound and putting it in the basket, made St. Joseph's victorious again.

Joan Maloney, II-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

The Fire Drill. One Wednesday in late January, last period in the afternoon a grating noise seemed to fill the inmost corners of St. Joseph's.

Immediately doors were flung open, ranks filled in, and hurrying footsteps sounded in all the corridors, each with the same purpose in mind, to get out of the building as soon as possible. Some descended stairs, others fire escapes.

Teachers hurried to and fro on the alert for stragglers, giving instructions, supervising, and seeing that every one vacated the school.

In half a minute the building was emptied. Sister was free to make her report and the girls returned to their respective classes, to continue their studies.

The fire drill had been a success.

Patricia Murray, IID,
St. Joseph's College School.

DISCOVERY.

Along the shady streamlet winding,
A charming beauty I've been finding
Sweet scented violets and May flowers gleam
O'er every path where e'er I've been.

Theresa Faulkner,
S.J.H.S., Grade X.

THE ESCAPE.

It was a beautiful summer day in July, 1939. No clouds were on the sky; the village near Vienna, in which I had been living for the past three months, lay peacefully in the sunshine. This day was very important to us, since we planned to leave the country in the evening. Everything was well prepared! We arrived at the station in Vienna, where we boarded the train to Budapest. We were hardly in the coach when the train began to move. I stood beside the window and looked at the houses we were passing by Vienna, the city in which I was born and the city I loved was soon fading out of sight. I do not know whether I would ever see it again. With increased speed the train made its way toward the Hungarian border. Suddenly we heard steps coming to our compartment. Someone opened the door energetically and a custom's officer came in. Our hearts stood still. "If only nothing happens now," we prayed. My mother gave him the passports, which the French "Deuxième Bureau" had placed at our disposal, without knowing of the Gestapo. "Oh, vous êtes française," he said, while looking into them. "Well, show me the custom papers you got when you entered this country, as you know, you can't take more money away than you brought with you." We looked at each other. We were Austrians and did not have such papers at all. We did not even know that such a thing existed. "Oh, yes," my brother said, "but we left our baggage and custom papers in Vienna. We are just on a week-end trip to friends in Budapest and intend to return in a few days. We won't take any money out of the country now." The customs officer, who was not a German, but an old, good-natured Austrian looked first a little mistrusting, but then he nodded his head and went out of the compartment. A short while later the train stopped for a moment, the custom officials alighted and we moved slowly over into Hungary.

Anne Rott, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

After the long, dull, dreary days of snow, ice and wind, after the hardship of getting up in the frosty winter mornings, Spring is always welcome.

When Old Man Winter decides that it is time for him to pack and leave for another year, a gay, glorious and sunny season steps in to take its place.

The days gradually change from bleak, bitter weather to bright, sunny, cheerful hours. The birds are in the trees again. The little plants push their tiny faces out of the hard ground to get a new look at the old world. The sky is bright, the air is so clear, and the melting snow leaves bare spots which gradually turn green. To be able to go window shopping and see all the very latest creations in spring hats would alone give you the spring feeling. When Dad starts to plan for his garden, when you feel that you would rather walk than ride, you can be sure that Spring is in the air.

Mary Gallivan, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School spirit is love and faith in our school and a will to give our all if the need arises. It is that feeling which induces us to fight for our school against all odds. It is that loyalty which makes us remain after school, and in true fighting spirit, cheer for our team against a rival school, in preference to going home.

Not long ago I read an incident about one of the outstanding colleges in the States. One of the boys on the football team had been a famous star at high school, playing "quarter-back." When he joined the Yale team the coach was in need of an end player. This boy knew that he could win a great deal of glory had he been able to play his familiar post; he was unaccustomed to the tricks of the game from that new angle. Nevertheless he complied with the wishes of his coach because it was his duty. He played "end" and Yale was defeated. The coach realized his mistake and regretfully made apologies. But the boy was not at all resentful. He was contented and happy because he had fulfilled his obligation to the best of his ability. His only regret was that he could not have done more. He could have made himself famous, playing "quarter-back." He could have won the game for Yale but he forfeited that glory for the sake of his loyalty to the coach and to his school.

School spirit is the unbreakable tie which holds a school together in a bond of union and happy co-operation.

Betty Anne Phelan, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

WHAT I CHERISH MOST.

Shall I ever forget Delhi? Everyone has a home town where every small part is so dear—out there where a friend is a friend in need!

This little place of my heart's desire is Delhi, with only a small population of between three and five thousand. It is situated on number three highway, one-third of the way between Buffalo and Detroit, in the heart of the tobacco district.

If you walk down Main Street, King Street or Church Street, there is always someone who greets you with a cheery, "Hi, there, neighbour." You are never lonely or lonesome, for there is always something to do. There is a velodrome used for racing bicyclists, the only one of its kind in Ontario and second in North America. This is a great attraction for people in the United States and for residents of the other provinces. A tennis court, a library, a skating rink, two theatres, a large post office, two hotels, two auditoriums, and the million dollar tobacco factory form the main centres of activity. Then, too, there is the little old church of the Canadian Martyrs, situated near a hill. I love that church where the worst and the best, the young and the old of big-hearted little Delhi gather to rest their hearts and minds from the cares that are so prevalent over there. How, then, could I ever forget it, Delhi, where I drew my first breath, and where I hope some day to draw my last.

Audrey Schooley, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

LENDING BOOKS.

If you set any value on the book, or on the friendship of its would-be-borrower, then please, I entreat you, hesitate for just a moment. Consider the last book you loaned. Remember? Mary convinced you after a half-hour of steady salesmanship, that it was perfectly all right for her to borrow that precious volume. She even suggested to stay up all night to read it. What happened? Two weeks later when you timidly asked for it, you were met with a look of bewildered incredulity and told in a manner full of injured feelings, that she was sure you wouldn't mind if Betsie-Anne borrowed it.

This can go on for months—perhaps even for a year. When you finally recover the book, you will notice in the margins, strange markings. If you are clever enough you might be able to identify them as telephone numbers. It seems that the family was using the book for a memorandum.

I told you so! Now that you have the book back, you might return it to the person from whom you borrowed it. Can you remember who? It has been so long—.

Patricia McNamara, IV-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

DISTRACTIONS IN III-D.

Now, of course, III-D is an industrious form. Eminently so. But if you should hear an accusation to the contrary (and we blush to say that you probably will), just remember what we are going to tell you.

First there is the vocal studio below. Up the scale it goes—ah-ah-ah-ah; then ee-ee-ee-ee ascends from low C to high, and higher still; and then the vowels oo and oooo must have their innings; to say nothing of the octaves. A quartette of pianos, each playing a different melody in a different key and in a different rhythm is the instrumental accompaniment. We in III-D are the reluctant audience.

Occasionally there is an interval of peace. But invariably there steals through to us the tune of ancient songs from the more ancient Victrola in the typing room. Or it may be the rousing, rollicking march of the military band which for weeks accompanied the parade of recruits along Surrey Place. For some unaccountable reason, this is a signal for us to sit up and begin to take a fresh interest in life. Alternating with this band concert is the squeaking tune of the organ grinder, who passes just out of sight, but well within hearing.

Then there is our caretaker who, because of his frequent appearance on the balcony outside our window, had earned him the title "Romeo." He ambles along the hall, balancing on his shoulder a huge discarded bun cartoon which contains his cleaning equipment. His usual method of depositing this is to let it tumble with a thud to the floor, and then to rescue the contents which have usually gone careering across the tiles.

When, or if, we do settle down to work, a glance out of the window puts an end to all our good intentions. The balcony is a highway for traffic, human and otherwise. Girls run across be-

tween periods, and of course, run back again, slamming the squeaky doors. Squirrels chase each other endlessly up and down the trees and fire escapes. Pigeons strut back and forth on the ledge. Soon, however, the voice of authority recalls our wandering gaze. But before we can really concentrate on the formula or declension or causes of war, we must just try not to hear the protesting squeak of the pencil sharpener, or the hissing of the radiator, or the interminable fued over the opening and closing of windows.

Last but by no means least, you must know about the special eleven o'clock distraction. Just as the algebra period begins, there is wafted to our sensitive nostrils the most teasing odour of a butterscotch dessert or a frying pork chop. The cafeteria is preparing for the eleven-twenty invasion. And the only equation we can think of is the one between our appetites and the tempting lunch below.

Yes, III-D is an industrious form.

Pupils of III-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE SECRET OF THE CURE OF ARS.

The Curé of Ars began his life as a boy in the village of Lyons, France. He lived during the time of the Revolution and heard Mass and received the sacraments in places of hiding.

Jean Marie Vianney tended sheep, ploughed fields and lived with his people. He accepted God's call to the Holy Priesthood and entered the seminary in his early youth. He failed in all examinations but was ordained on August 13th, 1815, and said his first Mass on the Vigil of the Assumption, because priests were scarce at that time.

After his ordination he spent three years as curate in the parish of Ecully. Mr. Gheon tells us that "he had scarcely arrived when he was besieged." His sermons were no more than average, yet crowds thronged to his preachings.

A few years later he was appointed to the village of Ars as Curé. Ars had suffered much from the Revolution and had obviously "lost out"—they drank excessively—they used profane language—and they were "soaked in ignorance." The Curé had been sent to this village to bring the fear of God into every heart. He started his crusade his first Sunday in the pulpit and never ceased. The cabarets closed; the increasing numbers at Mass, Vespers, and visiting in the church was amazing.

He performed great penances and lived mainly on potatoes, bread and water. Crowds came to Ars from all parts of France. M. Vianney was frequently tempted by Satan. He even appeared to M. le Curé on one or two occasions.

Finally, after years of service, he lay on his death-bed. When the Abbé Toccanier suggested that St. Philomena would cure him again he replied: "This is beyond St. Philomena." He died in 1859 after receiving Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

He was canonized on November 1st, 1924, by Pope Pius XI. in the presence of two hundred bishops and thirty-five cardinals.

Anne Horan, S.J.C.S., III-D.

MAKING USE OF AN ODD FEW MINUTES.

How true is the saying that "time marches on." At some time or other we have all had to wait for someone and we ourselves may have detained someone else. But dear old Father Time somehow, accepts no excuse for delays.

Some people, my friends, perhaps idle away their time because they do not realize that every minute wasted is a minute lost. In those odd few minutes think of the joy we could bring to some member of the Church Suffering or the happiness we might bring to our dear parents by performing some small task for them.

Of course there is another side to the story. We could read. The best means of attaining an education is by good reading, and how few people realize this. They say, "Oh goodness, I would just love to read a book but I simply haven't the time. Time, yet these same people will waste these odd few minutes every day when they could attain much more knowledge by reading a few chapters of some book. It is true, of course, that there are many more people to-day who do read and enjoy it, than there were, for example, ten years ago, when we did not have such easy access to public libraries. We could also make use of the odd few minutes in knitting or sewing and even catching up on our letter-writing. I am a firm believer in the saying, "Idle hands get into mischief."

Mary Regan, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

MARIE DE LA LUZ.

"Long live revolution," came the hoarse shout of the executioners.

Marie De La Luz answered courageously, "Long Live Christ . . ." Marie never finished this sentence. A bullet struck her full in the breast and the soldiers stamped over her body and rushing into the church set it on fire, intending to destroy some two hundred children who were gathered there at Mass.

Before the birth of Marie De La Luz in 1907, Mexico had been Catholic but during her childhood, irreligious rulers gained power, churches were attacked, priests exiled and the teaching of God's truth was forbidden. Marie De La Luz, a girl as she was, fought for her God and carried on His work, teaching children, and giving strength and courage to those who were just about to give up their faith in the face of persecution. At the age of twenty-four Marie wished to enter a convent, but circumstances were to prevent her. God reserved her for a swifter and more splendid martyrdom than that of a cloister.

"A church where two hundred children assembled was to be set on fire!" When this rumour reached Marie she at once made up her mind to go with her sister to prevent this outrage, realizing that those children, her former pupils, were in the greatest danger. At the same time she had a presentiment that this was to be her last outing and that she was about to meet her bridegroom. Therefore, she dressed with more than usual care. Arriving at the church, Marie took up her stand in front of the

door, determined somehow to prevent the destroyers from entering.

This dauntless courage of Marie did not hinder the Revolutionists from entering, for one took aim at her heart and Marie, uttering her last unfinished words, "Long Live Christ—" fell to the ground. Her sister, exceedingly terrified, fainted beside her.

The latter, on recovering consciousness, found herself on the ground with her face turned towards the stricken Marie, from whose wound blood was flowing freely. She saw then as in a dream the three colours of the Mexican flag: green, white and red—the white collar and the blood on the green dress. The Revolutionists fled as they had no more ammunition.

Marie De La Luz was taken to the priest and was anointed. Her death occurred on December 30, 1934. She was just twenty-seven.

"There lies the hope of the resurrection of Catholic Mexico."

Nyasta Zachanko, III-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

DIARY OF A CRICKET.

Monday.

Dear Diary:—They call me Chris the Cricket. I live at the back of two hot pillars in a room which I hear them call One Bee, very nice pillars they are but of poor workmanship, for one is larger than the other. They keep me warm in winter; they are my hot water bottles. Outside my front door is something long and hot. I do not know what it is but they call it a radish or something like that. Humph, mark my words, it is a misfortune. Why, only this morning, before I started out for dinner with Mischief Mouse, I bumped into it and scorched my pretty black body.

* * *

Tuesday.

Dear Diary:—Yesterday when I was napping, some silly girl, Betty I think her name is, tried to open the window near me; humph, as if she knew as much about opening windows as I! And, as though insulting me wasn't enough, she dropped that long, very heavy stick she uses right on my back. Everything happens to me!

* * *

Wednesday.

Dear Diary:—But I don't stay in my house all the time, no sir; I get around. Yesterday I heard some girls talking of another girl's birthday, Mary Lou, her name is. It is to-day. She is 13; my, she is yet a baby. Me, I'm 150. By what they say, I gather she is a basket-ball player and not by any means a bad one either. Two of my favourites, Colleen and Mary, moved yesterday to Droopy Drills, the spider's apartments in "One Dee," I think they call it.

My ears told me of a play One Dee put on on Tuesday, a very nice play, I gather. The room in which I live put on a verse. "The Chat with the Caterpillar." I think it must have been Cathy the Caterpillar, she's such a gossip. Well, good-night, dear diary.

Betty Nobert, I-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

DUNKIRK.

"June, 1940." In these words the plight of those at Dunkirk is brought back to us again and again, and in Prof. Pratt's moving patriotic poem it will live on forever.

The real glory due to those men who trudged the muddy roads of France in its last desperate attempt for freedom will have to wait until the more imminent dangers looming on our horizon pass and leave England free to see her valleys bloom again and buildings rise once more against a dear sky.

Prof. Pratt wrote "Dunkirk" as a salute to English courage and valour. He tells of the black cavalry astride the air raining death and destruction on all. Of the English Parliament using "wheezy adverbs" and "guttled modifiers."

And then of the sudden, pathetic heart-rendering one-word cry from the Channel and how the Englishmen, true sons of great fathers, stood, a vast patience in their eyes, their spirit-level vision straining westward, for England by forty miles was divided from her brood.

Pat McDermott, III-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY FIRST SPEECH.

It is another day in my school life consisting of endless problems and studies. The history teacher enters with a pleasant surprise. We are all to give a speech on a topic in history. Although everyone seems elated I feel rather forlorn, for this is to be my first speech and I do not know how the experience will end.

The fatal day arrives! I rise mechanically as my name is called, force my leaden feet to reach the front and in great embarrassment stutter out the topic of my speech. I twist my fingers at my back as I begin. Suddenly my uniform became unbearably warm. Then with a firm resolution I focus my eyes on the ceiling and continue with great speed, fearing I will forget my well-memorized account. Then my eyes drop and I stand mute, for my mind is a blank. I produce a scrap of crumbled paper and scan it eagerly, then I continue breathlessly lest I should make another blunder. At the end of my speech I make a hasty low murmur, "thank you," and nearly run to my seat, as a sigh of relief escapes my lips.

Loretta Kalist, III-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

IT ISN'T WHO YOU ARE BUT WHAT YOU ARE THAT COUNTS.

Mary Willey was an average Canadian girl just graduated from high school. Mary's parents had made many sacrifices to send her to school. It so happened that Prudence Perk, an only child, with everything a child could wish for, was in Mary's class and had invited the entire room to a party. Here the most likeable person of the graduation was to be chosen.

Prudence, the richest girl in the class and hostess to all, was

positive she would win. For the occasion a silver dress of satin was made by Madame Peare, a French stylist. Poor Mary had to make her own dress. It was perfectly plain but flattering plaid muslin which was all she could afford to buy.

At the party the guests danced till eleven o'clock, then they stopped to select Miss Likeable. Prudence put on her most becoming smile and went around to collect the ballots as voting was secret.

When the votes had been counted it was announced that Mary Willey had won.

Mary breathed a silent prayer as she felt the crown being placed on her head and remembered an old phrase she had been always told—It isn't who you are but what you are that counts.

Peggy McEvay, III-B,
St. Joseph's College School

A GIFT TO ST. JOSEPH.

Dear St. Joseph, this month is March,
Your feast day's coming—so we must start
Our preparation just for you,
Of spiritual laths, and hammers too.

It's to be a tool box inside of which
Nails, chisels, saws and bolts all mix,
We've spiritualized the utensils used by you,
In making our gift, Baby Jesus helped, too.

Anna McDonald, II-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

ENTRY IN A DIARY.

(As might have been written by a Red Cross Nurse
in the battle at Hong Kong).

Hong Kong, Dec. 20th, 1941.

Dear Diary:

Many days have passed since I last wrote on your pages. In that time events have taken place which led me to wonder if I would ever see my friends again. Each day, and each night have been filled with horrors of war—the monotonous drone of Japanese bombers dumping their loads of death and destruction on the island and mainland—the never ending volleys of machine-gun fire—the explosion of shells—these along with the task of caring for the wounded and dying for hours on end have been like gnawing teeth on my nerves. At last there is a let-up in the fighting—sometimes a silence more weird than the deafening clamour of battle.

As a Red Cross Nurse I cannot allow these things to depress me—I must, with God's help, continue to do my duty while I am spared.

So dear diary, I will try now to get what rest I may before the dawning of a new day.

Lenore Mackie, II-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

A WASTE OF TIME.

As I was going to school by street car one morning, I suddenly remembered I hadn't done my Algebra homework. I took out my scribbler and text book and worked frantically at the first problem, getting nowhere. Somehow I felt as if I were being watched, and sure enough the elderly looking man sitting beside me was leaning over my shoulder.

"Could I be of any help?" he asked, politely, and added, "I used to teach Mathematics in a Technical School a few years ago." I gladly handed him the problems—all six.

He worked for quite a while, then handed me back my scribbler with the six problems all done, while he turned to the back of the text to verify the answers. Then nodding pleasantly, he stood up, scowled and uttered something about being past his stop, and dashed off, before I had time to say "Thank you."

Absently, I too turned to the answers at the back of the book. Then I understood his hurried departure. They were all wrong!

Peggy Prescott, I-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

I LOOK UP DURING AN EXAMINATION.

Tick-tick! Tick-tick! Slowly, inexorably, the hands of the clock move around. The stillness of the room is broken only by the interminable scratching of much used, much abused pens, and the occasional shifting of a chair along the floor.

Did Hannibal defeat the Romans? Or did the Romans defeat Hannibal? Or was Hannibal a Roman? Or—— The elusive scraps of facts are being chased around my poor brain. But they simply won't fit together. I knew it all, last night. I said it by heart. I wrote it out. Well, some of it, anyway. Oh dear! I guess Hannibal won.

I look around to see if other faces reveal dilemmas as bad as mine. My neighbour across the aisle is nibbling at her fingers and gazing intently at the ceiling. The girl to her right is tapping out the rhythm of "Chatanooga Choo Choo," as she reads and re-reads her answers. In front of me is defeat personified—someone sprawled over her desk and staring blankly at the blackboard. Another sits scratching her head meditatively, as if thereby to stir up the thoughts within. With deep, heartfelt envy I see a figure walk up the aisle and triumphantly place her paper on the top of the pile. But I am cheered to see at her heels a dejected lass who drags her feet as if each step brought her closer to her doom, and who takes care to sandwich her paper carefully in the middle of the stack. A sigh from my right draws my attention to its author who sits, chin cupped in her hand, gazing absent-mindedly out of the window. As my look follows hers, I am rewarded by the sight of a "V for Victory" sign, and immediately I realize that I had not yet recorded the Victor of the Punic wars.

Written by Pupils of III-A.

DENTISTS

There comes a time in everyone's life when one must make the acquaintance with his dentist. As spring approaches everyone is thinking about painting and decorating and in general preparing for the coming of spring. And it is then too that we turn to our dentists.

As you climb tremblingly into his chair, you gaze with fear and awe upon what is before you. On a little tray there are dozens of old looking instruments all arranged neatly. Also there is the little matter of the drilling machine hanging prominently over your head.

After an hour has passed and you are again ready to emerge from this compact little office, you feel as if you have been through several world wars. You force a smile as you bid good-bye to the dentist with the cheerful remark that your next appointment will be at the same time the following day.

Audrey Gillen, I-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

A NIGHT THAT I WILL REMEMBER.

We were passing the cemetery as the city hall clock struck 11.00. D'Arcy's bicycle lamp was dim and flickering, but mine was out altogether.

Bang! A blowout.

I think that no matter how hard I tried I couldn't imagine a worse place for a blowout than on a dark, lonely road by a graveyard in the middle of the night. There was nothing to do but fix it. While D'Arcy patched the tube I walked around a bit and in those few minutes every story of ghosts and graveyards I had ever heard came to my mind. The tube was soon fixed. On the way home I was shivering so I could hardly keep the wheel straight. Every time since then that I have been bicycling after dark I remember that night on the road by the graveyard.

Helen Prendergast, I-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

MARK TWAIN.

This biography of Mark Twain by Stephen Leacock reveals interesting facts, portrayed in a vivid style, about the "greatest of American humorists."

Mark Twain is the pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. During the early part of his life he was apprenticed to a printer. He later became a pilot's apprentice on the Mississippi. Mark Twain's pilot days were ended with the outbreak of the Civil War. Then he turned to the American west, to the gold area, where after an unsuccessful mining career he turned to journalism.

He drifted to San Francisco, where he was offered a job as correspondent to write up the Sandwich Islands. His success as a

public speaker began when he was persuaded to give a lecture on his tour. He became celebrated throughout America and later became even more famous and popular because his books captured the public's fancy. During this period he married and enjoyed a happy home life.

Money was coming in with such abundance that Mark Twain invested in enterprises which he expected would bring in a good income. However, the inventions he had supported proved to be useless. At the age of sixty Mark Twain had to begin all over again. After the restoration of his fortunes through lecturing and writing more books, he settled down to enjoy the fruits of his work. In 1910, Mark Twain died, loved and honoured by the American and other nations.

Jean Wharton, III-D.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND MULTIPLY ENEMIES.

So you "want to be alone!" You don't want any bothersome, inquisitive and altogether annoying so-called "friends" hanging about your neck like mill-stones! You want to be free and independent and—unattached. All those who seek after these ideals, give heed to my sage advice.

To get off to a flying start, get yourself into the right mood. Let your chin rest on your chest, let your mouth droop and your eyes look sad. Be gruff, glum and gloomy. Now you are prepared to effectually eliminate those who have still the courage to remain within the radius of your cold, clammy stare. First of all, don't bother to be polite to people. Why answer their foolish questions? What a waste of time! Next,—but very important—don't be enthusiastic. Be a dripping "wet blanket," put a damper on all high spirits. Be pessimistic—oh, very!

By now you must be progressing very well. To add the finishing touches and really crush those persistent "hangers-on" who still endure, you must apply the following methods which are positively guaranteed to be effective. Ignore these bothersome people completely. Be lost in a haze of your own making. Be vague and mysterious always, and never, never show interest in their efforts at conversation. And, last but not least, make it your special care never to keep an appointment, or if you condescend to do so once in a while, never be on time.

By now your splendid isolation should be complete. At last you are free! And everybody hates you—even yourself!

Fern Beaucamp, Grade XII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

HONOUR LIST.

High School—Patricia Jones, Eleanor Sweeney.
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake—Mary Flynn.
St. John's School, Toronto—Pauline Kelly, XIII.
St. Joseph's High School—Patricia O'Hearn, Joan Burke,
Therese Michell.
St. Joseph's College School—Kay Hawtrey, III-B.

THE SHOEMAKER.

On an old worn bench he sat in the garret, mending shoes, this thin, old man with shrivelled parchment-like skin who would have made a good model for "Father Time."

His white head was bent resignedly; the frail shoulders drooped dejectedly. His face was hollow and haggard; deep sunken eyes regarded his work uninterestedly.

Dressed in tattered clothes, yellow with age, his needle moved gropingly along the shoe. A tiny sunbeam filtered through a small dirty window into the small room. Truly a picture of poverty.

Anne Halasz,
S.J.H.S., Grade IX.

FLOWERS.

What's so bright and pleasant
As flowers in the home.
They cheer the weary,
And comfort the lone.
They brighten drab places,
Bring hope to the sick.
Their sweet fairy faces,
Bring dreams of their own.

Joyce James,
S.J.H.S., Grade IX.

TELLSON'S BANK—LONDON.

Tellson's Bank in London, facing the street, was a grimy, dirty building. Inside everything was musty and old. One could trace his name across the dust on the ledges. The office furniture was black with age and drawers creaked. Even the clerks and other employees seemed antediluvian. The place was gloomy and depressing. Ill luck seemed to brood in its every corner. Looking at the ceiling and dark walls, and then at members of the staff one recalled archaic Egyptian mummies, and dark-locked vaults.

Mary Halasy,
S.J.H.S., Grade X.

DOLLY'S BEAUTY TREATMENT.

Mrs. Kennedy is eccentric. She sent her little pup Dolly to the beauty parlour, where the dog's fluffy white coat was shaved and trimmed leaving only a narrow ruff around its neck, and each of the legs and a powder puff shaped spot on the end of its tail.

Mrs. Kennedy entered her pet in the dog-show, but when the other dogs saw Dolly in all her new beauty with a pink bow behind her ear they howled piteously. But "humans" thought otherwise and Mrs. Kennedy's Dolly won a prize.

Shirley Russell,
S.J.H.S., Grade IX.

PRINCESS POVERTY.

"Princess Poverty," by Sara Maynard, describes the lives of St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi.

Francis was a lively boy, but the sight of many beggars in Assisi filled Francis' heart with pity and changed him into a quiet, serious lad. One day as he knelt before the Crucifix in neglected St. Damian's, a voice spoke to him:

"Frances, will you not mend my house for Me?"

Francis answered: "I'll mend your house for You, dear Lord."

He set to work to form the company of the Little Brothers. To-day they have houses in all parts of the world.

Clare, a beautiful girl, eleven years younger than St. Francis, heard him speaking in the Market Place. She did not want to marry and with the help of her aunt she stole out to St. Damian's, where St. Francis awaited her. Here she changed her rich dress for a coarse gray habit, and promised to serve Christ in poverty. Many followed her and to-day there are many convents of the "Poor Clares."

Clare Brown,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Ont.

NOON HOUR.

"Half-past twelve and nothing to do!"

"Rainy days always bring scowls," said Mary. "Let's get Barbara to act for us."

In groups we trooped to the large lunchroom, there to be entertained by Barbara Beer. "The Tale of the Three Bears," "Little Red Riding Hood," or "The Big Bad Wolf," become monotonous, but not so when Barbara recites. Such contortions of eyes and mouth and different tones of voice keep us in fits of laughter for many minutes.

All too soon—"There goes the bell!"

Noon hour wasn't so long after all.

Peggy McCallum,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Ont.

BACK FROM THE TRAP LINES.

Have you ever seen a Trapper returning from a long journey? No? Neither have I! But this to my imagination might be his feelings as I study the picture before me.

The crunch of snow under the dogs' feet becomes very monotonous. The biting wind penetrates his weary body. The thought of the heavy load of furs securely fastened to his sled comforts him. As he approaches the town he anticipates the rest before a comfortable fire and the welcome greetings which await him in his rude, cozy cabin.

Muriel Hansen,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro Ont.

THE JESUIT EXHIBIT.

Every year the Jesuits hold a mission exhibit in their seminary on Wellington Street. There are many articles from far-off mission countries with interesting stories connected with them, and drawings explaining how the missions are conducted. We will pretend we are going on a visit to these exhibits and be in spirit in the countries they represent.

First we will go to Africa, where the White Fathers and Sisters teach the little coloured children, make their own little huts and act as doctors, dentists, etc. Often these priests and nuns are killed or tortured by the cannibals around the Congo, or die of fever or heat, and yet they gladly do so that God's word may be spread to the poor little children who have very little opportunity to learn about Him. The Africans are simple people and easier to convert than the Japanese or Chinese. They are not very good at work which requires learning or education but they are very clever working with their hands. They make quaint little dolls and toys and china dishes with pretty designs on them coloured with dyes they make themselves. The children attend schools conducted by the missionaries, but they have more time to make ornaments than we have. As the heat is so intense they wear very little clothing, and even the Missionaries wear thin white habits because of the heat.

Next we shall visit our own Indian Missions of Canada. The Indian, like the African, is not clever with work requiring learning, but he works well with his hands. A boy at seven can make a remarkable birch-bark canoe and a girl can make a beautiful tablecloth at 11 and a brightly-coloured shawl and carpet at 13. The Indians are very silent but stubborn also. The children attend schools conducted by the Sisters of Service and Daughters of Mary. These latter nuns go so far north to teach the Indians that a priest can visit them only about twice a year, and the Pope has given permission to these Daughters of Mary to give Holy Communion to themselves. They wear ordinary clothes, although they are nuns, so that they can do more work among the Indians. There are also many Jesuit Missionaries among the Indians. They do work similar to Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf and the other Jesuit Martyrs. Each Jesuit has a large territory over which he has to take charge and some have so much land to cover they have to take an aeroplane to reach the homes of the Indians, which are frequently changed. A priest may be called on a sick call miles away and when he reaches the home, finds the Indian only has a tooth-ache. The Indians have good rich voices and make a grand choir, although their deep, dreary chant gets monotonous. They are very curious and stubborn and visit the priests' cabins, diving into their trunks and taking whatever they take a fancy to. One Jesuit, Father Kehoe, grew so bored with some visitors in his cabin that he rushed out into the air, shouting, "My, look at the stars!" and the curious Indians rushed out to see them, while Father Kehoe slyly raced for the cabin and banged the door. The priests have to study the hard Indian language a long time, and when they reach the settlement, they grow terribly lonesome and have to brave terrific snow-storms. One priest, who was lost in a snow-storm with a little Indian boy, prepared to die several

times but fortunately saw a light in the distance. They hurried to the cabin of an old Indian woman, who was very cross at being interrupted in her cooking. She scolded them heartily but gave them some soup and a bed. When she grew a little friendlier, she happened to ask him if he knew the popular favourite Father Kehoe. He answered majestically, "I am he," and the poor woman was so confused when she remembered how she had been so cross. "O Father, how long shall I have to spend in Purgatory for this?" she asked. But he just laughed and said "Twenty-five years, ma'am."

Now let us visit the much abused race of people, the Jews. Our Lord himself was a Jew and He so loved His people that He prophesied that before the end of the world they would come into His Church. He is fulfilling His promise, for in the last century a miracle took place. The Mother of God appeared to a Jew who had wandered idly into a Catholic church in Rome. She spoke not a word, yet the Jew was converted and he in turn converted his brother. They both started a movement called the Sion Movement, to lead the Jews into the true Church. A group of Jewish nuns, called the Daughters of Sion, are helping to bring numbers of Jews into the fold of the Good Shepherd. We must welcome these stray sheep and the bitter feeling against Jews should be forgotten, for Our Lord, His beautiful Mother, and most of the early saints were all Jews.

One of the greatest and most important of mission countries is China. The poor Chinese are dying in thousands because of the war with the Japanese, and the priests and nuns are working hard as doctors, nurses and teachers, but they are so poor they cannot get the proper food and medicines. The little Chinese and Japanese children attend the schools conducted by Maryknoll Missionaries. They make beautiful lanterns, parols and quaint little ornaments and their gardens are magnificent. (They make quaint little cases for statues and other religious articles). The Japanese are quite similar to the Chinese but they are very hard to convert. A band of heroic missionaries devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of the lepers in Molokai, Hawaii. The Grey Nuns teach our Eskimos, and many priests and nuns die of the cold.

And how can all these Africans, Indians, Eskimos, Lepers, Chinese and Japanese be supplied with altar vestments, to religious articles, teachers doctors medicine, etc.? The answer is by "Catholic Action." The Women's Catholic Action Guild supply altar vestments and linens. The Legion of Mary supplies religious articles, pamphlets and catechists. The Sister of Service and other missionaries do the work while we home missionaries supply the funds. People from all over Canada, the U.S.A. and overseas send letters and stamps to the Jesuit Seminary here in Toronto. But the greatest benefit to the Mission is Mary, its Queen the Little Flower, its patroness and its Patrons St. Francis Xavier who did an immense amount of missionary work in India and Japan and died on his way to China.

St. Ignatius Loyola once said to St. Francis Xavier, "What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul". Let us heed these words of Christ and St. Ignatius and endeavour to help the missions more and be true home missionaries.

Helen Boechler, I-A.

TROUBLES OF A DREAMER.

Hurray! Now I can really tell my most violent dislikes. Please don't take me too seriously, because there are other things I dislike besides being wakened from a day dream.

I am a dreamer, my mother says, and as a dreamer I dislike the ordinary every-day things such as street cars, washing dishes and work in general.

In the midst of these common-place things I am off driving in burnished chariots with snow white steeds, playing with fairies, in the moonlight, or wandering in silence through shadowy woods hearing the gentle touches of falling leaves and the soft, rippling of an enchanted pool, when suddenly—Norma! brings me down to earth again to an Algebra lesson or to a greasy dish.

After all I was washing the dish or doing the sum—abstractedly—so why should people shatter my dreams like that? (I had been washing the dish for the last ten minutes and the pattern was almost off).

Again, it is very sad, I assure you, walking along a slushy street and at the same time seeing a shimmering, moonlight pool, over hung with weeping willows (such a beautiful tree!) I can see merry little sprites swinging on the supple branches and—splash! I am sitting on the sidewalk, my books and dignity highly dampened.

I love fairy tales, too, even if I am a little old for such things and I often tell my little sister bed-time stories. Just when the prince is about to rescue the princess and kill the bad fairy—Norma! There it is again!

O well, there may be others in the world who like fairy tales at the advanced age of fourteen as I do, and they can sympathize with me over my worst dislike, so I'll lock my dreams up, and get down to the slush and the greasy dish!

Norma Hardman, I-B, S.J.C.S.

JASPER, B.C.

Jasper is a summer resort, situated on the border of British Columbia and Alberta. The town is surrounded by the heights of the Rocky Mountains. The mountains themselves in summer are a beautiful sight to behold, tipped with snow, and such colours as red, mauve, brown, green and yellow, moulded together make a very beautiful sight.

The town itself is not very large, but visitors are plentiful both in summer and winter. In summer the coolness of the atmosphere brings relief from the intense heat, and the winter sports are attraction "when summer is gone."

On your way out to the Lodge, which is about four miles from the station, you sometimes have the opportunity of seeing bears, who come down from the mountains in the hope of food. They are quite harmless (if not bothered), but they are very hard to get close to.

The Lodge itself is a good-sized building, made of logs, surrounded by beautiful green trees, with a lake for swimming close at hand.

Kathleen Baker, S.J., Prince Rupert.

LEGEND OF THE WOLF TOTEM, KITWANGA RESERVE

Towering to the sky, these grotesque memoirs of former days bring to us many strange legends of the old Indian people. Each figure, carved with such infinite skill, bears a vital part in the unfolding of the tale.

Let us pause an instant and take a closer look at this one. Notice the topmost carving. It is a wolf. Yes, this pole belongs to the Wolf Tribe. Beneath it we see another queer figure. It is a mountain lion. Plundering their villages and killing off the inhabitants, this lion was regarded with great awe by the Indian folk. Many futile attempts to kill it were made by the braves. At length, a stalwart youth, We Clots, of the Wolf Tribe set out to seek his revenge. The sun was a red ball in the west when he came upon the great beast slumbering beside a half-gorged doe. Great was the struggle that ensued, but soon the huge beast fell exhausted. We Clots returned home in triumph and such was the rejoicing of his people that he was made a chief. The mountain lion is to-day the special crest of the Wolf Tribe.

You will see the figures of the Indian brave beneath the lion and farther down is the deer. At the base stands We Clots himself, Chief of the Wolf Crest.

Dorothy Sherman, Commercial,
St. Joseph's, Prince Rupert, B.C.

VERONICA'S VEIL.

No more shall burning tear-drops flow,
From my doubt misted eyes,
That looked on God in mortal woe,
Stooping in human guise
Bent low beneath a heavy cross
Climbing a stony hill,
And counting all but truth a loss,
Bowling to heaven's will.

Had I been hesitant and loath
To seek His saving grace,
Had He not pressed my treasured cloth
Against His loved face.
But since this kerchief clearly bears
The image of my Lord,
My tortured spirit never fears
The smiting of His Word.

Upon this scarf I plainly see
His portrait sorrow-stained
His features in agony,
With tenderness unfeigned
And that sad beauty of His brow
Imprinted on my soul
Transforms all grief, until somehow,
My shattered heart is whole.

Susan Scarlett, Grade VII,
St. John's, Toronto.

THE CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES

Behind the château of Versailles there are acres of wonderful gardens. A long silver strip extends behind the chateau for a long distance, — the grand artificial canal. On either side of it there are long walks, with stone carved statues at close intervals.

There are about ten large fountains that were lit up at night during the Monarchy. They are used now, for a festivity in May. The fountains' waters play in blue, green, red, yellow, all the colours of the rainbow, while elaborate fireworks make a display in the sky. The night I was there Faust was played in this setting.

Many agree that nothing could surpass Versailles in beauty, size, architecture and cost. There was no limit put to it in the time of Louis the XIV. He cared not for his people but only for his own joy and pleasure. This was one of his great ambitions, the Chateau de Versailles. When he was dying he called his little son and told him "to not follow his grandfather's footsteps." When his ministers said: "What will happen to France with all the gayety going on, these wars and expenses?" Louis answered, "The country will go on running as long as I live and when I die I do not care."

In the Royal Grounds the Petit Ferme made for Marie Antoinette is picturesque. There is a lovely pond in front of it that reflects the image of the building, done in carved wood, of a dark brown.

Here Marie Antoinette came to free herself from the frivolities of court life and to relax. Chickens, ducks, rabbits and one cow formed the stock of the farm of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

D. Cooper, S.J.C.S.

PRINCE RUPERT

Prince Rupert, the largest commercial city in Northern British Columbia, is situated on Kaien Island in the Dixon Entrance. The city is guarded by sentinel mountains, thus providing a large well-sheltered harbour.

As it is the western terminus of the Canadian National Railway, Prince Rupert sends out much of its fish and lumber to Eastern points. Grain from the Peace River District is stored in the Grain elevator and is then shipped to Great Britain and other countries. Of more importance is the Cold Storage Plant, the largest in Canada.

During the summer the gardens of Prince Rupert are in full bloom with various flowers. In the city gardens there are Indian Totem Poles which may not be moved from the city unless the Government gives permission.

During the winter Prince Rupert has its annual snowfall thus providing a sport enjoyed by all, skiing.

The rumours about the great rainfall in this city are true, but the climate is mild, not too hot in the summer nor too cold in the winter.

To me, "Prince Rupert, the Fairest City in the North!"

Bertha Vuckovich, Commercial Class,
St. J. A., Prince Rupert, B.C.

METLAKATLA

We decided to visit the quaint Indian Reserve, Metlakatla. It was a beautiful day in June. The blue sky was flocked with tiny white clouds, and around the harbour, towering sentinels of blue and mauve, stood guard — the Chain Cost Mountains. Our motor boat broke the early morning stillness, and startled the sea-gulls on the smooth water.

On passing close to Wolf Island the air was perfumed from the wild roses which covered an embankment. In Metlakatla Passage we sighted a deer. A number of houses of various colours, such as, red, yellow and green became visible as we neared Metlakatla, and followed a dirt footpath towards the village.

The Ridley Home, the first building we came upon, established by Bishop Ridley for the education of settler's children was a very large house, now partly torn down, and the material used to build three houses in Prince Rupert. The remaining building is used for summer boarders.

From the inscriptions, in the well kept graveyard near we saw the graves of Bishop Ridley and other churchmen, who had laboured there.

The quaint white church, with three or four stately lombardys standing near, makes a pastoral scene. The atmosphere was filled with peace. We entered and were struck with the simplicity yet richness. The interior is simple and rich and bright and pleasing. The hand-carved pews had hymn books, in Indian, chained to the seats.

Outside again we stood gazing out towards the village. Down the slope were the old-fashioned homes of the Indians, from whose chimneys small spirels of blue smoke wound lazily. In the village are numerous gardens. Our coming was announced by the seemingly vicious dogs, but we learned that their barks were worse than their bites. The houses were usually two stories high, with strange scalloped facades, which showed the effects of years of rain and wind. The fences were broken and the windows patched.

The afternoon slipped by, and at dusk we stood once again near the church watching the sunset. The sea and surrounding hills were bathed in the glow of red, yellow, blue, pink, etc., and the windows of the village homes seemed golden.

The Passage home was dark and gloomy, but looking back we saw the friendly lights of Metlakatla twinkling at us.

Elizabeth McLeod, St. Joseph's Convent,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

COLD

Monday was very cold. Daddy did not call me for school. But I got up myself. When I looked out the window I shivered.

As I went downstairs Mother said, "My goodness! What are you doing here?" "I want to go to school," I said. So I hurried off.

It was so stormy I thought I would never reach school. I did, and was I glad!

Clare Brown, 8,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

"THE GOLDEN GATE"

Is the anticipation of a pleasure greater than the reality? I wonder! One afternoon in mid-October on arriving home from School mother greeted me "Marguerite, how would you like to go to the San Francisco World Fair?" I was speechless. It was too good to be true. But could I spare two weeks from school? How I prayed while mother talked the matter over with my teachers.

We had our first glimpse of the Fair as we crossed the Bay Bridge. You know this World's Fair was held to honour the completion of the two great bridges spanning San Francisco's Bay, and the world's largest artificial island. Surrounding this Treasure Island are the cities of Oakland, Berkley and Alameda, while directly in front, is the picturesque skyline of the City of St. Francis. To the east may be seen Alcatraz Island with its forbidding walls, the towering spans of the Golden Gate Bridge and finally, beyond that, the Golden Gate itself.

My first sight at the entrance of the fair was the Elephant Towers, so chosen because the elephant is the oldest symbol of pageantry. Dominating the exposition was the Tower of the Sun rising four hundred feet and topped by a golden Phoenix symbolizing San Francisco's rebirth after the fire.

One of the marvelous features of the fair was the floral display, of plants and shrubs from all over the world. About twenty-five acres was planted with varieties of "ice plant" making a magic carpet of untold beauty. Of the exhibits of different countries, I thought that of the Phillipines the most unique. The partitions and ceilings of the buildings were woven of split bamboo, and instead of glass, the windows were made of opaque concha shells which produced lovely lighting effects. In the Palace of Fine Arts, I had the privilege of seeing the originals of many of the old masters — Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, Botticelli's Madonna with the Child and St. John, and others. In the Hall of Science marvelous inventions and scientific discoveries of late years were exhibited.

For me the most thrilling part of the fair was "The Cavalcade of the Golden West." The huge outdoor stage accommodated hundreds of horses, mules and oxen, wagons and buckboards and trains, besides three hundred actors. As it was impossible to get a curtain large enough, a rainbow curtain was sprayed up during the intermissions.

So these are a few high-lights of my visit to the World's Fair. I'm trying hard to make up for the two weeks' extra vacation.

Marguerite Byrnes, Gr. IX.,

St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

It is not death I fear,
The pain and final cross
Are nothing to the loss
Of those to me so dear.
I am not afraid to die:
'Tis loss of friends to me so near
That makes me cry.

Ray Loiselle,

Com. St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

CONCERNING A CAFETERIA

The empty tables arranged neatly to provide a maximum of capacity from a minimum of space, glint yellowly in the noon sunlight. The chairs flank each table on its four bright sides in anticipation of forthcoming occupants.

Of a sudden a faint roar is heard in the distance — a roar which rapidly develops into the clippety-clap of running feet and the scuffle of sedately walking ones, into the shrill voices of some three hundred hungry school-girls. They flow across the road and up the sidewalk in the gate up to the house-front. The door is open.

Girls, girls, and more girls about in the hallway, throng in the door, stream thickly into the cafeteria.

Myriads of hands grope for trays, dozens more secure plates. Chairs are hastily drawn back, sometimes toppling over with a bang; tables drawn this way and that occasionally with an ear-splitting shriek in protest. And above the din of the plates and silver and chairs, is the babbling of the three hundred girls.

Every conceivable topic is under discussion, from the answers of a geometry paper to the cut of a new frock. Weird smatterings of conversation reach the listeners — mixtures of names of theatrical entertainment closely associated with the exploits of some historical explorer. Packards and Dusenburgs sharing the honours with the cheese sandwiches of the day. Truly, none could ever accuse any one of those three hundred of having a "one-track mind."

Then after about a half hour as of one accord, the chairs are replaced as their occupants rise. Once again the hall is filled with girls laughing and girls eagerly scurrying towards the door to engage in a game in the grounds before the afternoon bell rings for class.

S. McLaughlin.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

"The Catholic Press is my voice."—Pius XI.

At first thought it seems strange that the Catholic press should take such an important place in our lives. The Mass, the Sacraments and the Word of God come first, but they must be protected by the Catholic press which will defy the untrue. We need a Catholic press that will give a Catholic viewpoint on world affairs and that will back every move the Church makes. We need, and already have, an alert, intelligent and organized press.

In countries where the Catholic press does not defend the ideals of Christendom, hardship, suffering and cruelty reign. We must have a good Catholic press to propagate our faith throughout the world.

The Catholic press, however, cannot stand alone. It needs the support and confidence of all Catholics. The press needs someone to stand behind it and defy through its columns, the hatred and persecution in the world. The Catholic press is not sensational; it is well worth supporting. The word of God is published in any Catholic paper as well as a true reflection of the Catholic world.

Margaret Powell, VIII,
Corpus Christi School.

CURIOUS CREATURES OF THE DEEP WATERS.

There are many strange fish of the ocean. The "Shark Sucker," one of these, is sometimes called the "Hitchhiker of the Sea." He can swim with considerable speed, but he gave up that as a waste of energy. This fish is equipped with a powerful sucking disk on the top of his head. When he wants to go places he swims under some large fish and attaches himself to the swimmer's body.

The "Starfish" is a good copy of a fivepointed star. He has five arms and if one is lost another grows on to replace it. On each arm are hundreds of little suction tubes which enable him to grasp or crawl. At the end of each arm the Starfish has an eye sharp enough to see a light too feeble for the human eye. He also has a keen sense of smell. The Starfish eats oysters.

"The Sea Horse" is another strange creature of the ocean. He has a horse's head, a monkey's tail and a kangaroo's pouch. There are many other strange fish, such as: The "Drum Fish," with sound effects; the "South Sea Trigger" and the fish with the embroidered tail.

Florine Grignon, VIII,
Corpus Christi School.

THE RETURN OF THE ROBIN.

The return of the robin is heralded with delight and commonly announced as the first sign of Spring. And such his first appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. Although the thermometer may register as low as nineteen degrees below zero, the robin seems to be fortified to withstand cheerfully this temperature.

Among the gardeners who prize their early small fruit, the robin has a bad reputation. Yet, whatever faults he has, we give him a hearty greeting in the spring, and gladly forfeit a fair proportion of our luxuries in exchange for his cheerful presence.

Joan Flannery, VIII,
Corpus Christi School.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

Thirty pens scratched vigorously at the foolscap for the last time that term. Time was shortly up and the same thirty work-worn pens dropped exhausted to the desks. Only prospective holidays could have caused such an exciting gathering. Outside in the grounds the sun shone through the leaves of the maple tree, speckling the ground beneath. Fluffy white clouds floated by overhead, inspiring the robins cheerful song. It was the eighteenth of June.

Happy days were here again!

Mary Ruth Carter, Form I-B.



Chuckles

The class had been told to make sketches of what they most desired and one girl handed in a blank sheet of paper.

"Don't you desire anything?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I can't draw it. I want a holiday."

* * *

The class had had a lesson on Eskimos and were asked to write an account of it. One bright youngster began: "The Eskimos are God's frozen people."

* * *

A teacher asked her pupils if they knew who the Quakers were.

"People who live near an active volcano, Miss," called out a little boy, promptly.

* * *

A man anxious to book seats for a certain play, rang up a number.

"Can I get a box for two to-night," he asked.

"We don't have boxes for two," answered the voice at the other end.

"Isn't that the theatre?"

"No, this is the undertaker's."

* * *

The stationmaster heard a crash on the platform. He ran out of his office. The express was disappearing rapidly, and among milk-cans and luggage sprawled a young man.

"Was he trying to catch the train?" asked the stationmaster of a small boy standing near by.

"He did catch it," said the boy, "but it got away again."

* * *

The dour Scot can be delightfully literal-minded. A couple of nuns travelling by train in Scotland lost their tickets, and appealed to the station master. "Ye'll hae to pay," he said, with a cold eye on the Romish trappings. "But we haven't any money," said the nuns. "Well, who are ye?" "We're Sisters of St. John the Baptist." "Hoots, that's a lee to starrrt wi'."

* * *

Biggins: "I didn't see you in church yesterday."

Higgins: "I know you didn't I took up the collection."

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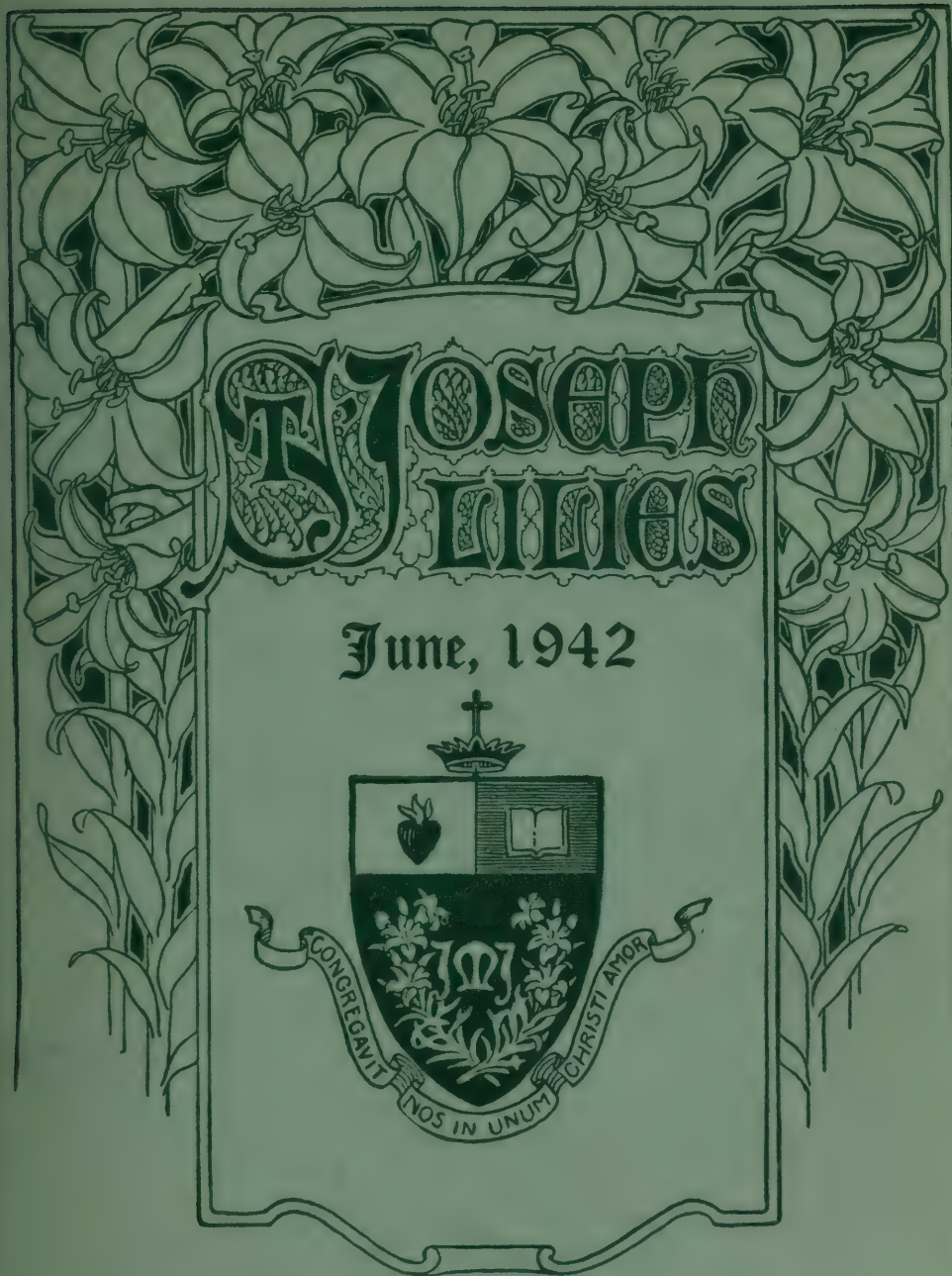
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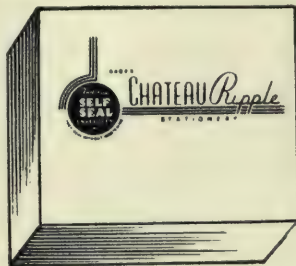
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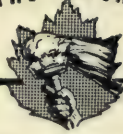
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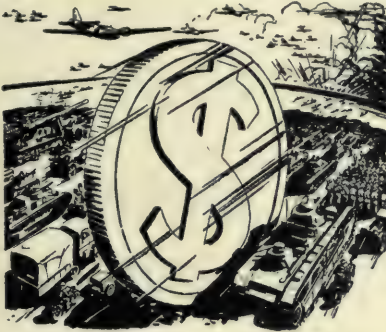
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June — Month of the Sacred Heart

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Pro Ben et Alma Mater.

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1942

No. 2

PICTURE OF THE SACRED HEART

THE SACRED HEART is the Interpreter of God to turn the high and sometimes mysterious voice of heaven into the human language of earth.

We all understand the language of a warm human heart. When God repeats from His Human Heart His love for us we have a double assurance coming both from His Divinity and His Humanity.

Our picture shows the Sacred Heart and His words of assurance tell us that He has loved us much. "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much" were His own words to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.

There is nothing so soothing in these awful days of war and savagery as the picture of the Sacred Heart for it tells us that all is not lost and that there is a "Heart watching."

Peace and hope and even joy will return in God's time through the Sacred Heart, the Dispenser of all God's mercies.

"Heart of Jesus, be our Salvation."

EDITORIAL

PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH.

CERTAIN prominent writers startle us by the opinion they express that the Church in the near future is to experience persecution in the United States. Their statement is like a bolt from the blue: that in the Home of Liberty the Church is to suffer as in Russia or Germany.

What is the whole war for, we ask, but to secure the five liberties so often repeated, of which one is conspicuously the liberty of religion. However, it is truthfully stated by the press, that the entire system of government education from the University down to the primary schools is professedly antagonistic to religion and explicitly declares itself infidel, agnostic, or perhaps downright atheistic. The Press, too, we are informed, is equally hostile to all religion. It is thus the winds of public opinion that we are discussing and the strange direction in which they blow, for the prevalent opposition to religion in the English-speaking world seems to us new, and even weird.

Of course there is only one step from opposition to religion to persecution of the Church. That there is widespread opposition to all religions is evident and thus opposition to the Church may seem a natural sequence. Perhaps this is the order of thought followed by those that startle us by their prediction of active persecution of the Church.

In opposition to this opinion others that are more optimistic will bring forward the great number of Catholics now in English-speaking America, their influence in government affairs and especially the genius of democracy and the constitutional rights that the free practice of religion enjoys. They speak too of the number of Catholic soldiers that in the last war ran as high as forty per cent. of the army or about twice as many as the Catholic population should supply.

This is an interesting point of enquiry and especially as the gloom of infidelity outside of the Church is strangely encircling the world at present.

THE MYSTERY OF PERSECUTION.

There is a mystery in the effects of persecution of the Church that sometimes turns away whole nations from their old attachments to the true faith and again very often and usually makes nations heroic in holding on to the divinely given gift of religion. The persecutions of Queen Elizabeth swept the Anglican Church into heresy and far from the religion of their fathers, and yet during the same period of fiery ordeal it made martyrs and heroes of the Irish.

If we were to generalize we should say that persecution is good for the Church since the Church was born in persecution and bred in hostility of the whole world against Her for three centuries, during ten ferocious persecutions. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" is the old trite axiom. Persecution is the legacy of Our Lord to His Church: "As they persecuted Me they will persecute you," was the Master's oft repeated admonition. The mystery then of persecution is that what would destroy and eradicate human institutions will make the Church thrive and grow.

And there is another mystery in persecution, that it has destroyed the faith in many countries like those of Northern Europe, in England, Norway and Sweden, and others, in spite of the axiom that persecution is good for the Church. It would appear to mere human eyes that these Northern nations were led into the Church in droves by their kings and again when the kings gave them the signal to abandon their faith and depart from the old Church, they were equally obedient. Nationality and Religion were blended and the mystery is that nationality, the bond to their country, was stronger than religion, the bond to their God.

How shall we conclude then on the axiom that persecution is good for religion? We must say that the old true Church was a gift from God and that nations like individuals

can forfeit it. As a brief example, St. Thomas More lost his head that was afterwards set on a spike on London Bridge but Margaret Roper, his favourite daughter, acknowledged King Henry as Pope of England and tried to persuade her father to do the same. One was a martyr and a saint and the other a renegade, though fair and plausible. Margaret could contemplate her father's bloody head on a spike, the head of a great premier of his country, and congratulate herself that she was more political and prudent.

There is a mystery that an individual or a nation loses its faith in a storm; but it remains true that persecution is a preservative and a test of genuine faith.

THE CHURCH NOT A HUMAN INSTITUTION.

The capital error committed by writers of Church history is to proceed in their narrative as though the Church was like a nation or even a great empire, the product of human activity, and thus subject to human vicissitudes and even exposed to extinction. They forget the words of the Church's Founder or they disregard them: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The Church, like nature itself, issues from the hand of God, and will run its course precisely as God foresaw and intended. Persecutions are part of its economy: "They will persecute you as they have persecuted Me," the Master said.

Even when persecution lops off whole nations from the Church, we are rationally led to believe that the Church is in a better state after its pruning than it was before. Nations that fell were cankered and a surgical operation was necessary. Perhaps we could even dare to say that such nations were even less displeasing to God after their departure than they were before on account of the internal corruption and scandals that had prevailed. Many of the descendants through their invincible ignorance we hope will be saved if they are sincere and true to their conscience. There is a tide too back to the Church in all these countries at present as Christianity disappears outside of the Catholic Church, and

thus it is not an exaggeration for us to say that we always lean back on Divine Providence.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH.

As the darkness outside increases, the internal light of the Church seems also to increase. We can say in citing facts that the state of the teaching Church is nothing short of miraculous, for She harbours to-day not a single heresy nor schism; no, nor crime nor public scandal, as in former ages. No cardinals flourish their red robes and their red scandals as an immoral Wolsey with his sacrilegious children of which the proud Lees of Virginia are said to be descendants. There are to-day no rebels like Richelieu to betray the Church and to merit the declaration of the reigning pope at his death that if there was a God in heaven Richelieu would be in hell—as historians tell us. No pretentious Gallicans who declared the King of France head of the Church, which was just about the heresy of Henry the Eighth of England. No cardinals led by Robert of Geneva in the Great Schism that was the forerunner of the Reformation, and of whom St. Catherine of Sienna during her labours for Church union truthfully designated as eighteen incarnate devils.

No, the awful scandals of governments injected into the Church are gone, and the Church is learning to stand alone with the support of the common people that were always true, loving and devoted. The scandals of even the last century are gone, when in the Latin Catholic countries it was hard to be sure that the bishops were Catholic or Free Masons, as they had been appointed by governments that were secretly infidel and hostile. No more episcopal appointments made exclusively by the government even in Spain, for these have terminated under Franco.

Yes, and no more vetoes of kings at the elections of popes, such as held by Austria and wielded a few years ago by the late Emperor Francis Joseph. whose last mistress died lately. Austria, most Catholic in profession and yet ruled in its re-

ligion rather by its kings than by the pope, has, as the Germans always say, the worst Catholics of the whole race.

How strange a paradox that the best Catholics in the German Reich are in the north where they have always been harrassed by the Prussians and the worst in the south where they were under the control of the so-called Catholic governments.

Poland is a wonderful case of God's Providence over a Catholic country, for there is no country so loyally Catholic as Poland and no country,—not even Ireland, that suffered more for the faith. She is back on the cross again with the prospect of another long crucifixion. With only the respite of a few years since the World War, when her people were so happy and peaceful she is thrown back again into the abyss of misery.

But God has not abandoned this country and there is the martyr's crown suspended over it as in its past sufferings. We are tempted to peer into the mind of God and ask why such awful sufferings in a nation so faithful? Why she was taken wholly unawares without a chance to mobilize her heroic armies that had a few years before defeated the Communists in the greatest battle of history. Rumours run that the Communists had become friendly and thus a greater menace than before.

When Communism has run its course and disappeared Poland will be free again and still Catholic. Communism is a prairie fire, dangerous while it lasts but soon burns itself out. Poland escaped it by fighting on a victorious battlefield and now by the opposite, of suffering. The cause of Poland is the greatest plea to God for Victory that the allies possess, and its priests and altars are sending up their prayers that God will surely hear.

PERSECUTION IN AMERICA.

Coming back to our theme we conclude from what has been said that persecution in America may come to some degree if the internal conditions of the Church demand it. If the dry

rot of lukewarmness of the clergy and the laity sets in, persecution will be due. Persecution is sent to flagellate the Church and turn it away from mere human display and empty profession. The Church in America, however, holds a high percentage of true religion by the practice of religious duties as the crowded churches indicate.

Perhaps the greatest reason for persecution is what Cardinal Newman calls the popularity of Catholics with outsiders. Catholics indeed should be popular with all classes of people in their charity and good offices; they should share their civic duties as good citizens of the State and thus be admired by all for their whole-hearted generosity; but when popularity comes from assimilating themselves with infidels and speaking and acting as though their religion was only a thin disguise that makes them appear only nominally Catholic the shock of persecution is necessary.

Persecution to a half Catholic arouses him to declare which he will choose, the admiration of men or the approval of the Church. Persecution, then, we are assured, makes whole-souled Catholics.



THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF

By RT. REVEREND MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.



King Brian Boru at Clontarf.

AT the time of the Battle of Clontarf, namely, in the year of Our Lord 1014, the very mention of the Vikings was sufficient to evoke terror and dismay over all the Continent of Europe. From North Cape to Micklegarth; from Portugal to the Urals, the mighty Sea-Kings had shown their prowess on many a crimson field. At that time Britain was a conquered land under their scepter and rule.

There was, however, one country, the warriors of which felt no terror of the Danes. This country was Ireland, where they had

strong Norse colonies in Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick. In this connection the saying of the Latin poet shines out in all its truth—*"consueta vilescunt."* While in other countries the wild stories told of the Vikings made all hearts shake; in Ireland, on the other hand, where they were meeting and fighting them every day, the Keltic soldiers saw only that they were mortal men like themselves. They admired

the Danes as good fighting-men, but they did not fear them as demigods. Many of the Vikings were believed to possess the power of turning the blow of a sword with their glance, and it was said many of them could not be wounded by weapons of steel or iron; but the Keltic battle-axe was a shrewd weapon, and had a way of shattering the uncanny power of "*hamrammir*" and other pagan superstitions. So the Irish soldiers fought confidently against the Danes, and defeated them more often than not.

* * * * *

In due time the High King marched his army from Kin-cora on the Shannon to the field of Clontarf. Brian's conduct on this march showed that he was full of faith and trust in the prowess of his veteran Dalcassian troops. Passing by the territory of Maelmorha, King of Leinster, King Brian detached about six hundred picked men with orders to ravage the territory of the former, who was already in Dublin in the camp of the Danes. This King was an enemy of Brian, and fought in the Battle of Clontarf on the side of Ireland's enemies. Arrived in Dublin, King Brian immediately swung his army round upon Glasnevin, crossed the Tolka River, and faced his line of battle southward against the Danes who were encamped upon the lower shore of the Bay.

All being ready for the fray, the King, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, lifted the Crucifix aloft, as praying, he invoked the Omnipotent God to look down upon them and to strengthen their arms in a cause so just and so holy. Clontarf was a hand to hand battle where prowess with the sword and battle-axe alone could save the warrior's life. We read that it was a conflict of heroes, and that the greater part of the chieftains engaged on both sides fell. The impetuosity of the Irish troops was irresistible, and their battle-axes did fearful execution. From Norway, under the leadership of the two young princes, Carolus and Conmail, had come ten hundred warriors clad in complete mail, but every man

of them died with their leaders, under the blows of the Dalcassian battle-axes. Prince Murrrough, the Irish Commander-in-Chief, performed prodigies of valour. Even the Danish account tells us that twice he hewed his way to the very centre of Earl Sigurd's host, and cut down two successive bearers of the sacred Raven flag of the Vikings! All day went on the crashing and the slaughter; from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. In the Irish account we are told that Prince Murrrough, time and again, had to retire to a cool well of water to refresh himself with a draught, and to cool his swollen hands before re-entering the melee. Two brave Scottish chiefs, the Great Stewards of Mar and Lennox, fighting nobly in "the last field-day of Christianity and Paganism on Irish soil," gave up their lives in the very moment of victory!

* * * * *

Almost destitute of leaders, from the slaughter, the Danes began to waver about sunset. "Then flight broke out throughout all the Viking host," says the Saga of Burnt Njal! A river, swollen deep with the sea-tide, was behind them. In front were the raging Dalcassians. The Vikings plunged into the river and thousands were drowned in the foaming waters of the Tolka. It was a glorious victory, but the Irish army paid dear for it in their King's death. Brian was praying in his tent, when Brodar, fleeing from the field, entered and cut off the King's head with one blow of his sword. Then lifting up the venerable head, he cried, "Now let all men tell that Brodar felled great Brian!" The following chronicle of Marianus Scotus records the events thus: "*Brian, King of Hibernia, slain on Good Friday, the 9th of the Kalends of May (23rd April) 1014; with his mind and heart turned towards God!*"

* * * * *

Prince Murrrough, Brian's eldest son and his destined successor, and Prince Torlough, eldest son of Murrrough,—also

died in this dread battle—three generations cut down in one day! Brodar, the Viking leader who killed the Ard Righ, was caught red-handed just outside the door of the tent. The Saga says that the soldiers put him to death in a very cruel manner, but the Irish annals make no mention of this story. They only say he was put to death on the spot. Clontarf was the final effort of the Viking power to effect the conquest of Ireland. Never again was that effort renewed. For another century the Danes continued to hold a few maritime cities in Ireland, but nevermore did they dream of total conquest. That design was overthrown forever on the gory ridges of proud Clontarf!

* * * * *

The battle of Clontarf spelled the death of the old Pagan religion in Europe. It cannot be brought back, no matter how strong they are who desire it. And so, after Clontarf an Irish bard could compose the following epitaph on the monuments of the gods of old. He could, but if he did we have no record of it, and must e'en fill it out from our own imagination.

THE PAGAN GODS ARE DEAD!

The Pagan gods are dead! In Erin now
Reigns the sweet, gentle Son, Who died for man;
The sad, war-burdened lays,
Give place to hymns of praise,
The psaltery of Christ drowns out the Druid rann.

Midhir and Lugh are shadows on the hills,
Grey Mananan hath stalled his demon steeds,
Young Angus and Etain
Long in the mould have lain;
Cuchullin, in his grave, no mortal whisper heeds!

Deep in their magic caves, the Faerie Race
The Sons of Dana, wait the Judgment Day:
Then shall they cry to Him
Who lit their glories dim,
That He restore their Heaven, for pride long snatched
away!

Balor and Bras have died; they walk no more
On Allin or on purple Sliav-na-mon,
The Viking hosts have flown,
From Toomoon and Idrone,
For Odin follows fast where all the gods have gone!

* * * * *

One of the strangest episodes in history is that of the capture of Prince Thorstein of Iceland at Clontarf, during the progress of the battle. Murrough, the son of King Brian, with his men, was driving a crowd of Vikings before him. One of them, however, refused to run and was scornfully tying his buskin-strings when Murrough cried to him—"How now, oh Dane? You run not, like the rest?"

"What is the use in running?" coolly replied the young Viking, "I could not get home to-night, for I am at home out in Iceland." And wondering and admiring him greatly, Murrough spared his life and gave him peace and friendship. In the matter of fighting prowess there seems to have been a great deal of mutual respect between the Irish warriors and their Viking foes. Some time in the happy and prosperous future, one of Ireland's artists will paint a masterpiece. On a great canvas he will depict the battle-field of Cluain-Tarbh. In the background will be seen glimpses of Ben Edair (the Hill of Howth) and the blue Irish Sea, with lines of high-prowed Viking galleys tossing thereon. Great masses of Norsemen will be depicted fleeing with blanched faces, before the blood-dyed battle-axes of the Irish. In the foreground a gigantic young Viking, yellow-haired and blue-eyed,

resting on one knee, will look up defiantly at the terrible gory figure of Prince Murrough in whose face astonishment and admiration will appear. Underneath the picture this title will be seen: "Prince Murrough, Tanist of Eire, and son of King Brian of the Tribute, giving peace to Prince Thorstein of Iceland, son of Hall of the Side,—the Bravest of the Brave!"

* * * * *

The Vikings in their Sagas seem to make it a point never to under-rate or disparage their foes. They show the greatest respect and even love for him whom they called "the good King Brian" and they record with praise the valour of Prince Murrough and of "Wolf the Quarrelsome."

In some respects, therefore, we can honour and admire the Vikings. *Men of blood indeed they were, but never of treachery or of the poisoned bowl. They fought, as pagans, their last great fight at Clontarf, a battle-royal whose din and slaughter affrighted a timid and cowering world. Their raven-bannered, chimaera-peaked galleys, have long ceased to haunt the hyperborean seas. The fitful, iridescent lights and colours of the boreal aurora shall never more tinge their straining sails and cracking pennants. The wild souls of the Sea Kings up-borne by compassionate Valkyries, have entered into the Halls of Valhalla; but the wintry surges, lashing the wolf-toothed crags of Faroe and the Orkneys, still chant for them in hollow caves, a hoarse and mournful requiem!*



THE CALL OF LIFE

By RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR M. CLINE.

SOONER or later we all reach the parting-place of life where destiny beckons us and the quest for happiness begins. In pursuit of an ideal that calls us to a new and better way of living we sever relationship with close friends and say good-bye to home-folk. In answer to the romance of youth we want to get a chance at life so as to work into the blank canvas a pattern wherein will gleam the golden thread of personal merit; we are anxious to do something with life, to give it purpose and worth, finality and goal. In this determination we are free to take the fateful step which may make or break our whole future. And as the demands and interests of life are so numerous, so pressing and so conflicting our yearning for the sure and safe way is all the more anxious and embarrassing. In many instances a vocation is discovered somewhat tardily and after a long and wearisome search. In the case of St. Paul and St. Augustine it was only found after a misspent youth. St. Paul after his conversion lists the youthful Saul of Tarsus as a chief sinner amongst sinners and proclaims his astonishment when he finds himself named amongst Christ's apostles. St. Augustine at teen-age degenerated into the dusky ways of the libertine, and at twenty fell into the debased beliefs and practices of the Manicheans. Yet St. Paul after he found his true vocation on the way to Damascus did more than all the other apostles and St. Augustine after he "returned to himself" and found his vocation at Milan, dedicated all his talents and energies to the service of the Master, thus advancing in the science and habits of sainthood to a rank second only to that of St. Paul.

Every walk in life has its drawbacks and merits. its shadows and its sunbeams. There is, however, sufficient good in all states of life to serve God and secure salvation. The ob-

stacles or facilities we experience in our calling are largely due to the qualifications we bring into it. St. Teresa, for instance, would have been out of place and out of joint as a Sister of Service and vice versa. Hence the invitation to follow Christ into the carpenter shop or the fishing boat might not be alluring to some, whereas the call to the marketplace might be gladly received by others. Martha would be happier in the performance of household duties than Mary sitting at the feet of Christ. Yet Mary in her seeming idleness was commended by Christ as having adopted the more "excellent way." Though sisters, they had different dispositions, different tendencies and different aptitudes. What suited the one might not be agreeable to the other. The clergyman who saves his soul as a priest might have greatly endangered it as a layman and the man in the world who makes a success of life in the workshop, might have proved himself a sad failure in the sanctuary. The sister who attends Christ so vigilantly in the cloister might only follow Him afar off or lose Him altogether in the outside world.

So important is the part that vocation plays in religious and secular life that Pope Pius X made a special pronouncement on the lay and clerical state of life. He spoke lengthily on both callings and featured their respective merits. In so doing the Holy Father reduced the difficult problem of vocation to a simple and definite formula well within the grasp of young aspirants and easy of comprehension by ordinaries and novice masters, teachers and parents. According to the Pontiff the necessary equipment for a clerical or lay office in life is a right intention and aptitudes suitable for bearing the burden and the heats involved. To this he adds a third *sine qua non* the external approval of the ecclesiastical authorities.

By way of a summary, here are the words of the Holy Father himself outlining the essentials of a vocation:

"In order that the ordinand may be rightly called by the Bishop nothing more—*nihil aliud*—is required in him (the ordinand) than right intention, together with authority which

(that is suitability) consists in the gifts of nature and grace, and which is sufficiently proved by probity of life and sufficiency of knowledge which give a well-founded hope that he will be able to discharge the duties of the priestly state properly, and fulfil its obligations in a holy manner."

These basic attributes are fundamental to a right and successful calling in life whether religious or secular. In the case of the ecclesiastical student it is the bishop who makes manifest the vocation of the candidate. In that of the less advanced, teachers and parents are often a safe guide in determining the right direction of the novice or suppliant.

We should steadily keep in mind that vocation is not a ready-made possession. It is rather a capacity which is at first expanded by exercise and training. We don't come into life with aptitudes formed and matured; on the contrary, we are largely governed by impulse and are affected by the suggestions of others. We have no settled choices in early youth; vocation in that period is in the making rather than fixed.

ROSA PATIENTIAE.

The rose's hue and scent
Are meant,
By Him Who made the rose, to adorn
A thorn.
And thus, when sorrow irks,
Who shirks
Forgets to count the gain
Of pain—
Nor, joy-benighted, knows
The rose.

Vincent McNabb, O.P.

THE PASSE-PARTOUT

By RUSSELL FOX.

HE is rich and powerful and the world honours him, but the world also regards him as an impenetrable mystery.

I knew Francis Gerard Elliatt from his birth and, like everyone else who knew him, I liked him immensely. I observed his fine unselfish spirit develop, noted the courage of his early struggles and on the day he received his degree in Arts I accepted his invitation and went to Convocation, the first I had attended since receiving my own degree many years before. I sat in the dingy court room at Osgoode Hall when the members of the class of Francis Gerard were called to the bar, and I listened to the words of the Chief Justice when he extolled the dignity and importance of the profession of the law.

Francis Gerard seemed to many just an ordinary young man, and he might easily have slunk into a groove of self-satisfied mediocrity instead of climbing to the mountain tops. Indeed, biographers who analyzed his life with a view to accounting for his successes were forced to abandon their task because they could put their finger on none of the characteristics the world mistakenly assumes to be essential to leadership. He had once disclosed the secret of his power to me, or rather he had hinted at it. I had suggested that it would afford excellent journalistic material, and he, thereupon, forced a promise from me not to refer to it journalistically or in any other way. So I had no alternative save to respect his wishes. Now, however, with his retirement from public life he has consented to let me speak, due undoubtedly to the insistence of my demands and perhaps the logic of my contention that the youth of to-day are entitled to the inspiration they may draw from his story.

To refresh my memory on details, I had to call at a little cottage in an obscure suburb. An old lady, slim

still with the slimness of girlhood and with a face radiant like that of an angel, left the flower-bed she was attending and led me indoors. She brought from a shelf a thick scrap-book in which she had pasted the newspaper record of her son's career. "Aside from my roses and my Rosary," she explained, "I have little else to do now except thumb over these pages, and so I know you will take good care of the book and return it to me."

"You are not surprised," I suggested, "that Francis will after all these years permit the disclosure of what he regards the secret of his great success?"

"No," she replied, "I am not surprised. There was really no secret to it. I taught it to him myself when he was a child. Many Catholics practise it."

"But thousands, my dear lady, have entirely forgotten it, and thousands of our young folks fail utterly to put the proper value upon it."

"That may well be," she said. "I have no way of knowing. I seldom meet anyone now except my friends at the church. I want for nothing. Francis has been most generous and this is the way I want to live, right here with my flowers and my beads."

I find that the scrapbook of Mother Elliatt is most complete. One of the first cases Francis Gerard handled in the courts was that of a woman allegedly turned criminal to obtain money with which to bring up her family. She was charged with a series of thefts, and though the case abounded in mitigating circumstances, there seemed little doubt the jury would have to bring in a verdict of guilty. The Crown certainly had built a solid case against her even though there was lacking the evidence of anyone who had actually seen her taking the goods as charged. The court put the case in the hands of the jury and adjourned for an hour. Newspaper reporters who could with uncanny prescience forecast almost any verdict, commenced to write their stories based on a verdict of guilty and to describe the crying of the prisoner's children and the scene that would ensue after the

verdict had been announced and while the mother was being led to the cells.

Francis Gerard, without loss of a minute's time, hung his lawyer's gown on a peg in the ante-room, donned his coat and hat and made hurriedly for the street. No one accompanied him but well within the hour of recess he returned to the court to hear the verdict.

"Just had to have a breath of fresh air," he remarked to the law student assisting him in the case. "I don't think things look so bad."

"Then you are just a simon pure optimist," replied the other. "I can't see the slightest glimmer of hope for her, and I would rather not be here when the grief spills."

"Faint hearted," smiled Francis. "Go then by all means, but if you do go you may be sorry you missed whatever may happen."

The student regarded the young lawyer quizzically. "You didn't by any chance worm your way into the jury room for a last word and to leave a little spending money, did you?" he inquired.

"No, I didn't go quite that far," laughed Francis, "but even without rendering our client such an extraordinary and most criminal service, I don't feel too blue."

The judge returned to the bench; the jury was called in; the clerk asked the foreman if a verdict had been reached.

"Yes," replied the foreman. "We find the prisoner is not guilty."

Ordinarily, the report of the proceeding would have received perhaps half a column in the newspapers. So satisfied, however, was everyone that the woman was guilty that a two column "spread" together with pictures of the accused and her counsel, Francis Gerard, was necessary to appease the public hunger for sensation.

The verdict was reached about 3 p.m. I heard of it within a few minutes and for want of something better to do, I went over to Eliatt's office to felicitate the young barrister.

"Yes," he said, "you're right. I went out of the court

while the jury was deliberating and I was gone nearly an hour. What I did was what you suspect," and he thereupon gave me the details which I will later disclose.

Naturally such publicity as he then received brought many other cases to the desk of the young lawyer, and in a short time his name became well known among newspaper readers. He did not, however, specialize in criminal cases, but in a surprisingly short time developed connections that led to retainers by important corporations, and before he was at the bar five years he had carried three cases for great public utilities before the Privy Council, and in each he had been singularly successful.

Came soon thereafter the time when he was invited to contest a seat in the House of Commons. It was not an easily won constituency that was allotted to him, but he polled such a plurality of votes over his opponent that there could be no doubt, he would be as successful a politician as he was a lawyer. Followed cabinet honours and ministerial posts in foreign countries, and the career of the young man seemed to be an exemplification of the truth that to him that hath it shall be given.

Newspaper and magazine biographical sketches were of frequent appearance. I read them all and now with the book of clippings of Mother Elliatt before me I can re-read them as I did then with a smile.

"It is not that he is eloquent," said one of these biographers. "He delivers a fair address and holds the attention of his hearers, but there are greater Ciceros and Demosthenes in the House than this young man."

And another wrote: "The secret of his power cannot be guessed. It was said the key to it is determination and concentration, but he himself has disabused the public mind in this connection. Depreciating the suggestion that there is anything unusual about his life, he owns up to the possession of normal determination to achieve what he sets out after but explains with a smile that he avoids too much concentration because he wants to avoid a headache and fears concentration

may give him one. No man in this country has ever at the age of 36 reached the goals he has reached, but what plan does he follow? That is what the public wants to know."

The public accepted Francis Gerard Elliatt without understanding him but with supreme confidence that he was eminently capable of caring for any matter of public business that might be entrusted to him. The most devastating war of human history came and passed, leaving him with several hard won military adornments and as much a hero of the battle-fields as he had been of the club lounge and dinner table in peace time. The period of reconstruction followed. Post war problems crowded one upon the other, and by far the most important and vexatious had to do with the recovery of trade. To this he addressed himself at the urgent request of his government and to do so he started on a world tour.

Trade ambassadors haunted the capitals of every country throughout the civilized world. Only those of them who could demonstrate beyond a doubt that a prospective customer stood to gain substantially by a trade treaty could expect a favourable hearing from any administration. Francis Gerard scored so many commercial agreements of advantage to his country that even a member of the Opposition said of him on the floor of the House, "We thought he was a good lawyer and a fairly able politician, but now, it seems, we must also regard him as the world's greatest salesman or at least one of the greatest. The importance of what he is doing in opening these wonderful avenues of trade for the workers of this country at the time of their greatest need for trade cannot be estimated. Even history will be unable to do him justice."

One country was regarded by all the others as a great prize so far as reciprocal trade agreements were concerned. Her mills and factories were hungry for raw materials. Her credit was sound. As a newspaper put it: "If Francis Gerard Elliatt can obtain a favorable agreement there we will be sitting on top of the world for the next hundred years."

Francis Gerard tried. He was invited to a secret confer-

ence of administration officials of the prize country along with the trade envoys of a dozen other nations. With him were his three trade technicians and massed against him 42 representatives, trade and political, of a country with the same classes of goods for sale, and with an acknowledged plan to outbid all competitors.

"We may be able to arrange a treaty," said Elliatt's senior trade adviser, "but we certainly cannot hope for the lion's share."

"I can and am hoping for it," replied his chief.

Elliatt addressed the gathering for 20 minutes. He announced that his country would meet all fair competition but could not engage in any plan to outbid all competitors. Such a plan could not be economically sound and might, indeed, be suicidal. It was born of desperation and while all nations were desperately in need of enlarging their trade, expansion based on an unstable foundation, would not be expansion at all in any acceptable sense of the word. He would, however, guarantee just as fair prices as could be arranged, and he would promise, to the utmost, reciprocity within reason.

Jubilation beamed from the faces of the envoys of the competing country. They had undertaken to negotiate for lowest world prices on the commodities to be included in the proposed treaty, to throw down trade restrictions and tariff barriers recklessly, to turn somersaults, in fact, if necessary, to increase business.

The visitors withdrew and the representatives of the proposed customer country went into conference to consider what they had heard. Elliatt followed what had become routine with him in such cases. He took leave of his trade advisers, put on his hat and coat and left the building. In an hour or so he returned and awaited with the others a further summons into the conference room.

The call came and without preamble the chairman arose: "Mr. Elliatt," he said, "we have decided that our government will make a trade treaty with your country to cover 60 per cent. of the imports on the schedule we have been discussing and to accept the reciprocal program you propose."

Turning to the 42 envoys of the competing countries, he said: "We will undertake to accept the other 40 per cent. of the goods from you, but we must insist that you will observe your engagements. We are just a little afraid that your offers have been a trifle too sweeping."

The return home of Francis Gerard Eliatt was spectacular. He was feted and acclaimed throughout the entire country. Honours were offered to him by his government—a seat on the Supreme Court bench, a Senatorship, anything he would like to have was his for the asking. He declined them all. "I have not personally earned any of them," he explained, "and I propose now to retire from public life and to resume the private practice of the law." His decision, once made, he would not depart from it.

It was then that I called on him. "How," I asked, "can you longer justify maintaining the key to your phenomenal progress as a secret."

"The reason I gave you years ago would seem still to apply," he answered. "No," I contended, "It no longer applies. If I remember you told me then that scoffers would outnumber believers and that you would simply be labelled a religious charlatan or a dreamer. You are no longer in public life and you do not intend to return to office. Therefore, you do not need to care about the scoffers. You have tested your plan. You know it has proved to be the ideal method of appealing for supernatural help in meeting the trials and solving the problems of this life. Why not reveal it to the world so that men of good will at least may profit by it."

"But, my dear friend," Francis expostulated, "I have nothing to reveal. You persist in calling it the key to my success, and it has been most assuredly the key to every successful thing I have ever done. There is no secret about it, however; I learned it from my mother, and she learned it from her mother, and it was first given the world by Christ Himself and has been of the most stoutly defended and stubbornly attacked doctrines of the Catholic Church throughout the ages."

"All right," I said. "You win. There is nothing new about it, and, therefore, you should hesitate no longer. All you need to do is affirm it."

Francis laughed. "Very well," he said. "Go ahead, but tell me how you are going to do it."

Briefly I told him of the story I planned, this story you have just read.

"And as to the key to success?" he asked.

"I will have to say, of course, that it is synonymous with the key to Heaven," I answered. "I really do wish, however, you would give me what you will let me say in your own words—in the interests of accuracy, if for no other reason."

Francis reached into an inner pocket. "I will do better than that," he said. "I will give it to you in the words of my mother as she gave it to me in a letter just after I graduated in law. It is years ago now, but I have carried it daily since then. I do not think it has been out of my pocket for as much as one day. Here it is. And then I read a marked passage in a letter, otherwise personal, from mother to son.

"Prayer," wrote Mother Elliatt, "can be the greatest weapon in your life. You have read that it will move mountains. Remember, though, that hypocritical prayer is nauseous in the sight of Almighty God. How could He be expected to answer it? When human esteem or the desire to be considered good for what it will bring you enters into it, better not pray at all.

"Nor is selfish prayer the most pleasing to God. When we pray for ourselves, for the favors we want for those near and dear to us, we are hoping God will overlook our faults and indulgently grant our requests. Very often He does, but we can scarcely blame Him when He does not.

"You have been taught faith without good works is dead. Faith impels prayer, and it will be interpreting and not destroying the meaning of the Scriptures if you say prayer without good works is dead. You know that all through your boyhood I have told you this, and that you have tried it and have often told me of the result. Follow my advice,

and make real prayer a part of your daily duties as long as you live. Pray daily, but whenever you pray add some good work to it out of a sense of real Catholic charity, and I am sure your prayers will be answered."

"There isn't much one can add to it," I remarked.

"No," replied Francis, "It's just about as comprehensive as any theologian could make it."

"You have always followed it?"

"I have tried to, and there are some things I have done through it of which I am genuinely proud. I have been blessed materially, too, as you know, although I have never asked for wealth."

I gazed around the luxurious library and he noted my gaze.

"All this," he smiled.

"Yes," I added, "all this and Heaven too. But tell me: Do you remember that early case of yours where the woman was charged with theft and where a verdict of guilty was expected by everyone?"

"I do," he replied.

"Well, I am going to put in my story what you did that day when you left the court while the jury was deliberating."

"Please, please don't," he pleaded.

"Oh yes, indeed, I will," I replied firmly. "I remember you received \$10 for defending her and you added \$15 of your own money to it and gave it to a policeman with the request that he use it to the best advantage for the poor people on his beat, and all the time you were out you were saying the Rosary on the beads in your coat pocket for the acquittal of the prisoner, guilty or not guilty, for the sake of her children. Now please tell me this: When you left the Conference Hall just before you got that big trade treaty, what did you do?"

"I said the Rosary as I walked along the street."

"Yes, and what else?"

"I saw a policeman and I decided to ask him to do something for the poor on his beat. So I put my hand in my pocket and discovered I had just 36 cents with me."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I gave it to him to give the first beggar he saw."

"So the Rosary and 36 cents got us that fine trade treaty?"

"Maybe or maybe it wasn't the amount of money that mattered so much as the spirit of the thing."

"In that case the half loaf of bread cast upon the waters is just as effective from a spiritual standpoint as though a baker's wagon were unloaded?"

"It could well be; remember the widow's mite? You can't use the same scales in weighing spiritual values that you would use in weighing material values. Giving money to the needy is meritorious when it is done in the proper spirit, but so too is any kind word or act that does not involve money. The trouble with us is that our sense of spiritual values is often distorted. If Francis of Assisi had to rely on the money he could give away to become a saint, would he be a saint today? I'll let you supply the answer.

"Instead of doing that, my friend," I parried, "I would rather ask you another question. namely, why on several occasions to my knowledge did you select policemen through whom to give alms? Have you great confidence in their honesty?"

"I may have," he answered, "But that is not the reason. It was simply because they are public officials who would not look askance at the proposal to be trustees of a minor charitable donation. If you reason it out you will see that no matter how honest or dishonest the custodian of such a trust may be, he is merely an agent. God is the Principal, and He can direct the money into what channel he pleases and He will do so regardless of the donor. One must have faith in Him.

I shook my head. "Such a sound philosopher and such an erudite theologian," I remarked. "You seem to have hit on the finest system in the world by which to get things done."

"No," he said. "Your compliments are mis-applied. I simply had the finest mother in the world, and I am sure I received more than my share of the wisdom and grace of God."

RICHELIEU AND THE MODERN STATE

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE.

IT is difficult to write about any man whose success is shadowed by evil. How can we gauge a cardinal's career about whom a pope once said: "If there be a God, Richelieu will have much to answer for. If there be none, why, he lived a successful life."

All men fear the judgment of their God, but who would care to be responsible for the perpetuation in Europe of the most baneful of all heresies? Who desires to face his Judge with the credit of having broken the unity of Christendom and founded the Modern State. Such was Armand Du Plessis whom posterity knows better as Cardinal Richelieu. While no man is adequately qualified to sit in final judgment on his fellow man, yet for all we know it may be that it were better if this strange man of history had never been born.

However, and unfortunately he was born. The event took place in Paris on Sept. 9, 1585. He died on Dec. 4, 1642. In truth it can be said of Richelieu that he was a very remarkable man and as regards his private morals history claims no score against him. But the transcendent harm his career and policies caused seems to mark him as a sinister churchman and statesman. We shall see. Richelieu, of course, will not receive an unanimous verdict from critics of different minds. Men whose religion and political philosophy differ will probably disagree in their size-up of this red-robed genius of the 17th century.

The question will come early to any reader. How came it to pass that a Cardinal of the Catholic Church should stand at the helm of France and sway the Europe of his day? A little biography might lead to this answer.

Richelieu's ancestry did not make him a mere nobody. He could look back to an odd relative or so who was a somebody in Church or State. Atavistically he may have been blue-

printed if we take Belloc's testimony that "In blood, Richelieu came of a father loyal, passionate, ugly, brave, perhaps diseased, embarrassed in fortune: a man of the Poitevin gentry who had killed in boyhood the slayer of his own father, who had wandered in exile, who had shown devotion to the king . . . high in the service of the crown . . . the mother was from the higher middle classes, the lawyers. . . ."

Richelieu was scarcely out of his teens when he moved forward. He became a bishop about the same age that young men in America start voting or stop keeping their pledge against alcohol. There had been a convenient episcopal benefice in the Plessis family which an elder brother did not take over; and Armand saw power prestige in the appointment and was consecrated at the age of 21.

In justice to the man he put his diocesan house in excellent order and kept it so. While it was only a third string jurisdiction, yet, he made the best of it. This passing reference to him as a bishop will suffice for this writing as his monumental genius and amazing career lie in another field. He was a statesman.

When he was an infant in arms, his country suffered an event whose tragic frequency throughout Europe made it all but monotonous. A monarch was assassinated. This time it was Henry III, the last of the Valois House, and Henry IV (Navarre) was disposed of in the same way. When the latter died, the heir to the throne, the future Louis XIII, was but eight years old and Richelieu was coming up to twenty-five. The Cardinal would be thirty-nine before he had complete hold in the helm; for he came into such power in 1624, and he was born in 1585. His control lasted for eighteen years until his death and such consummate skill to control the affairs of a great nation history has hardly the equal to record. But how and why did he get control of his country?

There was more than one factor that sent Richelieu skyrocketing. In the first place there was himself. He was found early in life with a strong, inborn ambition. Philosophers would call this the intrinsic principle. When he first

came around Paris and its court, Marie de Medici was the Queen Mother and Regent of young Louis XIII. Richelieu early found favor in her eye and then the third factor which is quite paradoxical came into play. This time it was the young king himself. Why a man of his temperament and his dislike for Richelieu should have kept the latter around is at first sight somewhat of a mystery. But probably Louis' realization of his own limitations convinced him that the Scarlet Genius was the very man he needed for the exaltation and strength of the French Crown. Louis XIII was sufficiently wise and prudent to keep Richelieu inside instead of outside the French Court. If the King had followed the bent of his natural mood probably he would have pitched him out of his Kingdom. While the king and Richelieu had few traits of character or outlook in common, yet, in one or two things they were as one. They shared the desire to see the French Crown secure and strong, and they were both soldiers at heart. Richelieu's choice of the priesthood was a kind of second thought. Early in life he seemed set on a military career and he had studied at the Academy. But his ordination, consecration and accession to the red hat as a Cardinal were mighty convenient for a man of his ambition who sought unlimited power especially for his country, to him, the Crown.

His problem was this when he took over the wheelhouse, rather when he stood on the bridge of the ship of state and was skipper to Louis XIII. Was the French Crown to become all powerful, truly sovereign in the state with such a strong nobility as France had, and who for the greater part were of Calvinist hue? And to put them out of business politically would he grant them a tolerance in religious matters such as the Edict of Nantes guaranteed them. This famous decree settling the religious question of Protestantism in Catholic France had been drawn up when Richelieu was a school boy of 13 (1598). His domestic problem therefore was who or what must suffer in France that the Crown might be supreme; must religion be weakened or the nobility

crushed. To all purposes he desired the suppression of the nobles. To keep them quiet politically he must cater to them religiously. So he gave them a tolerance which weakened Catholicism in his native land. This was his sin at home. The Huguenots were a state within the state, and they showed their rebellious hand sufficiently to have forfeited their privileges.

Abroad he pursued a foreign policy that was most unworthy of any Catholic, much less a Prince of the Church. He was made a Cardinal in 1625. The power of the French Crown, he thought, was threatened abroad by the twin house of Hapsburg with its eastern potentate in Vienna and the western threat throned beyond the Pyrenees in Madrid. In order to strengthen the Gallic Crown in its foreign relations he played the Protestant Princes of Germany and Sweden against the Hapsburgs and thereby perpetuated Protestantism in Europe and broke the moral and cultural unity of ancient Europe.

We must think clearly on these matters and another that we shall presently mention in comparing England and France of the period. We must not be misunderstood and in jumping from the moral to the political unity of Europe and vice versa become cloudy or worse still upholders of a German Imperial system that perhaps would be criminal to uphold.

There was no such thing as a Holy Roman Empire. As observers often point out the so-called thing was not an Empire, was Germanic rather than Romanic and was anything but holy in its make-up and functions. When we speak of the unity of Christendom being broken we refer not so much to the smashing of the power of the Hapsburgs or the disappearance of the Holy Roman Empire. If Richelieu had anything to do with ending the Empire probably it was a good thing. But with that we are not concerned. What Richelieu did do that was so harmful is that he divided the culture or perpetuated the division in France. The same he did to the moral unity or culture of Europe. The culture we

speak of was based on its philosophy which means its Catholicism.

When we speak of breaking Christendom's unity and driving a wedge between Catholicism and Calvinism and other heresies, and keeping up this division, we are speaking from moral and cultural angles. Of course, the middle ages saw political unity which was a good thing. Each national entity carried on its affairs as best it could and the pope as a moral umpire, in his capacity as representative of the supernatural, was a kind of One Man League of Nations who presided over the peace of Europe. Often was he appealed to in the settlement of disputes and often he called to task regal oppressors who trespassed on others' rights. The case of Gregory VII, the famous Hildebrand, and Henry of Germany is a classic case. But in all we have said we are not cheering for any form of National government, much less advocating a return to the Holy Roman Empire, which finally disappeared around the time of Napoleon Bonaparte (1806).

It is interesting to compare the case of the Crown, the Nobility and the Faith in France with that of the same in England in a nearby period. When the Calvinist nobles rose up in France the guise was religious zeal, but the truth was their rights and power against the crown. When the nobility in Tudor England became zealous for the new learning, their hidden but true motive was the making of millionaires. They desired the loot of the monasteries and the foundations and endowments of the secular clergy. The Crown in England bought off the nobles by parcelling among them generous cuts in Church loot. This had a repercussion. It is one of the paradoxes of history. In return for the Crown's sharing of the spoils the gratitude of the nobility was shown by making the Crown a figurehead, by cutting off the actual head of Charles I in 1649, and making a puppet restoration in the person of his son, Charles II.

In France the nobles were not enriched that they might

in turn enslave the Crown. There must have been foresight by Richelieu in all that if not by someone else. For the Cardinal's bent from the first seems to have been the gradual annihilation of the power of the nobility, even though religion was to be sacrificed on the altar of national power and unity. France was able to keep the religion of the state officially Catholic even in the face of the Huguenots and their nobility. In England the nobles led by their spokesmen the two Cecils, William and Robert, and their successors, in time reduced the ancient religion to a minimum in the kingdom, and supplanted Protestantism as by law established. But in France, while the State nominally and officially remained Catholic, nevertheless the split made by Richelieu in the culture weakened Catholicism's hold on the people as a whole. It remained for the Indifferentism that produced the Encyclopedists and the horrors of the French Revolution to crown Richelieu's work with major harm to religion. We have yet to speak of the harm he has done by his creation of the modern state.

The comparison of England with France relative to the Faith may be a digression. Yet we believe it to be not only of interest to the student of the period, but of some value in viewing the rise of the modern state. Is the modern state an unmixed good? We think it is not.

Cardinal Richelieu, the red hat genius of the Bourbons, was the author of the modern state and therefore of modern nationalism which is often called exaggerated. In fact nationalism gone insane would not be a wrong name for it especially when, like modern totalitarian states, it is resolved into a mythical deity, better still a mythical nonentity. Modern nationalism has in many countries replaced Catholicism and anything that does so must in some way be a religion and therefore idolatry. Modern idolatry is found in Statolatry. The religion of nationalism has now been with us many centuries and the modern versions of it as found in Russia and Nazi Germany are only patterned after bygone forbears as found in England, France and elsewhere.

Richelieu gave the State its present form, its complete centralization and its power. Patiently awaiting for influence on the young king to cease, such as his mother's, Richelieu in time gained a complete control over Louis XIII. This was maintained for a period of eighteen years. How remarkable this is must be admitted when one considers that Louis was no man's fool and, as a matter of fact, never liked Richelieu. But he inevitably bowed to this shrewd and intriguing power behind the throne and to the famous Cardinal the king and the French people are indebted for the Gallic state becoming the most powerful sovereignty in Europe.

To estimate the feat of Richelieu in streamlining the modern state we must view his work in the setting of the day in which he took over. National economy and administration was far different than they are to-day or had been since the ancient times of the Caesars. In the affairs of the army, the policing of a nation, its taxation and so on, a different story was had, say in 1624 when Richelieu found himself master of France's destiny than to-day. There was no standing army in France or elsewhere the same as latterly came into vogue. There was no French navy such as in time the Cardinal created. He is the father of French naval power and the standing army. There had been a compulsory taxation system away back when Europe was part of the old pagan Roman Empire, but when the barbarians overturned the same empire and seated themselves on its ruins, that tax system became obsolete. To-day we are quite familiar with that ancient manner of raising funds for national needs, and thanks for such an institution are due one Armand du Plessis, the father of the Modern State. Prior to the Cardinal's day, national funds were raised by grants on what might be called occasional disbursements on the part of the citizenry. But that kind of levy that comes so regularly and frequently, and amidst vexatious grumbling, makes people pay willy-nilly, came from the red artisan who built our modern state.

A paper of limited length cannot give more details of

his political career. Nor have we space to say much more about the man himself. But we would say a word about his character before concluding.

It is difficult to properly appraise one about whom there was so much greatness and goodness, and yet whose career and policies made such harm for future generations. If any defence is proffered for him perhaps it is best to say he did not know what he really was doing—doing for posterity. Regarding his ability there is no question. He had a genius for organization and administration. He was a financial success, even personally, and he was no mean scholar. We have remarked already that morally he was sound as far as human knowledge is aware. Richelieu was stern and inflexible, ambitious, patient almost to heroism, but neither as a politician or a schemer would he ever stoop to blackmail. History holds that brief for him.

His faith was that of a Breton peasant's wife. Nobody in the kingdom more unhesitatingly or sanguinely gave assent to the fullness of the Catholic Creed as did Richelieu. For the observances of the Liturgy and certain pious practices he was most eager. His actions in these matters spoke as loudly as his words. His interest and care observed in the administration of his diocese shows marks of some greatness as a Churchman. But with all there must have been some deep seated, abnormal devotion to the religion of nationalism and absurd patriotism that unbalanced him and thwarted him on the path to true greatness. It can be said of him that he was a nearly great man. "The evil that men do lives after them," says our greatest poet, "the good is often interred with their bones."



THE PERFECT YOUTH

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S.T.D.

MORE than half of Our Divine Lord's life, twenty years, are covered by St. Luke's assertion: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men" (Luke 2, 52). A mere dozen words for such a long period and for such comprehensive subjects as grace and wisdom constitute a text that is naturally cryptic and profound. It should be examined in the light of the whole gospel, especially of what had just previously been written by the Third Evangelist, verses 40 to 51, to which it is joined by the conjunction "and."

Verse 40 speaks of the Christ Child of 40 days old. It is similar to our verse 52 in that it refers to Our Lord's bodily growth, wisdom and grace; yet it is somewhat more definite. In regard to wisdom the original Greek has a present participle that can mean neither that the Child Jesus was kept full of wisdom or that He was keeping Himself full of wisdom. Even with the rendering, "filling Himself with wisdom," since the verb employed means to fill completely so that nothing is lacking, it has to be interpreted that the Child Jesus did become full of wisdom. As to grace it is said absolutely and definitely that the grace of God was in the Divine Child.

The episode of the Passover pilgrimage of the twelfth year illustrates this wisdom and grace in the Christ Boy. There were prayers and canticles and pious exercises and ritualistic ceremonies of these thirteen days of festive celebration; there were highest ideals and holiest purposes exemplified in the gospel prelude to the doctors at the expense of sorrow and worry to these nearest and dearest and in the profession of Divine Sonship and expression of irrevocable dedication to the Father's Will. Here in the temple scene the majestic figure of the twelve-year-old Saviour stands out a towering silhouette against the background of the bewildering

ment of the most learned scribes of the law, more than that against the background of the non-understanding of those who should know Him best, His parents, indicating the pos-



session of wisdom and grace beyond human measurements and standards.

It was a Christ Boy full of wisdom and grace Who returned with His parents to Nazareth and it was of such a One that the Evangelist wrote: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." The literal meaning of the Greek word for "advanced" is "to cut for-

ward," and the imperfect tense of the verb is employed to express continuous action. In the light of what has already been written by St. Luke his statement that the youthful Saviour was continuing to cut his way forward in wisdom and age and grace must mean that as He continued along the course of age all His actions were redolent of wisdom and grace, that is He continued to grow up a most wise and gracious Youth.

We look in vain in the Lucan text for the word, "increased." It could not be found there since the Evangelist had previously said that the Christ Child was full of wisdom and grace and had just described the temple incident that illustrated this plenteous overflowing wisdom and grace. Nor can the implication of a more and more outward manifestation of wisdom and grace be read into our difficult passage for the simple, plain fact is that the less display of wisdom and grace followed; indeed the gospel episode of the Pass-over visit was the only recorded outburst of self-revelation by Christ during all the long years of the hidden life at Nazareth. Extraordinary manifestations of His plenitude of wisdom and grace were not vouchsafed after His return from His twelfth year Paschal celebration. This fact excluded any interpretation of "more and more" from the Lucan word "advanced," for "more and more" would imply that each year Jesus was appearing more and more extraordinary.

Besides, Catholic theology teaches that Our Divine Lord's soul as befitting a soul united to Divinity, had the full perfection of its own life from the first moment of its existence, and not depending on bodily development for the exercise of its faculties, it possessed from the very beginning the fulness of known truth. Our Church allows that because if Christ used His human senses and intellectual faculties, He learned not new things but things in a new way, and therefore in that experimental knowledge there could be an increase. But much more than this mere experiencing which continued throughout the whole of the Saviour's Life is expressed in the broad comprehensive terms of Luke 2, 52. The statement there that Jesus continued to cut His way along

in wisdom and age and grace signifies that as He proceeded along in years, His actions were characterized by and ornamented with wisdom and grace, or in other words, He grew up a holy Youth according to the highest standards of perfection.

One of the virtues of the hidden life at Nazareth to which the Christ Boy returned received a special mention in the Gospel, His ready and continuous obedience to His earthly parents, Lk. 2, 51. This may have been singled out for particular notice, because humility and voluntary subjection constituted a dominant characteristic of the God Man according to St. Paul, Philip 2, 7, and according to Our Lord's own words: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," Matt. 20, 28. From the first moment when He said: "Behold I come" (Heb. 10) until He could say it is consummated, He rendered supreme obedience to the Father. What is more prudent or more perfect than obedience to parents who stand in God's place for us? The young Nazarene joyfully carrying out the behests of Mary and Joseph is an exalted example of supreme wisdom that highly merited before God and men. Then the virtues that were emphasized by the Saviour of the Public Ministry, we would expect, were practised by Himself during the Hidden Years; for "having been made perfect" (Heb. 5, S.), He set a personal example of what was most perfect as well as preaching it. Above all the fundamental Christian virtues that were later enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, were followed in the ordinary, everyday life at Nazareth. Poverty of spirit, purity of heart, meekness of disposition, peace spread on all sides, willingness to endure for justice sake and readiness to forgive injuries, — all these were there in the blessed home of Nazareth, all radiating from the adolescent Jesus. Everything He did was for the honor and glory of the Father and was attended by blessings and prayers. He subordinated earthly considerations, ordinary pleasures, business, yes even those nearest and dearest to Him, to the interests of His Eternal Father. Prayer, public and private, pilgrimages and preaching in the synagogue were a prominent part of the

life of the Young Carpenter of Nazareth. In a word, He led a most perfect life, as we would expect from One who afterwards exhorted His followers to aim at the perfection of their Heavenly Father. (Matt. 5, 48).

This virtuous manner of living was surely wisdom, for this word has a very broad sense and above all a spiritual, good significance. Now we know from St. James what heavenly wisdom is, namely it is "first of chaste, then peaceable, moderate, docile, in harmony with all things, full of mercy and good fruits without judging, without dissimulation." Jas. 3, 17. Wisdom therefore is not only the perception of religious truths, it is mainly peaceful, prudent living, it is walking in God's presence in holiness and righteousness, it is leading a perfect spiritual life. As to grace, it is the good will of God, it is His presence in the soul, it is God Himself there. Because the soul of Christ ever enjoyed the Beatific Vision and possessed the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and because of its closeness with the Deity in the Hypostatic Union, it had the fulness of grace in its highest possible excellence and in its greatest possible extension; so that the Lamb who was slain was worthy to receive "honor and glory and blessing," Apos. 5, 12. The ineffable fact that Jesus was God as well as Man, elevated to the highest everything that He did, even the least and most obscure of the actions of the Hidden life. It is to be noted that it was at the end of the private life, just before the beginning of the public works that the Heavenly Father proclaimed His great approval of and pleasure in His beloved Son, Lk. 3, 22. Jesus had been proceeding in the force of God during all the years at Nazareth, and what was seemingly drab and insignificant as the Nazarine plied the tools at the carpenter's bench was highly meritorious before the Father. Everything He did was important and of great value.

Besides Jesus' hidden life procured for Him the favor of men. This last expression means that while Jesus was growing up and during all the years that He lived as a private citizen in His own community at Nazareth, He held respect and love of all; for He was animated with the principle

that recognized the Person of God in the person of the neighbour as well as the Will of God in the will of the "Parents." Thus in His courteous and gracious manner with all He was kindness itself, and in His everyday life He exemplifies the most perfect charity. To those who requested any help He freely rendered double service; He gladly lent to those who wished to borrow; and even He did not insist on the return of whatever may have been stolen from Him. As for those who maliciously injured Him, He had nothing but blessings and prayers which He poured out that they would be forgiven. Especially, strangers, pagans and public sinners were the recipients of extraordinary acts of His kindness and affection. Neither epithets of scorn nor angry words nor any kind of violent language ever fell from the lips of the Young Carpenter of Nazareth; rather His speech was simply yes or no. For the faults of others He was always making allowances, never passing judgment on them. Yet there was no vulgar display for His kind deeds like His prayers and fastings were performed not for mere popularity but mostly in secret. Thus His modesty of demeanor along with His graciousness of manner won for the youthful Saviour a host of friends. His townspeople recognized His perfect life and thus instinctively at the weekly synagogue services they called on Him not only to read a portion of the Sacred Scriptures, but also to give the appropriate sermon suggested by the sacred text. This mark of respect showed that He stood in the highest repute in His community. During His hidden years He enjoyed the approval of all honest men: "He was proceeding in favour with man";—the Lucan text.

In the obscure home of the obscure town of Nazareth, the God-Man during His growing years walked the most perfect way of righteousness. Although seemingly "one of the many" He was singular and unique in His life of perfection and merit. He ennobled ordinary, everyday living by His exalted example. A perfect Youth and a perfect Young Man lived day in and day out according to the highest and most sublime principles of perfection, everything He did being redolent of wisdom and grace.

DARKENED WINDOWS

By KATHLEEN HOULAHAN.

SOMETHING in the strangely quiet, listening attitude of the man as he stood in the wide, low entrance to the bookshop, caused me to pause in my leisurely survey of the windows where rare old volumes rested their worn, scuffed bindings against garishly new editions of best sellers. As if sensing my scrutiny of him, the man, with an alert movement of his head, half turned towards me.

"Good morning," I stammered, not a little abashed at his sharpness in detecting my covert interest in him. It promises to be an ideal spring day; doesn't it?"

"Ah, good-morning," he made answer, in a deep, full timbered voice, with more than a trace of alien accent. "Yes, it is a lovely day, a soft, warm April day."

The last words were spoken more to himself than to me, as he faced back to the street, resuming his former attitude of still attentiveness. Slightly piqued at the abruptness of my dismissal, I studied him frankly then. He was a tall man of lean athletic build. In profile his face showed strong aquiline features, stamped with the unmistakable marks of breeding and intelligence. He was hatless. His straight black hair, plentifully streaked with white, swept up and back from a high, broad forehead. As I stood there, it was borne in upon me that this man, whom I had never seen here before, was no stranger idling away an hour or two. He belonged here. Curiosity gave me courage, and I decided to brave a further rebuff. Just as I was about to speak he again took me by surprise, this time speaking without turning in my direction.

"You are still here, Stranger. Are you in the habit of frequenting my little bookshop?"

Eagerly I took a step forward. "It has been a favourite haunt of mine for many months," I told him. "I find it a

delightful spot; a veritable booklover's paradise. But as often as I have browsed about inside, I have never seen you here before."

There was another embarrassing little pause. Two blocks away, on the fringe of this once fine neighborhood, one of the city's main arteries of trade, the roar of mid-morning traffic swelled in volume.

The man spoke again, slightly raising his voice.

"It is two years ago to-day, Stranger, since I was here, two years ago since last I stood, a young man, vigorous and strong, here in this doorway. To-day, as you may sense, I am an old man, an old, old man in spirit at forty years of age. Two years only, yet it seems an eternity since the hour that cruel fate drew blinding, searing fingers across my life."

Blinding! Blind! The man was blind. So that was the explanation. That was the intangible something that surrounded him, and set him apart from the ordinary mortal.

At my involuntary exclamation of surprise and pity, the man made an eloquent gesture with his hands. The quiet detached manner of his speaking underwent a suitable change. A warmth of feeling crept into his tones.

"Come closer to me, Stranger," he said, "Your voice holds the promise of friendship. You have eyes with which to see. Tell me; is this early spring sunshine that so softly caresses my sightless eyes, busily engaged in melting the grimy, greasy snow that still may be tucked away in the corners of that old garden across the street?"

"Is the small south wind that touches me so lightly catching up dirty pieces of paper strewn about the lawn, carrying them for a short distance, then laying them gently down again, as if its strength were not yet equal to the task of carrying them further?"

"Ah, yes, I knew it must be so. And the house, Stranger, the house that stands within that garden? What of it? Is it bright and clean and orderly? Has it an air of dignity and old fashioned elegance?"

"I thought not. It is uninhabited, you say, neglected and

deserted, seeming to have shrunk within itself in utter distaste from contact with its down-at-heel neighbors; its windows darkened and staring like the eyes of a blind man."

"Why," I asked, in the pause freighted with sadness that followed, "Why do you seek to confirm through my eyes the things that seem to be engraved upon your memory?"

"It is because that house across the way was once her home, Stranger, the home of the girl I loved better than life itself. It had been the home of her family for many, many years. She lived there when first I came to the neighborhood to establish my bookshop."

"What was she like, the girl that you loved so dearly?" I hazarded the question, scanning quite frankly now his mobile handsome features.

"Why, Madeleine was beautiful," he replied slowly, softly, "beautiful as this great country of my adoption is beautiful. She was young and lithe and active, wholesome and sweet as a clean, fresh breeze, with lovely grey eyes that looked directly into yours, and a clear, fine skin, glowingly healthy. And because of these things, because she was wholesome and vibrant and sweet, she winged her way swiftly and surely into the innermost depths of my worldly wise heart."

"And did she return your love?" I asked.

The poignantly wistful look that shadowed his face lifted for an instant, and the whole aspect of the man underwent an amazing change. It was as if a strong, hidden current of feeling within him had been released, breaking through the mask of stoic suffering and endurance that marked his features. It seemed to glow for a fleeting moment in the scarred, whitened eyeballs beneath the drooping lids before travelling downwards to touch the lips with a smile of rare beauty.

"Ah, miracle of miracles," he cried, "that is what happened." The smile faded, like a filmy cloud the mask again descended. "But there were many obstacles in the way, Stranger," he went on, "Differences of age, race and environment. My dear one had lived a sheltered life, carefree and happy. In my native land I had been born one of the fortunate ones. My

childhood and early youth had been spent in ease and luxury. All mediums of culture had been at my disposal. Ten years ago revolutionary violence stripped my ancient family of all earthly possessions, and I came an exile, friendless and almost penniless, to this great and hospitable land."

"What happy thought prompted you to establish this bookshop?" I asked.

"Books have always been my hobby," he replied, enthusiasm kindling his voice. "My happiest hours had been spent searching out rare old volumes in the musty bookstalls of Old World cities. Many of them were among the few treasures I was able to save."

"And your Madeleine; did she share your love of books?"

"Ah, yes, she was well versed in booklore," he answered. "It was upon this mutual liking that we built the friendship that so rapidly ripened into a deep and satisfying love. And because of the splendor that was wrought of this love the obstacles in our way were as nothing. There was but one thing that cast a shadow over Madeleine's happiness. It was Marie."

"Who was Marie?" I broke in, intently watching the emotional play of his sensitive features. At my question bitterness hardened the lines about his finely chiselled lips. It was some moments before he replied.

"Marie," he said at length, "like myself, was an exile from our strife torn country. Friendless and alone, she had come to me, and I had made a place for her, here in my thriving little shop. She was small and dark-skinned, with jet black hair, and black, unfathomable eyes, eyes behind which worked a clever secretive mind. Aye, dark and devious were the ways of that mind."

"Peter," said Madeleine to me, that fateful spring evening just two years ago, as she sat watching me hastily taking advantage of the fading daylight to put the finishing touches to an old book that I had been repairing. "Peter, where is Marie?"

"She went home an hour or so ago," I replied, a little

startled at the abruptness of the question, for I, too, had been thinking of my young assistant. For days past she had been sunk in the blackest of moods, sullen and discourteous, darkening the very atmosphere in which she moved.

"Are you sure, Peter?" Madeleine's voice carried an anxious quality. "I seem to feel her presence still here, as if she were watching us in that secret malevolent way of hers. She hates me, Peter, because of you."

"What nonsense," I laughingly answered, in an attempt to quiet her fears, and allay my own misgivings. "With Marie it is merely a moodiness bred of loneliness. She is lost here, away from her home and her people. Her mind is heavy with sad memories."

Madeleine was silent for a space, her gaze following my movements as I left her to replace the container of acid with which I had been working, on the table in the dim, small workroom adjoining. It took but a moment or two, but in the gathering dusk, as I returned to her side, I was greatly disturbed by a subtle change that had come over her. She had become in that brief space of time the embodiment of some unnamed fear. Fear had blanched her face to a deadly pallor, had tensed her muscles, and dilated her eyes. When she spoke her voice came with difficulty, strained, urgent.

"Let us hurry away from here at once, Peter," she cried. "There is some evil thing in this place to-night. Can you not feel its presence? It is all about us, waiting and ready to enfold us."

"Madeleine!" I called her name sharply, "Madeleine! What is wrong? There is nothing here. See, I will turn on the lights. I reached for the switch.

"No, no, do not turn on the lights," her voice had dropped to a whisper. "Quick, come with me, now, now."

But my hand had found the switch. Light flooded the room.

"You see," I hastened to reassure her. "There is nothing to fear, nothing that will harm us. Possibly you are tired and over-wrought. You must not—"

But Madeleine was not listening. She had risen and was standing, transfixed, eyes wide and horror stricken, her gaze fixed on some object beyond me. An ominous dread then fell upon me, as her voice from a whisper rose crescendo like on a note of terror.

"Peter, Peter," she screamed. "Look behind you. She is there, Marie. It is Marie."

"I turned, and I sprang, Mother of God, just in time." He ceased speaking. An uncontrollable shudder shook his body.

"In time for what?" I finally prompted.

"In time to save my loved one from the agonizing fate that befell me that night at the hands of my countrywoman. Madeleine's presentiment had been right. Marie had not gone home. She had remained, concealed, driven by the demon of jealousy to spy upon us, to make havoc and despair of our lives."

"And I had unwittingly supplied the means, Stranger. She had watched me place the bottle of acid on the table. On a deadly impulse she had caught it up, and had noiselessly followed me through the open doorway. Her face in that terrible fleeting instant, as I turned and sprang, had been contorted with maniacal rage and jealousy. Her face and her upraised arm were the last images to imprint themselves forever on my memory before the contents of the bottle struck me full in the eyes, and darkness befell them for all the years to come."

So engrossed had I been in the unfolding of my companion's dramatic story that I only now became aware that the sun had hidden her warmth behind heavy April rain clouds. There was a chilled edge to the hitherto gentle breeze. Hurrying feet of passersby beat quick tattoos on the pavement.

I moved closer to my companion, touching him gently on the arm.

"What became of your Madeleine?" I put the question softly.

He turned slowly, and his sightless face was close to mine. A startling change had again swept over it. Sorrow, like a master painter, had with deft sure strokes of her invisible brush marked him for her own, had starkly lined his face with aging lines. He was in very truth an old man.

"What became of Madeleine, you ask," he said at length. "It was months before she recovered from the shock of that awful night. They took her away and closed their home. As for me, she believes me dead."

He made a groping, fumbling gesture towards me.

"Give me your arm, Stranger," he shivered slightly. "The sun has lost its warmth; the wind has a bitter, biting chill. Let us go within."

A PENTECOST MAGNIFICAT.

Wind and water and fire delight
The heart of men both day and night;
Wind on the heath and fire hearthed
And water the lips that are athirst.

Wind afire, Flame descending,
God of Love, our souls befriending,
Blow over our moors, their fogs disperse,
Beacon our night, its gloom dispel,
And Fount of Living Waters pour
Into our souls—for evermore!

FUTURE RUSSIA

By ANTHONY J. SULLIVAN,
St. Augustine's Seminary.

THE red flame of Russia's materialistic conflagration is slowly dying. Communistic inflammables are wanting but few can be had. Its death knell has been sounded and its doom is inevitable. But shall this pernicious evil die only to leave its roots and thus spring up again? Shall the sickle fall from the hammer only to be forged anew, amid a more cunning brand of propaganda?

RUSSIA CAN BE SAVED.

It is necessary to bear in mind that Russia is not synonymous with Communism, as some conceive it to be. Likewise not every Russian is a communist just because he lives in Russia. But Russia was, while Communism is a deadly fungus deriving its nourishment from the Russian mass.

The present Pontiff has expressed firm hopes of saving Russia. Likewise Pope Pius XI condemned the scourge but in regard to the mass we read, "For them we cherish the warmest paternal affection." (1)

Russia can be saved when its religion is reformed, for Communism is a religion with an economic determinism as its Gospel and a terrestrial paradise as its beatitude. It is a religion with a self-evolving dialectical materialism as a starting point. Where it came from and how it is moved are questions that never shadowed Marx's intellect. This matter is auto-dynamic, which consequently outrules a First Cause as Creator, and a First Intellect to account for finality. Everything has a set course to follow as if it were a set machine. Man is nothing more than a conscious agent ruled by a determinism inherent in his composition. His will and intellect are of the same stuff and likewise governed. One writer

(1) *Divini Redemptoris* by Pius XI.

states it as follows: "It took away from man all that was most precious to his inner life and his spiritual liberty." (2)

WHY COMMUNISM IS SO PERNICIOUS.

The real evil of this system rests in its atheistic character. If it were only an economic playground it would not be so bad. But for a communist God does not exist and he even tries to blot out that name in the world. He denies his relation to a primary cause and conceives himself as a superior being entirely devoid of supernatural belief. He divorces himself from God, but man can only live by being united to God in Christ's Mystical Body. As J. Maritain puts it: "It is a question of changing man so as to oust the transcendent God of Whom man is an image, and creating a human being who will be himself the God lacking no supratemporal attribute." (3)

WHY RUSSIA?

It is interesting to note that although Communism was to make progress in a collectivised and industrialised country, still Russia, which was just the opposite, became its centre. Consequently it can be concluded that Marxian philosophy was not the cause of this country turning red; it was only an occasion while the orthodox schism can be singled out as the real cause. According to Marxian philosophy England would have been the ideal place but there it back-fired, for it did not agree with the innate common sense of the people. Russia, however, cloaked under a schism for fifteen hundred years, lacked the stability of union and so was overthrown by a new reaction. When Russia broke away from Rome, it was no longer a part of the whole, but became like a loose spoke disjoined from the hub.

THE HAND OF GOD.

God often uses such reactions to suppress existing evils, as the following comparison will show.

(2) Father M. J. D'Arcy, S.J.

(3) True Humanism by Maritain.

Both France and Russia experienced revolutions, and in both the hand of Providence can be seen drawing the flock closer to the pasture from which it had wandered.

In Russia the Orthodox church was not Christian, but a mere sham. The Czar and the Church lived in a state of morganatic marriage. Under his despotic reign terrorism was supreme, as popular demonstrations were suppressed in blood. In a word it can be said that it was out and out drastic, for it opposed Rome and her teaching, little realizing that truth is one, and once abandoned, cannot be replaced by another.

In France we paint a like picture, for prior to the French Revolution Gallicanism was in vogue. This tended towards weakening the bond between the French clergy and the Holy See. The decrees of Rome in matters of faith and morals had little effect; for Louis' "*L'état c'est moi*" in both religious and temporal affairs was the climax. The French code was as follows:

1. King and Prince are in temporal matters subject to no spiritual power.
2. The power of the Pope is limited as far as France is concerned.
3. In matters of faith and morals the Pope is not infallible.

In comparing the above we see that a revolution only served as a reaction wiping out what was weak and corrupt; although it did so in a bloody, irreligious and drastic manner. In France as head after head rolled in the blood-soaked sawdust; as king, noble and peasant gave the knitters opportunity to click their needles in tune to a clattering guillotine, evil roots were being cut, for out of such cruel and barbarous actions there arose a better state in comparison to the one extinguished. But in Russia, although the same cruelties were perpetrated with liquidation replacing the guillotine, Godless Communism with powerful and far-flung propaganda issued. This served as the torch to ignite the subconscious yearnings of a backward and ignorant people. Its pretext was to offer destitution a panacea, but in reality it took from

man his inner life and stuffed the cadaver with a dynamic materialism.

HOW HAS COMMUNISM SURVIVED?

By making concessions, Communism has survived thus far. The mass has at different occasions forced the rulers to concede certain demands. Naturally, on all such occasions it was stated that the government did so, not because the people demanded such, but because they had the people's interest at heart. Communism has been forced to concede so much that to-day Communism as Marx or Lenin conceived it does not exist. Private property is allowed, but private possession of productive wealth is denied. This latter is state ownership, thus the country is cloaked under state capitalism. The mass is still deprived of its rights while a pyramid of bureaucratic puppets at the manipulation of Stalinian strings has taken command. Another concession of recent date is the opening of churches. This also has come about at the demand of the people, and again the rulers have stated that they saw fit to do so for the good of the people, and not because they were forced to concede. This is a very important fact, for it shows that religion was not wiped out as Communism intended.

Changes like the above show that there has been a progressive modification of original Communism. So we conclude that if such has come about, then in the future a new Russia shall bloom, and Christianity will come forth from its catacombs.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

To-day Communistic Russia is once more caught in a whirlwind of events. And if Russia is to survive, Communism must make more concessions by casting off its foreignness to humanity. It will be a matter of casting the hammer and sickle into gun shells for the good of Russia, thereby blasting Communism out of existence as the shells explode. Another blow to Communism comes from England and the United States. These two countries are in this present crisis supplying Russia with all possible aid. This aid, though material in

character, still will serve as a moral influence upon the Russian mass. Their eyes will be opened to what is going on. They will realize that these countries are not as bad as they were told. They will be the scapegoats no longer and subterfuge will not convince them, for they will realize that the real workers' paradise is not what they have been forced to undergo. They will visualize a commonwealth, where man has rights and enjoys them; where there is a natural system and not a twisted, artificial and incongruous proletariat.

To conceive the extent of this influence is difficult, but it can be said with certainty that its effect though relative to the individuals, will be felt by the mass. Most probably this influence will bring about an upheaval drastic or otherwise. When this does come, and no doubt it will, what is going to happen? Will the after effect be worse than the present evil? It can be worse if the proper remedy is not supplied. But the proper remedy shall be applied, for those to whom Christ said, "Go teach ye all nations." (4) are ever on the alert. Sacrifices they are ready to undergo lest the harvest be lost; thus the start of the coming reform programme.

REFORM NECESSARY.

There is no need to mention that a reform is absolutely necessary, for the atmosphere in which we live brings it home to us. The forms of red propaganda that have stained the printed page are reeking with rejection of God and authority. They have as their main purpose the propagation of general hatred and open immorality. In short it can be said that their programme allows anything as long as it furthers the cause. Dictator replaces God; force supercedes reason; evil becomes synonymous with good; all for the supposed good of the state, but in reality a detriment to both state and humanity.

Now more than ever when man has been forced to realize that there is a God to Whom all must bend the knee; now, when the whole world is impregnated with the seed of Christianity; now is the time to stress the fact that the Catholic

(4) Matt. xxxiii, 19.

Church is the only refuge of salvation. Its portals are open to decrepit humanity and no one is refused. However true this last statement is, still the fact remains as to how can the Russian mass be helped? How can they be brought back under the shadow of the Cross? How can a gang plank be constructed from Rome to Russia to help them across?

To answer those questions, several elements must be considered. First, Socialism of an absolute type with the rejection of God and of justice; secondly the people themselves, who are for the most part uncultured if not uncivilized. Being such, they are in no position to help themselves, nor are they in a position to accept a system radically opposed to their own. That is, they are not ready or even capable to accept a sudden transition from Communism to Social Justice. But what they will accept is a mild form of Socialism based on Christian principles.

THE REMEDY.

Now that the Russian mass is rising from its lethargic attitude of the past, the government is in no position to stop them. This will go on as long as the country's life is at stake, but before the final battle, the people will be on the winning side. The reason for this rests with the fact that the government is offering little resistance to the demands of the people as long as the people bear the burden of the war. But this policy can only lead to one end, namely, the overthrow of Communism, for, by so acting, Communism is betraying itself.

When the mass has attained the upper hand, the break will naturally follow. And this will be the time to apply the remedy, for the people of themselves cannot do so.

The remedy must be of such a nature as to agree with those people. And it must be under the direction of capable personages.

First, the Russian individual must be made to realize that he is a human being with certain rights that no one can take

from him. Secondly, he must be shown that man precedes the state and not vice versa. Show him that the state exists to protect, promote and foster his welfare. Conversely to this he must be made to understand that fundamentally the individual is the foundation of the state, so if he is well disposed, then the whole will be likewise. It is a question of making him realize his importance as an individual cell of an organic whole.

This will not be an easy task but it shall be accomplished because the hand behind the movement is most powerful. It is a Catholic movement with justice as its keynote. This will not be something new to the Russian people, for Russia was once Catholic, and although its growth was frustrated, still it was not obliterated. Another important factor will be a labour platform which will give rise to protected labour, organized labour and insured labour. This in turn will give rise to a system of diffused ownership. By so doing the people will not live from hand to mouth as they are now doing; not knowing where to put the hand, and much less how to feed the mouth. This labour issue is paramount with the Russians for that is all they know, but that should not be a hindrance to their status in society.

The Catholic Church teaches that man is a rational creature endowed with intellect and will, thereby distinguishing him from the brute. Man's purpose in this life is more sublime and exalted than simply being a tool for others. Man's cultural and spiritual interests tend towards his beatitude, thus recognizing a relationship between God and man. Man has obligations to fulfill, so he must have the means. In common parlance, man must have the tools to do the job in a God-like manner and for a God-given purpose.

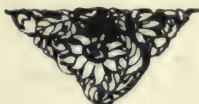
Along these lines will the reform programme of Russia be built. It will retain the background of the people, but will be sprinkled with social principles and guided by justice. Once this act is dramatized on the Russian stage, Russia will start to rise from its mire of corruption to face a new future. The mass will learn to live for one another, thereby giving

united strength against unjust aggressors of present-day Russia.

This is only the fringe of a social reconstruction programme, which when put into practice will establish a Christian philosophy, not because it is a philosophy but because it is true. It will also lead to the establishment of a Christian proletariat in the union of the loose spoke to the hub. Once the spoke is in place, reborn Christianity will tend to weld a rim of charity around it, thus saving Russia for God.

SUMMARY.

Russia was once Christian but a schism led the flock away from the Shepherd. Irreligious bolshevism arose and wiped out the dilettante schismatical nominal Christians. In doing so it intoxicated the Russian minds with an atheistic and materialistic placebo. Incessant doses were administered, but to-day the drug has lost its effect. The human socialistic guinea pigs are refusing to undergo further experiments; thus a general decline of Communism as the mass has realized its false position. This coupled with the influence supplied by men from England and the United States will form the spearhead to overthrow remaining Communism. At this point a remedy shall be on hand, for Christ's standard-bearers are over on the alert; thereby marking the Advent of Russia's Spiritual Regeneration. This movement with justice and charity as its keynotes will lead the flock once more under the shadow of the Cross, where they will enjoy the Future Russia.



ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

By REV. MYLES V. RONAN, M.R.I.A., F.R.Hist.S.

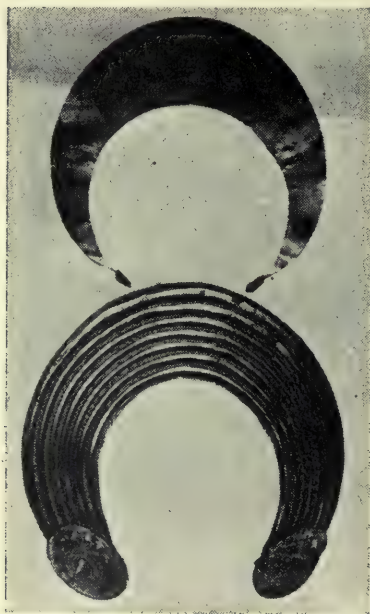
XI

GOLD ORNAMENTS.

SO far, in this series of articles, we have confined ourselves to the treasures of the religious type; in this concluding article we shall consider objects of the secular type.

A greater number and variety of antique articles of gold have been found in Ireland than in any other country in North-Western Europe. They are connected for the most part with the personal decoration; for the neck, lunulae, gorgets, small torques, necklaces; for the breast, circular plates, fibulae, brooches; for the limbs, bracelets, finger-rings, etc.; for chest and waist, large torques! besides many other articles of a miscellaneous character, such as trinkets, medals, boxes, etc.

The Royal Irish Academy Collection of these articles runs into several hundreds. These, however, are but a small portion of the gold antiquities found in Ireland, the great bulk having been sold to jewellers and melted down in the crucible regardless of their historical value. Gold



**GOLD NECKWEAR OF THE
BRONZE AGE.**

*Above: "Lunula" from Dunfert,
Co. Kildare (four found
together).*

*Below: "Gorget" from Ardcroney,
near Nenagh, Co. Tipperary.*

articles have been found, for the most part, in bogs where they were dropped in flight during attacks on the inhabitants of certain districts. On the other hand, weapons and implements of stone, bronze, and iron, have been discovered rather on ancient battle-fields, or in beds of rivers. So far as the records of such discoveries are available, it would appear that the south-western portion of Ireland has yielded a greater amount of gold than the north-western.

The modern Co. Wicklow provided the chief gold-field, and well did foreign invaders know where to seek for it during what is called the late Bronze Age in Ireland. That is the period to which the principal articles of gold of our secular collection belong. From examination it appears that the native gold is either up to or above standard, though the gold of the antique manufactured article is below the present standard of Great Britain.

In the Annals of Ireland we have more references to gold than in the records of any other country in North-Western Europe. Gold, as much as 300 ounces, was paid in ransom, tribute, barter, and charity. Poets and historians received rewards of gold rings and armlets.

The most remarkable and distinctively Irish, as well as the most valuable specimens, intrinsically and artistically, which have been found, are not mentioned in our Annals. Chiefly, they are the lunulae and gorgets. The lunulae are the most frequently discovered gold ornament—thin crescent or moon-shaped plate, with the extremities formed into small, flat circular discs. The ornamentation is usually very elaborate and minute, and apparently effected by a series of fine chisel-edge punches. Many of the discs are elaborately wrought. Unfortunately, the illustration (No. 1) by no means represents the most artistic example we have of those glorious examples of gold work of the pagan Irish.

The pagan Art was, however, not lost during the Christian period. This Celtic Art, called on the Continent the *La Tene* ornament, continued in manuscript, metal, and stone through the genius of the Christian craftsman. But it was continued

also in secular ornaments, the most beautiful specimen of which is the Tara Brooch that, happily, we still preserve.

The divided ring-brooch (a form of buckle) was in use in Rome, Spain, Austria-Hungary, and northern Europe at least as early as the first century. It was developed to a great



THE TARA BROOCH (*Front*)

Reduced about Two-Thirds.

size by the Celts of Great Britain and Ireland and became their most characteristic ornament. A small bronze example of the early Celtic type, still preserved, dates possibly from the Roman occupation of Britain (B.C. 55 - A.D. 411).

In the development of the Celtic brooch, always of bronze, the ends of the ring became expanded into flat plates richly ornamented with spiral and other designs, and prepared for the use of enamel. The National Museum, Dublin, possesses many of these early brooches, some of which indeed may go back to the period preceding the arrival of St. Patrick, A.D. 432.

The absence of interlaced ornament on those brooches is proof of their great antiquity, as this style of ornament did not become popular in Ireland until the end of the 7th century. So popular did it become that it was wrongly regarded as of Irish origin; it came from the East.

Towards the end of the 7th century, not only did the interlacing ornament become popular in Ireland but the divided brooch-ring began to be closed by metal straps, and the ends of the so-called ring became ornamental plates.

The pin could thus be no longer passed from front to back through a division in the ring, but some device was adopted to secure the brooch to the garment.

The circular section of the old form was also abandoned, and the ring became flat; the ends of the ring became triangular plates, and the head of the pin became also triangular.

The brooch became much larger and more ornate, being enriched with settings of enamel and amber and insertions of gold filigree work. The size of the ring often runs to 5 or 6 inches. in diameter, with pins from 7 to 9 inches long. This brooch is of gilt bronze, silvered on the back. The silvery process or coating with a silver-like metal became common in the 9th century, that is, in the early Norse occupation of Ireland.

The manner in which the brooch was worn is shown on sculptured figures of some of the High Crosses, especially those of Clonmacnois, Monasterboice, and Kells (10th century).

In the closed ring the original division is marked by the segments of the ornament as in the Tara Brooch. This famous brooch was found in 1850 on the strand at Bettystown, near Drogheda, Co. Meath. It has no connection with Tara, but got the name 'Royal Tara Brooch' from an enthusiastic jeweller to whom it was sold.

The body of the brooch is of bronze, and is decorated with gold filigree work, enamels, and settings of amber and glass. The ornament includes spirals, interlaced work, human heads, and animal forms. On the front the ornament is mostly of interlaced work; the trumpet-pattern, however, is found at the base of the pin-head and round the outer margin of the brooch.

The back of the brooch is freer in style than the front and has many examples of scroll and trumpet pattern. The two principal panels are formed of a hard, white bronze, and are inlaid with fine spirals apparently of a copper alloy. The fineness of the work shown in this brooch is almost beyond belief.

On the front attention may be drawn to the settings of amber, and blue and purple glass, and to the oblong amber insertions that frame the principal panels on the body of the brooch and the pin-head. Fine cloisonne enamels of dark blue and red are seen on the back. Two small, finely formed heads of purple glass, which are set in the chain attachment, should not be overlooked.



THE TARA BROOCH (Back)

From a drawing by Miss E. Barnes.

The inlay of scrolls on the back is equal to penmanship, and pattern and work of this brooch are equal in their own class to the work of the best MSS. The extraordinary fineness of the gold work and the perfection of the soldering will be understood by an expert when it is said that much of the work on the front may be classed with

the filigree and granulae of ancient jewellery.

The fine wires of the interlaced patterns carry a minute beading, which can scarcely be detected by the eye and needs a strong magnifying glass to make it apparent. Even the thin gold ribbons of the central interlacements, and of those on the head of the pin, which are set on edge, have a similar minute beading on the edge of the ribbon. This at once carries the mind back to Etruscan, Greek, and eastern Mediterranean jewellery, and it is interesting to note how Ireland, in the full Celtic style, has carried on the ancient tradition of fine gold work.

A piece of chain of the form known as Trichinopoly-work is attached to the side of the brooch. The form may have been first introduced from the East, but the discovery of fine gold chains of the same form in Ireland and of fine silver chains of the same class attached to late Celtic fibulae in England, makes it probable that this class of work was done also in Ireland, and the excellence of the brooch shows that no technical difficulty was likely to have been too great.

The ornament on this masterpiece of jeweller's art presents such a close analogy to the patterns of the 'Book of Darrow,' and especially to those of the 'Book of Kells,' that it is usual to assign it to about A.D. 700, or, at all events, to before the end of the 8th century, the period of the Viking raids and Norse invasions. It is the oldest extant of the *great* works of Irish Christian Art.

There are many other precious brooches in the R.I.A. collection in the National Museum which are dealt with and beautifully illustrated in George Coffey's *Guide* from which I have largely drawn for the material of this article.

GRATITUDE.

The lordly sun looked kindly on a wave,
A tiny wave that ran upon the sea;
And, lo! the wavelet brake with joy, and gave
A very shower of grateful brilliancy,
A thousand timid sparkles, every one
An image of the sun!

CAUSE OF OUR JOY

A snowy rose within the morn
With God's own kiss upon it born,
Is the beauty of her face;

Lily bending by the river,
With a shy and gentle quiver,
Is the essence of her grace.

Violets in the hidden ways,
Hiding from the world's gaze,
Are her eyes of modesty.

Mavis singing o'er the grasses,
Where the wind of Heaven passes,
Is her voice's melody.

Hyacinth within the meadow,
In the light and in the shadow,
Is the sheening of her hair;

Woodbine clustering o'er the hedges,
Twining blossoms in the sedges,
Is her breath upon the air.

A presence in the wind and flow'r,
That leads us up to God each hour,
Thus in Nature can we see;

In the morn, and in the even,
Mary, Queen of earth and Heaven,
In a veiled majesty.

Lillian Mary Nally.

RECOLLECTION

DOWN in the dim green waking world
A bird pipes loud and shrill;
Down in the dim green waking world
A little breeze blows chill . . .
But a sweet June fragrance steals aloft
Where the roses sleep their fill.

Creamy and golden and deep dark red
And white as the driven snow,
Thorn-garlanded, they sway—and sigh—
In the dawn-wind, to and fro;
*(For perchance they dream in their loveliness
Of a cruel Crown of Woe . . .)*

But their fragrance stirs in the heart of me
A memory dear and old,
Of a rose-sweet church on a dim June morn,
Of an Altar's white and gold.
And the young Iosagán coming down to me,
Bringing a joy untold.

Nora Ni Chathain.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

“OH that is a very long time,” they say;
But not to the heart of a friend;
For indeed it is only as yesterday
Since we saw what they called the end.
The finger of Time may write in the dust
And moving, return no more,
But it breaks not a link of the love and trust
That was forged in the days of yore.

God did not want you here to grow old,
His kindness would have it so;
To see the changes, and hearts grown cold:
'Twas better that you should go.
So now we see you just as you were
In the first bright flush of youth;
Smiling, and happy, without a care,
In the full clear light of truth.

And so, you see, you are with us yet.
But what of the twenty years?
Oh no! Dear Heart, we don't forget
If, perchance, we have dried our tears.
We may not think of you sleeping there
On the peaceful, green hill side,
For we love to picture you, vastly fair,
In the land where the Saints abide.

And so we dream of the bygone days,
And the heart that was gold in you:
It gives us peace in a thousand ways,
As we know you would want it to.
So the twenty years means nothing at all
When we see you smiling stand,
Just as you will at the last grand call
To take us by the hand.

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.



Community

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

BISHOP OF ROME AND VICAR OF JESUS CHRIST,
SUCCESSOR OF ST. PETER, PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES,

EUGENIO PACELLI

PIUS XII

NOW GLORIOUSLY REIGNING.

The two hundred and sixty-first successor of St. Peter was born in Rome, March 2, 1876; ordained Priest, April 2, 1899; Apostolic Nuncio to Bavaria, and promoted to the Titular See of Sardes, April 23rd, 1917; consecrated Archbishop, May 13, 1917; Apostolic Nuncio to Germany, June 22, 1920. Created and proclaimed Cardinal, December 16, 1929. Appointed Secretary of State, February 7, 1930. Elected Pope, March 2, 1939, crowned March 12, 1939.



The Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, our Alumnae, our Pupils, St. Joseph Lilies, together with its subscribers and readers, offer to the Holy Father, Eugenio Pacelli, by the grace of God, Pope Pius XII, humble and filial tribute of loving felicitation and prayerful observance of the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopal Consecration, May 13, 1942.

Whole heartedly St. Joseph's Community participated in the commemoration of the sacred anniversary in the life of the Supreme Pontiff. The week was marked by special services:

Sunday, May 10th—Solemn High Mass followed by Te Deum.

Tuesday, May 12th—Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day; Holy Hour; Te Deum.

Friday, May 14th—Special programme for the pupils of the College School—Procession in Convent grounds; Holy Hour; Benediction.

On May 10th—To Vatican City the following cablegram voiced the sentiments of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto:

CONGRATULATIONS AND AFFECTIONATE
GREETINGS AND AN ASSURANCE OF FERVENT
PRAYER THAT GOD MAY BLESS YOU AND
GRANT ALL THE DESIRES OF YOUR HEART.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, TORONTO.

The joyful Alleluias of Easter were still sounding when on April 9th was celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Ordination of Rev. T. J. Manley, Pastor of St. Brigid's Church, Toronto, and Archdiocesan Director of the Holy Name Union.

Ordained by the late Archbishop Neil McNeil, on April 9, 1917, Father Manley has earned nobly the honours and the merits of twenty-five years in the ministry. As Assistant Pastor in St. Catharines, Thorold, and St. Ann's Parish, Toronto; as Pastor of St. Joan of Arc Church and, since 1936, of St. Brigid's Church; or again, as Chancellor and Secretary to the late Archbishop Neil McNeil, 1921-28, and as Archdiocesan Director of the Holy Name Union (since 1936), Father Manley has acquitted himself of many duties and the varied responsibilities with priestly dignity, zeal and charity.

The key-note of the rejoicings was one of thanksgiving and this found its chief expression in a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving offered by the Jubilarian in St. Brigid's Church on April 12th.

St. Joseph Lilies is happy to join in these rejoicings and prayers and offers congratulations to Father Manley, who has been a generous and willing contributor to our quarterly.

To this day of Jubilee, commemorating Father Manley's sacerdotal consecration, may we not apply the jubilant lines of the Paschal Anthem: "Haec dies quam fecit Dominus! Exultemus et laetemur in ea!"

Ad multos annos!

On March 19th immediately before the Community Mass the Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., officiated at the Profession Ceremony when the following sisters pronounced their vows: Sister Claire Marie Cadieux, St. Eugene, Ontario; Sister M. Laurene MacLaren, Prince Rupert, B.C.; Sister M. Eucherie Smith, Storthoaks, Sask.; Sister M. Claudette Loftus, Toronto; Sister M. Othilia Thompson, Toronto; Sister M. Carmichael Naughton, Warminster, Ontario; Sister M. Ambrosia McGrath, Toronto; Sister Rose Mary McIntyre, Curran Bay, P.E.I.; Sister M. Leo Francis Doyle, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister Mary Janet Murray, Toronto.

At nine-thirty in the morning of St. Joseph's Day, March 19th, fourteen young ladies received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The chapel was filled to capacity with relatives and friends. The procession of white robed brides was preceded by flower girls. Four flower girls carried baskets containing the Religious habits and veils which were blessed by the Right Reverend Monsignor W. A. McCann.

Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., director of the retreat, preached the sermon. After showing the necessity of choosing the right person to carry out any plan, the preacher pointed out that the fourteen young ladies in the ceremony had chosen as their Leader, One Whose guidance would never be at fault and under Whom "the plan" of their lives must reach a perfect fulfillment.

In response to the celebrant's questions, the postulants affirmed their desire of renouncing the world to become espoused to Jesus Christ. In procession they then left the Chapel to return later wearing the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. S. Mahoney. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. H. Murray, Rev. G. Kirby, D.D., Very Rev. Dean M. Cullinane, Rev. R. Walsh, Rev. T. Manley, Very Rev. T. O'Sullivan, C.Ss.R., Rev. W. Kelly, Rev. J. Egan, Rev. L. Markle, Rev. J. Muldoon, C.Ss.R., Rev. L. P. Woods, Rev. D. O'Donnell, C.Ss.R., Rev. M. F. Mogan, Rev. G. Crothers, Rev. N. J. McKinnon, Rev. M. Doherty, S.J., Rev. J. Walsh, C.S.B., Rev. F. McGinn, Rev. Father Ignatius Brady, O.F.M., Rev. J. Keelor, Rev. L. Murray, Rev. B. Belanger, Rev. G. Breen, Rev. L. Austin, Rev. H. Caley, Rev. W. Murphy, Rev. L. A. McCann, C.S.B., Rev. A. Marshman.

The young ladies in the ceremony received the following names: Miss Margaret Ann Wall, Toronto, Sister Mary Rose;

Miss Dorothy McDonald, Vancouver, Sister Mary Kenneth; Miss Rena Catherine Dillon, Toronto, Sister Martha Marie; Miss Eileen Creamer, Toronto, Sister Mary Ruth; Miss Anne Bewley, Toronto, Sister Mary Cleophas; Miss Elaine Dubie, White River, Ontario, Sister Mary Harriet; Miss Francis Barry, Toronto, Sister Mary St. Philip; Miss Elva Watson, Toronto, Sister Mary Frieda; Miss Audrey Selke, Toronto, Sister Mary Enid; Miss Norah Kemp, Toronto, Sister Mary Alfred; Miss Cecilia Heenan, Colgan, Ontario, Sister Mary Leo Patrick; Miss Camilla Brown, Oshawa, Ontario, Sister Mary Rosanna; Miss Anastasia Palubiski, Wilno, Ontario, Sister Mary Gemma; Miss Alice Flynn, Grand Forks, B.C., Sister Mary Magdalen.

Over four hundred sisters of the various orders in Toronto were entertained at a concert presented Sunday afternoon, April, 12th, by the C.Y.O. Glee Club of Toronto, in the Auditorium of St. Joseph's Convent, which has been their rehearsal hall since the club's inception.

The programme opened with the old Irish hymn, "All Praise to St. Patrick," arranged for mixed voices by the director of the Glee Club, Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan. This was followed by a number of Irish songs and other great music which included "Goin' Home," based on a theme from the New World Symphony by Anton Dvorak; "The Minstrel Boy," "Annie Laurie," the "March of the Men of Harlech," and a special Good Neighbour arrangement of "O Canada" and the "Star Spangled Banner."

There were five assisting soloists on the programme. Miss Leopoldine Pichler, soprano, sang "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and an unfamiliar delightful song by Tchaikowsky, and concluded with the rhythmic melody, "A Heart That's Free."

Although he came merely to accompany the soloists, Jack Coveart was persuaded by Dr. Ronan to play a solo piece at the piano, which he did, encoring with one of his own compositions. The other soloists were Miss Margaret Brett, Miss Lillian Mucci, C.N.E., Gold Medal Soprano, and Miss Catherine MacDonald, pianist. Mr. Harold Armstrong ably performed the accompaniments for the Glee Club.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

The annual meeting and election of officers of St. Joseph's High School alumnae took place at St. Joseph's Intermediate School, Adelaide Street.

Officers elected were: President, M. Dillon; Vice-presidents, M. Sweeney, M. McDonnell; Treasurer, M. Hutchinson; Recording Secretary, M. Comper; Press Secretary, Mrs. F. Nagle; Secretary, K. Comper; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. P. D'Angelo. Arrangements were made for the annual silver tea to take place in the school clubrooms in May.

* * *

The pupils of the Household Science Class demonstrated their efficiency when they prepared a luncheon at which His Excellency Archbishop J. C. McGuigan, was the honoured guest, together with the pastors from the parishes represented in the class.

The floral decorations in papal colours were the gift of Mrs. W. Hammall. The waitresses wore their natty school uniform, white muslin aprons and caps. The menu was varied and prepared entirely by the students. The guests agreed that the students are well trained in this important division in the realm of Household Science.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

The following are the results of the Music Examinations which were held in February, 1942:

Theory.

Grade One: M. MacMillan, A. Uzemeck (First Class Honours), J. O'Connor (Honours).

Grade Two: J. Morris (First Class Honours), B. Cownden (Pass).

Grade Three: (History), G. Allen (Honours), M. Baran (Pass).

Piano.

Grade Two: A. Cownden (Honours).

Grade Four: P. LaChapelle (Honours).

* * *

On the afternoon of May 6th in the new Sodality Club rooms the Music Pupils of St. Mary's Convent gave the following programme in honour of the Silver Jubilee of Reverend C. W. James, pastor of St. Mary's.

Jubilee Greeting—The Music Class; Address—Miss G. Allen; Vocal Selection—Miss A. Uhrin; Recitation—Miss M. Hammall; Illuminated Poem presented to the Reverend Jubilarian—Miss M. Hammall; Play—Garden of Prayer—

The Music Class. "Rosary," made of real Forget-me-nots, presented by Shirley Doylon. Hymn to Our Blessed Lady. Spiritual Bouquet, presented by Betty Fitzgerald. Bouquet of Flowers, presented by Joan Morris.

ST. CLARE'S SCHOOL.

At the Annual Peel County Music Festival held at Brampton on May 2nd, twelve year old, Barbara Lyon, of Grade Seven, St. Clare's School, reflected credit on her teacher of piano, Mrs. Bell. Barbara with Joy Burford played "Humoresque" as a duet, for which she was awarded the bronze medal. The contest is open to all students of music, twelve years of age and under.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

It had been the intention to celebrate on July 2nd of this year the 50th Anniversary of the Training School with an extensive programme, but, of necessity, these arrangements have been curtailed. The principal event of the day will be Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving.

* * *

The student nurses held a Bingo in the Nurses' Residence, on May 8th, to raise money for British Nurses' Fund.

* * *

The Class of 1932 held a reunion dinner to celebrate their 10th Anniversary on May 30, 1942, at 7.30 p.m., in the Royal York Hotel.

* * *

Our nurses attended a special Memorial service held in St. Michael's Cathedral on May 10th at 7 p.m.

* * *

Many of our nurses took advantage of the series of lectures arranged by the Central Registry of Graduate Nurses in co-operation with the School of Nursing, University of Toronto. The six lectures were on Recent Developments in Selected Fields Relating to Nursing Practice.

* * *

A gay evening was enjoyed by those who attended the annual dance sponsored by the Alumnae on January 19th, at the Royal York Hotel. The guests were received by Miss Elizabeth Dalglish, convener; Miss Doreen Murphy, President. Those who assisted Miss Dalglish in arranging the dance were Mrs. John Huether (Evelyn Smith), Dorothy

Lane, Catherine Sheedy, Kathleen McCully, Jessie Muir and Phyllis Harding.

The net proceeds, amounting to \$168.00, were donated to the Scholarship Fund.

* * *

A number of our student nurses attended the first annual dance of the Inter-School Student Nurses' Association of Toronto, which was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal York Hotel. The dance was a success and the proceeds amounting to \$628.00, was sent to the aid of the British Nurses' Fund.

* * *

The First Year Students' Uniform Dance was a gala event on January 22nd, in the Nurses' Residence, with 150 guests present. Conveners were Norma Weiler and Veronica Publow.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Sodality, a successful Bingo was held on February 10th, convened by Mary Haughey and Catherine Watson. The proceeds were turned over to the British War Victims' Fund.

* * *

The Sodality again entertained at a St. Patrick's concert in honour of this year's Graduating Class. Each graduate was presented with a favour. The Preliminary students enacted "The Fairies' Bogg" scene, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

* * *

The student nurses attended the Basis Course given by the Civilian Defence Committee at Jarvis St. Collegiate recently. The night nurses and Preliminary nurses are attending the ones at present being held in the Nurses' Residence, and all nurses have completed the Emergency Nursing Course.

* * *

Phil Harding '38 has left for Winnipeg to become an air hostess with Trans-Canada Airlines.

* * *

Lucille Bonin '40 has completed the Public Health Course at the University of Toronto, and now has a position with the Victorian Order of Nurses, Toronto.

* * *

At the annual meeting of St. Michael's Hospital Nurses' Alumnae it was noted the alumnae were first to respond to the appeal from the Canadian Nurses' Association to establish scholarships to send nurses for post-graduate work to help fill the war need for nurses with special preparation to

fill key posts in hospital administration or other branches of nursing.

A bridge was held in April to raise funds for the new scholarship of \$300. Miss Muriel McKay spoke on "The Industrial Nurse." Reports from various committees were heard, and the officers elected for 1942.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

On Easter Tuesday His Excellency, Archbishop J. C. McGuigan said Mass in the Chapel. After Mass he addressed the Sisters and nurses present.

* * *

On April 14th the Graduating Class were the guests of the Women's Auxiliary at the Supper Dance at the King Edward Hotel. Miss Gladys Curtis was the lucky winner of the School ring donated by the Women's Auxiliary.

* * *

The delightful annual tea given by Dr. and Mrs. D. Philip to the Graduating Class in their home was held on Sunday, April 26th, and enjoyed to the fullest.

* * *

The usual May devotions were held, the main exercise being the recitation of the Rosary each evening in the Common Room.

* * *

The Sodality held a Social Evening at which the Sodalists of St. Michael's Hospital were their guests. Miss C. Wien, M.A., was the guest speaker, and had as her subject, "The Catholic Concept of Marriage." This was a Catholic Action project for May.

* * *

On May 10th the graduates and students participated in the Dominion-wide Nurse Memorial Service. The Catholic Service was held at St. Michael's Cathedral, and for the Sodalists it was an appropriate ending for National Sodality Day.

* * *

A series of Air Raid Precaution lectures, arranged by the District Warden, are being held in the Nurses' Residence. These are open to the public. The Sisters, Nurses and Staff of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital and our own are taking advantage of these lectures.

* * *

The Graduation Exercises are to be held June 10th on the lawn of the Residence. That evening the graduates will be

the guests of the Nurses' Alumnae at a dance to be held at Columbus Hall.

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL.

At the suggestion of His Excellency Archbishop J. C. McGuigan the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Catharines have been teaching Religion by correspondence to one hundred and twenty children in five townships of Lincoln County, where the children receive little religious instruction at home, and have not an opportunity of attending Sunday School.

Helpful suggestions for carrying on the work were graciously given by the Loretto Sisters in Hamilton and the Sisters of Service in Edmonton and Regina.

In the beginning of February the printed lessons began in earnest. Each child is mailed a lesson, suited to his age in school work. He answers this to the best of his ability and returns it to the Sisters, who correct it and send it back to him with the next lesson. A record is kept of the progress of each pupil.

* * *

Grade Eight girls enjoy their work for the Missions. During May a sale of home made candy and a raffle of two boxes of Laura Secord's, brought a clear profit of Twelve Dollars to help in Mission work in China.

Geraldine Sheahan won the prize for selling the greatest number of tickets.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE.

The Mission meetings of the C.C.S.M.C. are successful. All are determined to keep up the example and achievement of former years.

* * *

On April 27th Doctor Bennett spent the afternoon in the Class rooms. We enjoyed his visit. He talked about the extreme need of the prayers of children for peace.

Reverend Father O'Brien calls occasionally and gives a word of encouragement and many helpful thoughts.

At present the pianos are in constant use as the Annual Recital will be held early in June.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL, WINNIPEG.

Patricia McDermott, St. Ann's school, was declared winner of the second annual oratorical concert sponsored by the Winnipeg Council of the Knights of Columbus, at Paul Shea hall. The contest represented winners from all the parochial schools and Miss McDermott was presented the gold medal in the finals.

Miss McDermott took as her topic, "No Investment So Safe as an Investment in One's Country." Each contestant took the role of some famous personality and Miss McDermott emulated Dorothy Thompson.

Dr. Bartlett, Hon. Errick Willis, Minister of Public Works; and E. K. Williams, K.C., acted as judges. Presentation of the Grand Knight trophy was made by Frank J. Schlengerman to Sister Marietta, principal of St. Anne's School. Frank Holyoake presided. E. Cass was in charge of arrangements.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

We are deeply grateful to the staff and pupils of St. Francis' School for the varied and excellent programme rendered for the entertainment of our residents on March 16th.

* * *

During Passion Week Rev. John Keogh conducted a mission, which was well attended.

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Owing to the absence of Dr. Jackson the A.R.P. meeting was replaced by pictures of the destruction of the City of London and ammunition factories.

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Through the kindness of Mr. Kennedy the picture "One Hundred Men and One Girl" was also shown.

* * *

The Rev. Father Lehman, C.R., who was visiting his father and sister, Sister M. Theodosia, said Mass in our chapel twice during Easter week.

* * *

Our "Forty Hours' Devotion" opened on the First Friday of May, conducted by the Rev. Father Neligan, S.J., during which time the House was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

OBITUARY.**Sister M. Ermelinda Maloney.**

On March 3rd, Sister M. Ermelinda died at St Joseph's Hospital.

Fifty-five years ago, the deceased Sister consecrated her life to the service of God, and her activities in that service ended only during the past year.

Those who knew Sister Ermelinda will always remember her as one, "richly endowed both by nature and by grace." Possessed of a charming personality and a gracious, dignified manner, she was at the same time so truly spiritual and so simply religious, that association with her could not fail to give mental voice to the assurance, "Nothing is so good, so lovely as to spend one's life for God." That she herself valued her vocation as a special grace was always apparent, and her devotion and loyalty to her community seemed a very part of herself.

Sister Ermelinda taught for several years in schools of the city,—St. Paul's, St. Basil's, St. Peter's, St. Patrick's, and also in St. Catharines, Barrie and Oshawa. A talent for music was a cultural asset to the classes to which she was assigned, and she is rightly numbered among the devoted Sisters who did much to raise the standard of the Separate Schools. Later, her rare qualities of mind and heart led to her appointment as Superior in various houses of the Institute—the Mother House; St. Joseph's Convents in St. Catharines, Barrie and Oshawa; St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro; and Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Toronto.

Sister M. Ermelinda was born in Barrie, Ont., Elizabeth Moloney, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Moloney, and one of a large family of which the only surviving member is a sister, Mrs. M. Oliver, Toronto. Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., "Marylake," is a nephew, as also is Dr. P. J. Moloney, F.C.R.S., Connaught Laboratories, Toronto University; Sister M. Irma, R.N., St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, a niece; Sister M. St. Henry, Immaculate High School, Ottawa, a grand-niece, and Rev Henry Moloney of the Cistercian Order, a grand-nephew.

Requiem Mass was celebrated on March 5, in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, by Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. J. Ryan, C.S.B., as Deacon, and Rev. O. L. Quinlan, as Sub-deacon. Rev. M. Oliver, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. J. G. Brennan, officiated at the grave in Mount Hope Cemetery.

Sister M. Consilia Halligan.

Very early on Wednesday, the Feast of the Annunciation, the Angel of Death visited the Infirmary of St. Joseph's Convent and called Sister M. Consilia to meet her Divine Master. For over forty-nine years she had served Him faithfully as a Sister of St. Joseph, ever spending herself generously and always eager to contribute her part to the works of the Community. Only a few months ago, conscious of failing strength, was she ready to resign her tasks to others and for her, the laying aside of the service of time, was just a short step to the taking up that of Eternity.

The deceased Sister was born in Toronto, Catharine Halligan, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Owen Halligan. The greater part of her Religious Life was devoted to teaching. For many years she taught large classes at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, her great love for poor and neglected children rendering her especially fitted for that work. Later, she taught in St. Mary's school, St. Catharines, and in various Toronto schools—old Deer Park (St. Charles'), St. Francis', St. Clare's, Holy Rosary and the College School. As a teacher she won the lasting affection and gratitude of pupils and parents and of late years she was happy and proud to find many of the former among the groups of Seminarians for Ordination.

Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel at 9.30 a.m., on Friday, March 27, by Rev. H. Mallon, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. D. Faught, C.S.B., and Rev. P. Curtin, C.S.P., as Deacon and Subdeacon, all three officiants one-time pupils of Sister Consillia.

Many relatives and friends assisted at the Mass, as also representative classes of the College School. Of the immediate family of the deceased there survive only a sister, Miss M. Halligan, and a brother, Mr. T. Halligan, both of Toronto.

Sister M. St. Catharine McKiernan.

After a lingering illness, Sister M. St. Catharine died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, on March 31. Over three years ago ill-health obliged her to give up her duties, and although for a time hopes were entertained for her recovery, every remedy and treatment failed and suffering was her portion until God called her to Himself. After receiving the Last Sacraments a few days before, it seemed quite fit-

ting that her "Way of the Cross" should end during the week when Holy Church was commemorating the sufferings and death of Him Who had chosen her so long ago to be among His close followers. On August 15 this year she would have celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of her Reception in the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—her Golden Jubilee! For her it is not now an event for earthly celebration but, we trust, something infinitely better, in being just part of the glorious happiness of seeing and possessing her God forever.

The deceased Sister, formerly Margaret McKiernan, was born in Eganville, Ontario, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McKiernan. After completing her education and teaching for a short time, she consecrated her life to God. Many years were spent in the class-room,—in Oshawa, Barrie, and in various schools of Toronto, St. Peter's, St. Mary's, St. Ann's, St. Basil's and St. Joseph's. Later she held the office of Treasurer General of the Community at the Mother House and that of local Treasurer at the Sacred Heart Orphanage and the House of Providence.

Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, on April 1, by Rev. J. Devine, Detroit, a nephew of the deceased, with Rev. D. Mulvihill, C.S.B., and Rev. W. Coyle, as Deacon and Subdeacon. The funeral took place on Thursday at 10.00 a.m., to Mount Hope Cemetery, Father McCann, C.S.B., blessing the remains at the Convent, and Rev. J. Brennan officiating at the grave.

Of the immediate family of the deceased, a sister, Mrs. R. A. Devine, Detroit, and a brother, Mr. John McKiernan, Windsor, were present for the Requiem Mass. Two sisters, Miss Rose McKiernan, Ottawa, and Mrs. Shields, Eganville, were unable to attend. R.I.P.

Sister M. Teresa Aquinas Stritch.

On April 13, Sister M. Teresa Aquinas died at the Mother House, St. Albans Street. Although an invalid for the past few years, a marked change for the worse came only two weeks ago. As her weakness increased she made a most edifying preparation for death, which she realized could not be far away, and her reception of the Last Sacraments was marked by the same simple faith and devotion that had characterized her whole life. Her Holy Communion on Sunday proved to be her "Viaticum," as she was unconscious

throughout Monday, the end coming very peacefully at 9.30 p.m.

The deceased sister, formerly Teresa Mary Stritch, was born in Essa, near Barrie, one of the large family of the late Michael Stritch and Margaret Crotty. After completing her education, she taught for a short time at Model School in Barrie, and then decided to follow her older sister, the late Sister Dympna, she entered St. Joseph's Community on May 2, 1893.

Sister Teresa Aquinas was an outstanding teacher, who trained her pupils to be self-reliant, and while communicating to them her own appreciation of all that was best, she taught them how to study. She never lost her interest in former pupils and they in turn, knowing the lasting effect of her influence, remembered her gratefully and affectionately. She taught in St. Catharines and Thorold and St. Mary's, Toronto. Later she filled the office of Superior in St. Catharines, at St. Michael's Hospital and St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, at 9.30 a.m. on April 15, by Rev. J. Rogers, Detroit, assisted by Rev. B. Webster as Deacon and Rev. O. L. Quinlan, C.S.B., as Subdeacon. Many friends and relatives assisted at the Mass. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. J. Brennan officiating at the grave, assisted by Rev. B. Webster.

Of the immediate family of the deceased there survives only one sister, Miss Elizabeth Stritch, Toronto.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942**

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

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Historians

Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

At the quarterly meeting, May 31st, the Alumnae Association will entertain the St. Joseph's College School Graduates of 1942.

Viola Lyon,

Secretary.

Dear Sister Leonarda.—

Judging by the clippings before me we will soon have to rewrite our list of alumnae. There will be a good many of them with new names, and new addresses. But it is not surprising to find the boys falling in love with our graduates,

—they have so much that is to be desired—good education, good homes, good environment away from home at school, good example and good sense, not to mention the charm that these “goods” engender.

I'm sure I must unwittingly miss half of the notices, some that I don't see, and others that I don't recognize as referring to our graduates. What we really need these days is a clipping service. But here are a few of those I gleaned, and to the happy couples, in the name of the teachers and alumnae, I tender our sincere felicitations:

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Ridyard (Jeanne Paré).

To Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Matthews (M. E. Stedman).

To Mr. and Mrs. Victor Savirzon (Bernadine Simpson).

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. McConvey (Betty Kelly), daughter of Florrie Foy, and niece of Mayme Foy and Tottie Foy of our school days.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Speno (Margaret Carolan).

To Mr. and Mrs. Warren Heenan (Ann Healy).

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phelan (Alice Ratchford).

To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Blake, Flight Lieutenant (Louise Hayes).

To Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Clough (Edna Gray). Will live in Windsor.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Snyder (Therese Cronin).

To Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Conway (Catherine McBride).

To Mr. and Mrs. F. Neil Morris (Evelyn Wismer).

To Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Sheffield Edward Cassan, (Evelyn VanLane), Shediac, N.B.

To Mr. and Mrs. Walton (Margaret McDonald).

And our very sincere good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. G. Reid (Rose Moreau) on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee.

On the occasion of their 60th wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. William Andrew Lunn, Dundas, received many messages of congratulation, including one from Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth.

In addition to the message from Their Majesties, there were telegrams of congratulations and tokens of esteem from Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier M. F. Hepburn, His Excellency J. F. Ryan, Right Rev. Mgr. W. C. Gehl, and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Of their seven children there are surviving: Misses Mary A. and Helene M. Lunn, and Mr. Paul Lunn, all of Dundas. Two of their children served in the Great War, their son, Edward, being killed at Vimy Ridge and their daughter, Miss

Helene M. Lunn, serving as nursing sister with the C.A.M.C. in France.

May we add our felicitations to the mother of one of our alumnae!

Today I received invitations to the Graduation of 1942. I am so glad it did not have to be passed by without some bit of celebration. What a disappointment it would have been! Convocation Hall again is to be the scene and so many graduates. On looking over the names I have a very fresh picture of most of these girls playing in a mission band, or dressed as bunnies—was it yesterday? Time needs a speedometer,—surely it is covering more than the limit of twenty-four hours to the day.

Thank you for the message from Jean Beard and her mother. I don't know them either, but I admire them immensely now.

We will miss Hilda's newsy chat this time, but I realize how busy she is. By the fall she will be back again with her interesting bulletin.

Evidently Tena Ostrander (née Servais) had a good, though short, visit at S.J.C. "whirling through the corridors and halls" with Sisters Majella and Mary Cordis. Don't we all whirl these days. If this war forces us to slow down our giddy pace some good will have come out of it. So much is crowded into our days that even our dreams keep us whirling,—at least mine do, and often after climbing into bed I remember something I should have done and I trudge downstairs again and do it feverishly. I sigh for the serenity that is so beautifully expressed in what I once was made to analyze as the longest single sentence in captivity. Do you remember:

"So live that, when thy summons comes to join the immortal caravan that moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go, not like the quarried slave scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." And woe to the proof reader who ruins the punctuation,—I learned the commas with the words at great pains a long time ago—in 1902, I think.

Anyway, who ever has time to "wrap the drapery of a couch" about her these days, even for a last time?

By the time you read this my good husband and I will be

celebrating, as we whirl, our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. Congratulations to me as a fortunate wife and to my partner as a very patient man!

Anyway, back to Tena. Her family is now all grown up, a daughter engaged to be married, one boy in second year medicine, two business men, another daughter married, near Winnipeg, two sons in the Air Force, and one a Signaller on Reserve. Her address is Mrs. C. L. Ostrander, 1037 Dorchester St., Winnipeg.

I'm glad to hear that Mrs. Bert Kelly, of Montreal, is better.

"A card from Burns, Oates and Washbourne, of Dublin, asking for a specimen copy of St. Joseph Lilies, with terms wholesale and retail." Discerning firm—and I am sure, if they don't get over this far in the sample copy, they will use the "wholesale" terms.

I noticed a story by Mary Capostosto in the Sacred Heart Messenger lately. And I have frequently read choice bits of poetry by Angeline too.

Did you read that two of St. Michael's Hospital graduates have been appointed hostesses in the Trans-Canada Airlines, Delia Murphy '38, and Rita Wiggins '36.

We listened to Bettina Vegara on CBY lately. That Ave Maria was a joy!

Adele McGuane hopes to visit Toronto for two weeks around the end of May or beginning of June. She writes: "The war is much closer to us now—especially here. We have many dear friends 'out beyond' going after those Japs and we are in constant concern over their safety and whereabouts. They are getting plenty of excitement out there on the old "Pacific."

Did you hear that Marie Caruso is now organist at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Toronto?

Congratulations to the Catholic Junior League, I see they have Eleanor Hynes as president and Sunny McLaughlin as vice-president, on their Executive Committee.

I am enclosing a few clippings about the activities of the Sisters of St. Joseph in various parts of the world. I think you might be glad to include them in your Community section. They are very interesting.

Do you ever hear from May Macdonald? What is she doing and how is she?

St. Michael's Nurses Alumnae's new executive includes our Irene Nealon, Ethel Crocker, Catharine Hammill and Maud Tisdale.

In fact we find the names of our "old girls" on every committee in every line of endeavor, and they can always be relied upon for great co-operation.

Well, Sister, I hope you are at this moment enjoying pleasant dreams—four clocks have just bonged out 1, 2, 3, and my pen says "Go", so away I must whirl, but best wishes to our 1942 Graduates, of College and College School, and may this world soon have peace. Remember my two soldier sons among the many who are doing their bit to bring that peace. Goodnight!

Gertrude Thompson.

120 Lawrence Crescent,
Toronto, May 1, '42.

Dear Sister:

This rainy afternoon just seemed one right day to make marmalade—and the evening finds me literally surrounded by jars and jars of amber coloured preserve. Every room in the house has a delightful suspicion of tart lemon. Can you tell me why I always make things in such quantities? The recipe called for one orange, one lemon and one grapefruit, but that seemed such a skimpy little bit to me, so I multiplied it all by six and oh my! we fear we will be eating marmalade on and on into one distant future.

I did tell you it was raining, didn't I? And so I couldn't get out into the garden—garden is really a misnomer—a great stretch of unbroken turf it is really—a friend has very kindly landscaped and planned it for us—all on paper of course—and the plan is most attractive—and after looking at the plan a dozen times a day I can see the rugosa roses, the syringa chinensis and the forsythia forming a border along the eastern edge—almost as real as though they were there, and you should see our cold frame. The neighbours just couldn't restrain their curiosity regarding the storm doors that appeared in the middle of the yard, and which we lifted and peered under ever so often. It really is fun growing things—the pictures in the seed catalogues serve as a wonderful inspiration—we started the seeds in a boxful of spagna moss—our conservatory we called it, and kept it in the window in the spare room—the seeds germinated miraculously—why we got forty-six pansy plants from forty seeds. Its really true—I did all the transplanting—petunias, snapdragons and pansies about three hundred little seedlings which are now in the hastily constructed cold frame, and

they are just leaping ahead. Are you going to ask me if I am going to have a victory garden? I am—a victory garden de luxe—and it is all planted—all except the ground cherries. Besides carrots and beans it has a few fancy things such as chicory and chives, parsley and mint, swiss chard, scarlet runners and ground cherries. This garden is found right in the middle of the lot—and the whole looks like an inverted desert surrounded by an oasis—but it so happened that the children of the neighbourhood had dug trenches here and when these were filled in this spring the ground was available and ready to be worked—which all accounts for the strange situation of the “Salad garden” as it is called in the plan. One thing we find hard to understand is why our friends who came around in droves last spring when the house was being built, never drop around now. Could it be that they are afraid that a spade or digging fork might cause blisters? Now Lorece Farah claims an interest in gardening,—but I have no proof of it. I haven’t seen Lorece since mid-winter when we had a gathering and a grand old gab-fest. Betty Miller, you remember her, was there, with stories of all the amusing things that turn up when one is editing a magazine. Betty edits the Manuscript for the Manufacturer’s Life Insurance Co. Rose Burns, of the Bell Telephone, has always an entertaining bit to add. We were delighted to have Kazo Harris McCarney at our gatherings again—for some time Kazo has not been able to break away from her two boys—Jimmie and Georgie—they are lovely young ones.

I do ramble on so—don’t I? I’ll just bring this to a sudden stop without boring you further.

Sincerely,

(Mrs. H. T.) Marie Crean Edwards.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

No. 5 C.C.S.,

Canadian Army Overseas.

... We had a marvellous Christmas. I was dreading it but there was hardly time for a lonesome thought. On Christmas Eve Midnight Mass, which we attended, was broadcast to Canada. A soldiers’ choir sang carols and Padre LeSage gave a beautiful sermon. At the end of the Mass Col. McKay and Miss McLaren, the Sister-in-Charge, spoke. We had a small

tree in our mess and had a lot of fun opening gifts. The next day we went to our own unit, No. 2 C.C.S., for Christmas dinner. We were to help serve dinner to the men, but the ambulance in which we were travelling got lost (everyone gets lost in England), and we were five hours getting there. The men's dinner was over but we were on time for ours. Lily Curtis and Bea Clegg were there and we certainly enjoyed our turkey dinner.

When we arrived back to No. 5 C.C.S. in the evening another dinner party awaited us. All the nursing sisters attached to the Station were guests of the officers of No. 5 C.C.S. Everyone was in fine spirits and not a chance to be lonesome. There was a big tree with gifts which took Santa a couple of hours to distribute. It was a wonderful day which will not be forgotten.

I have seen Marg Hunt twice and we are trying to get the same week-end off soon to spend it together. I saw Kay Zeagman in London at a tea dance at the Overseas Club. It is grand to run into old friends here. I have only seen Lily and Bea once and that was on Christmas day, when we all returned to our own unit. I shall be glad when they get our own place ready for us, as at present the nursing sisters of No. 2 C.C.S. are scattered at different places. Lily and Bea are attached to No. 1 Neurological.

A Casualty Clearing Station is different to a general hospital. Patients are taken first of all to a Field Ambulance, where they are given first aid, and from there sent on to a Clearing Station. They are sometimes kept for a few days and then either returned to their unit or sent to general hospital. We never have the same patients very long, always coming and going. Right now I am on night duty, which isn't much fun, as there is only one nurse on. The work, however, is not very hard.

When I come off nights I am going on a seven days' leave to Scotland. . . .

Connie Bond.

15th General Hospital,
R.C.A.C., C.A.O.

"I want to thank you all for the parcels, which were simply grand. Just the sort of things we need, and the stockings—more precious than gold. Connie Bond, Bea Curtis and Lily Clegg, all classmates of mine, are over here now, and we hope

to have a get-together soon. I have seen Connie a couple of times in London.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, who live quite near us, invited us to see some movie celebrities on the 'set.' They are both charming, and kind. Mr. Howard is directing and taking a principal part in a new movie. It was interesting to see them at work, but seemed rather dull to us and we decided that nursing was much better than making movies.

At present I am attached to No. 4 C.C.S. and we are having a quiet time. Except for the very noticeable results of last year's "blitz," it is hard to tell that there is a war. Of course, the thought is always with us that the same thing might happen again, and we may some day be in the midst of it.

Marg. Hunt.

Our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Beiring and Mrs. MacInnes upon the death of their brother, Mr. C. S. Griffith, and to the family of Dr. Ashbrook—father of Veronica and Lucy, and of Joseph Vincent Erwin, and of Mrs. Marie Sandrock Redmond, and Mrs. Marie S. Halvey—both of whom have been contributors to the Lilies.

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of our deceased friends: Rev. Father Moylan, C.S.B., Rev. Father Sneath, Brother Lawrence, Mr. Jordan, Sgt. A. Keogh, Mr. F. Haydon, Mr. L. Haydon, Mr. E. Power, Mr. Quinlan, Miss M. Devine, Mr. D. O'Connor, Mrs. J. O'Donnell, Mr. B.

Delaney, Mr. F. Keelor, Miss Sullivan, Mr. N. Tremblay, Mrs. M. Considine, Mr. Morrison, Mr. O'Neill, Mrs. B. Shields Halvey, Mr. A. Myer, Mr. A. Weiler, Mr. Cormie, Mr. McNamara, Miss Landry, Miss M. Crudden, Mr. F. Brazill, Mr. P. Mahoney, Mr. Copping, Mr. C. Stuart Griffith, Rev. Father Crummer, Mrs. J. O'Neill, Mr. M. Phelan, Mr. P. J. Campion, Mrs. F. Hemphill, Miss A. Murray, R.N.; Mr. I. Dumais, Mr. A. Pensa, Mr. G. Lapp, Mr. J. Keenan, Miss E. Maddigan, Mrs. M. Roddy, Dr. Woodruff, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. C. Connolly.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



M AISIE WARD'S VISIT—We had heard of her—of Maisie Ward Sheed, the famous authoress—and by “we,” I mean the girl's of St. Joseph's College; but to see her actually and to listen to her was beyond our conception; for did she not live in London, England, and was she not the great Maisie Ward Sheed of the Catholic Evidence Guild? However the ne'er expected was realized when on March 13, 1942, Mrs. Sheed walked into our Common Room. Following a tea given in her honour, Mrs. Sheed was introduced to us by Victoria Mueller, Ph.D. Mrs. Sheed had chosen to speak on the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in London, England. Imposing as the subject was, the intimate and free manner with which it was presented made it all the more delightful.

The Catholic Evidence Guild is as yet a comparatively new undertaking whose purpose is to further educate adult Catholics, and to create a spark of interest for lost religion in those who cannot be reached from the pulpit. It originated in London when a small band of Catholics decided that Hyde Park need no longer be a scene of only those who spoke for every “ism” except “Catholicism”! Consequently the members of this group of untrained and inexperienced men and women (a charwoman was one of its most vigorous members) began talks on varied aspects of our religion. At first, there was a speaker but no audience; then an audience came, but not the right kind, for it was composed of London's most mischievous urchins. Later, two or three indolent passers-by would stop for the sake of bartering words with the speaker. But “those who came to scoff remained to pray.” Despite competition (for not ten feet away would be an advocate of Communism or perhaps Buddhism); despite rebuffs and insults hurled at the speakers, and consequent shifting to another spot to avoid gruff looks from the “English Bobby,” the guild grew. Soon it was really organised. Members attended study periods in theology, practised speaking and learned how to answer questions put to them,

wrote examinations—only then were they qualified to appear before those who might choose to listen.

Mrs. Sheed was an early member, and incidentally battled for the rights of women in the work of the Guild. It was in this connection that she met Mr. Frank Sheed, her husband. Both now work in harmony doing their utmost to assist the Guild in London, in the United States and in Canada.

With a plea and earnest request for prayers, Mrs. Sheed's enthusiastic and informal talk on the Catholic Evidence Guild ended.

Violet Pluta.

THE BANQUET.—Bright lights cast by flickering candles and the high tinkle of laughing voices announced the banquet given by the under-graduates. If someone asked a student of St. Joseph's College what was the most outstanding event of the year, she would certainly answer "the banquet for the graduates." Everyone looks forward to it with anticipation. "What are you going to wear"? is the familiar phrase echoed throughout the halls for weeks ahead of time.

It is a joyful affair and yet there is an undertone of sadness, because it is the last time that the whole school will really be together.

The dinner, of course, was delightful. The atmosphere of gaiety and the tall lovely daffodils seemed to enrich the food even for those who were too excited to eat.

The banquet was officially opened by our charming toast-mistress, Beatrice Dobie. Sheilagh Ryan led the "Prayer for the Pope," which was followed by a toast to the King. The toast to the University was given by Rita Burns to which Rev. T. A. McLaughlin replied. Rev. G. B. Phelan, in words laden with philosophic principles, replied to the toast proposed to St. Michael's College by Mary Kelly. Mary Martin gave the toast to the Faculty, to which Clementine Wien replied. Rev. J. E. McHenry spoke on behalf of Newman Club in reply to the toast by Mary Mogan, while Theresa Knowlton summed up the feelings of the graduates in answer to the toast by Mary Taylor.

Then Father Daley, the 1942 retreat-master, spoke to the graduates and undergraduates.

Suddenly the banquet turned to a lighter strain. The freshmen sang gay little tunes for each senior, depicting her good qualities or "otherwise." The class prophecy was read amid gales of laughter. It was followed by the class-will in



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE S.A.C.

SECOND ROW—E. Egan (Fourth Year Representative); B. Dobie (Second Year Representative); M. Seitz (First Year Representative); A. Matheson (Third Year Representative); M. Mogan (Vice-President).

FIRST ROW—T. Knowlton (President).

which each senior bequeathed some "doo-dad" to each Freshman.

The banquet closed in a note of light-hearted and gay good humour, which we venture to say could only be found amongst youth or those with youthful hearts.

Rosemarÿ Sullivan.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The English names for the days of the week have their origin in a Teutonic religious custom which dedicated each day to one of the gods. This custom also prevailed in later Roman times; and the Latin gods to whom the days were dedicated correspond to the Teutonic gods, though where the practice began is unknown.

Sunday comes from Anglo-Saxon, "sunnan daeg" day of the sun; the late Latin form is "dies solis."

Monday is from A. S. "monan daeg"—day of the moon; and the Latin form is "lunae dies."

Tuesday is from A.S. "Tiwes daeg"—day of Tiw. The Icelandic form is "Tyr," the god of war. The Latin form is "dies Martis."

Wednesday comes from the A.S. "Wodnesdaeg"—day of Woden. Although Woden was the chief divinity of the Teutonic races, he is evidently identified with the Roman god Mercury; for the corresponding day is, in Latin, called "dies Mercurie."

Thursday is from A.S. "Thures daeg"—day of Thor, god of Thunder. As is natural, the principal Latin god, Jupiter the thunder bearer, is identified with Thor: and this day in his honour is called in Latin "dies Iovis."

Friday comes from A.S. "Frige daeg"—day of Frig, wife of Woden, and goddess of love. The Latins dedicated this day to Venus, "dies Veneris."

Saturday derives from A.S. "Saetern daeg"—day of Saturn; the Latin form is "Saturni dies."

It is interesting to note that the modern Romance languages, Spanish, Italian, and French, derive their names of the days from the Latin; but they have introduced Christianity into the first day calling it "the Lord's day," and into the last, calling it "the Sabbath."

Mary Mogan, 4T3.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE HOUSE COMMITTEE.
SECOND ROW—A. Matheson, C. Luciani.
FIRST ROW—M. Ogle (Head Girl); M. Mogan.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1942

The Class of 4T2 is one which we part with reluctantly though on second thought we are heartened by the joy and goodness they will spread elsewhere. It is greatly to their credit that "they work as though everything depended on them and pray as though everything depended on God," at the same time finding hours for wholesome recreation. Their fidelity in spending a half hour or even an hour before the Blessed Sacrament praying for peace, speaks more powerfully and effectively than words uttered by onlookers—no matter how full of admiration.



MARGARET BROWNE—"Peggy" ambled over from the convent and nonchalantly settled herself in Pass Arts. Successfully did she avoid the pitfalls of lectures and essays,—adroitly did she handle the many difficult situations of her eventful life. Literary tendencies promise to lead her to a bright future in the field of journalism. Good luck, Peg, may that smile be just as bright—even when the teeth are false.



RITA BURNS—The convent also deposited a plaid-clad bundle of vitality and sunshine on the College doorstep in the form of Rita Burns. She at once proceeded to hate Zoology and love people with all the vigour at her command and she seems to have spent most of her college days balancing budgets, inaugurating co-operative knitting and saying novenas for other people.



CATHARINE COOKE—"Cookie" is another convent girl and one who has always upheld the high standards of her early Alma Mater. She found her niche in Pass Arts and learned how to burn food in Household Science. Though a conscientious attendant at lectures and Prom concerts, she is never found far from a piano. Who knows, perhaps, in the future "Cookie" will produce that swing arrangement of "Sweethearts."

VIRGINIA DWYER—"Jinny" is a Northerner who came to St. Joe's via North Bay Academy.

Virginia has the distinction of being the only St. Joseph's girl who has not been to Mac's for two and a half years. During her three years in Pass Arts her time has been almost evenly divided between academic pursuits and the company of a man named Joe—well, perhaps not quite evenly—the scales would probably tip in favour of the latter.



EILEEN EGAN—is apparently harmless; but remember, she is Irish, so watch for that sly glint! After imbibing a great deal of knowledge in St. Joseph's College School, she entered Modern Language Course, which does not seem to occupy all her time; she has joined the W.S.T.D., and also takes time out in learning to be an aunt.



GRACE GRIFFIN—We will have to remember to look Grace up in twenty years to see if the Banquet prophecies came true. She has already shown her motherly instinct, by directing our spiritual welfare as President of the Sodality, and in other things too. If ever you want someone to laugh at your jokes, just go to Grace—she will do it, with all her heart and soul: Her future is vague—very!



MARY KELLY—"Kelly," our poet laureate, crossed St. Albans Street with the St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship in her capable hands. Towards essays and exams she has continually adopted an attitude of resignation, towards lectures, polite toleration, even though the darkness of the most worried frown will break the twinkle of her Irish eyes and the sparkle of her dry wit. We can see only success for the Shelley of the Class of '42.



BETTY KIRBY—is our little lady in Household Economics. We all like Betty—there is something fascinating and bewitching about her. She has a great love for sport, classical music and good books. Betty has been in a state of wonder for sometime now—wondering why she took Household Ec.

Her future is rather indefinite, but we know that Betty's smile and her dependability will make her appreciated wherever she goes.





THERESA KNOWLTON—When there's a big stir in the front hall, and wind seems to be swirling, we know that Terry is paying the College a visit. We have yet to see her without a cheery smile and without a place to rush to. The future seems to hold great things in store. Can't you picture her in a Chemical lab making use of the knowledge gleaned in the General Course?



KAY LAWRENCE—Kay arrived at St. Joseph's with a great love of English, a great love of accomplishing a great deal in a short while, and a scholarship. With an idea of becoming "cultured" she took up Fine Art as a side-line in the Pass Course and thinks that everyone should do the same. We always think of Kay and her puns—they are corny, but they are fun.



MARY MARTIN—No sketchy pen-portrait can capture all of "Marty's" complex personality. She has as many moods as a keyboard has notes. Her day may be a jumbled rhapsody of physical energy, "slump," mental gymnastics, coquettishness, tenderness, hilarity and loneliness.

She first succumbed to the lure of the foot-lights as the domineering "Mrs. Craig," but her fame (notoriety?) rests especially on her tangled international love-life.



ANN MATHESON—To paint a surrealistic picture of "Matha" we would need a bell, a cap and gown, a horse, and "Animals Without Backbones." Quiet and dignified on the surface (but fiendishly enjoying her House Committee position as dawn-patrol), "Matha" has been the saving grace of many a mission-supper—she has a way with a kitchen. As for the future, O.C.E. threatens, but you never can tell what "Matha" is going to do next.



MILDRED OGLE—"Head girl Mil" has spent 3 years labouring under a difficulty. Three interests claimed her attention—studies (?), the pursuit of happiness, and upholding the fame of the Canadian West in general; Rosetown, Sask., in particular.

"Heady's" analytical mind has left its mark on her intimates. All those "bull sessions" in Room 14 should provide material for at least two Great American Novels—if she gets around to writing them.

SHEILAGH RYAN—Our border girl—Windsor—Detroit—pursued her academic career, not sacrificing, however, the pleasures of Pass Arts student.

Thanks to "little Ryan," all the occupants of "2nd floor front" have acquired a bit of science to add to their more cultural pursuits. Especially talented in dramatics, St. Michael's College Players have profited immensely from Sheilagh's participation.



JOYCE FIELD—Occupational Therapy has kept Joyce busy these last two years. However, during examination time, she paid us frequent visits and displayed her ready wit. There are some things about Joyce which will be hard to forget, things like "Mortimer, son of a worthy peer." Too bad, Joyce, you can't use Mortimer forever!



RAY GODFREY—From Kindergarten to Bachelor of Arts in Modern Languages, Ray Godfrey has been a St. Joseph's scholar. In 1935, armed with a degree and a sense of humour, Ray sought a niche. After discarding a great many as ill-fitting she applied for and won a scholarship, the J. J. Murphy Memorial, to the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto. This June Ray receives her diploma.



Warm, Mother Mary, through that heart of yours,
The cold, weak pulsings of this heart of mine;
Take all to-day: take all while life endures,
Your child's slight offering to your Child Divine.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FRENCH AND LITERARY CLUB.

SECOND ROW: I. Morissette, A. Futterer, K. Lawrence, C. Luciani.

FIRST ROW: M. Morgan (President of French Club); C. Havey (President of Literary Society).



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SODALITY.

SECOND ROW: Clare Havey (Vice-President); Mary Kelly (Secretary).

FIRST ROW: S. Ryan (Social Convener); Grace Griffin (President); Mary Mogan (Apostolic Mission Representative).



ST. MICHAEL'S JUNIOR BASKETBALL.

SECOND ROW: M. Binks, R. Greenan, B. Dobie, D. O'Connor, S. Kirby.
FIRST ROW—R. Mondo, B. Condon.



ST. MICHAEL'S BADMINTON.

SECOND ROW: K. Brydon, M. Taylor, B. Foley, B. Mosbaugh, B. Holmes, K. O'Connor,
J. Lahey.

FIRST ROW: F. Cooper.



Book Reviews

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. By Raissa Maritain. Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.00.

Written for older children, for those in their teens, says the jacket, that is for those of high school age, is a great and beautiful little book which many young and old have known, loved, re-read and pondered already for some years, and of which a translation into English is issued again in 1942, Raissa Maritain's "Saint Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools," illustrated by Gino Severini. Written with great simplicity, this book contains many beautiful chapters such as that on the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, and many profound thoughts, of which we quote only one example.

"How can we serve God, Who has no need of us? By not placing any obstacle to His divine Will . . . by receiving from Him all the good that He desires to give us; and this is done by obedience to His commandments, and this obedience leads to the perfection of sainthood, which is the love of God and of one's neighbour, gentleness and humbleness of heart." The author gives a biography of the Saint. She discusses truth, intelligence and wisdom and the relation between peace and truth. She shows what were the characteristics of the saint, his docility, his powerful intelligence, his desire for wisdom and holiness, his humility, purity, and love of the Blessed Virgin, his gentleness. Some of the pronouncements of the Church on the greatness of the Saint are given, among which one of the most striking is that of Pope John XXII, who declared that one may profit more in one year from the reading of St. Thomas than by studying for a whole lifetime the other theologians. The book closes with extracts from the Mass of St. Thomas.

Two small books by Julie Bedier, "The Long Road to Lo Ting" and "Thomas the Good Thief," with the slimmest of plots, arouse the interest of small children in the Maryknoll missions in China. The former tells how a Chinese boy, Thomas, following his dying mother's instructions, saved his little Sister, Anna, from being sold as a slave by a wicked

opium-eating uncle. The story is that of children's flight from their pagan village to the convent at Lo Ting. The illustrations in black, white and red by Louise Trevisan give an idea of the dress and appearance, of the food (rice, onions and turnips) and customs of the Chinese. The Chinese writing, sentences from Confucius, decorating these illustrations, are explained at the end of the book. "Thomas the Good Thief" (\$1.35), continues the description of life at the Catholic mission. Thomas is invited by Father Ryan to go with him to Wuchow. The boat on which they travel is pictured both in story and illustration with its bamboo awning, its cargo of tea, vegetables, live fowl and pigs carried by two men suspended in a basket from a pole. Thomas succeeds in saving Father Ryan from pirates, who take possession of the boat.

SOME MYSTERIES OF JESUS CHRIST. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 2s. 6d.)

This book is concerned with certain events in the life of Our Lord and with several aspects of His teaching. The author does not profess to give a systematic treatise on these subjects, but gives us rather a series of pithy considerations, some in a paragraph, others extending to a page or two. These are designed to deepen the reader's understanding of "the fundamental truth for man's individual and collective life and recovery of life" which is contained in St. Peter's answer: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." The thoughts set down in this work are the fruit of a long lifetime of prayer and study, and are a fine example of Fr. McNabb's power of expressing profound doctrine in simple, clear-cut English. In few spiritual writers of our day is such a wealth of thought wedded to such economy of expression, a fact which should recommend these pages to the lay reader as well as to priests and religious.

R. D.





Retreat. Retreat time—a time of prayer and contemplation—the time when we try with the aid of God to remodel our lives and refresh ourselves spiritually.

This year we had Father Phelan, S.J., who conducted the Retreat and gave us conferences which helped us in our meditations and talks with God. The most striking conference was the beautiful and touching talk on Our Lord's Passion and Death upon the Cross.

The exercises were held in the Auditorium with the Blessed Sacrament resting in the tabernacle. This great privilege which made this temporary Chapel so entirely ours greatly increased in devotion and our contemplation of Our Lord's Passion was made more real by the solemnity of the season and by the moving conferences on Our Saviour's Sufferings.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed by the Papal blessing, brought to a fitting close this period so fruitful for all of us in grace and a deeper understanding of spiritual things.

Mary Harding, 3-B.

April 17th. A spirit of unrest was present throughout the morning of April 17th. There was a rumour passing that brought smiles and anticipation to the eyes of many. The advancing of the periods verified a conclusion that some unusual affair was afoot. Imagine our delight and surprise when Sister announced that a movie on "China" would be presented that afternoon.

As we entered the auditorium, we observed Father Stringer and Father Hymus busily adjusting the camera. Soon the curtains were drawn, lights put out and the show was on.

The movie depicted the life of the war-stricken Chinese at the present time. It included photographs of the pitiful refugees and those grim, ruthless invaders, the Japanese. After this, Father Stringer talked on how we could continue our spiritual and material aid for the destitute missions.

Then followed a short comic; shown us by Father Hymus.

"to soothe our nerves after the grave and serious picture we had seen." It was a droll, comical description of a "Chinese Laundry" and sent us home in a mirthful mood.

We have gained from the movie and discourse some valuable knowledge of the forsaken Oriental Missions and ways in which we can re-kindle our ardent efforts for them. I am sure the gratitude of all is extended to Father Stringer and Father Hymus for the pleasure we obtained.

Mary Elizabeth Weis, 2-D.

The Junior Retreat. A retreat for the girls of Grades 8, 9, and 10 was held on Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week. This was the first time many of us had ever made one and it was eagerly anticipated by all, Reverend Father Caruso, S.J., was the Retreat master. There were four conferences each day, terminated by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Confessions were heard between conferences and after Benediction. How honoured we were to have Our Dear Lord right with us in the auditorium these days!

One of the many interesting features of our retreat was the variety of reading matter, in pamphlet form, provided for us in each classroom.

The last morning of the Retreat we had the great honour of having Mass said in the auditorium. Afterwards breakfast was served to all in the cafeteria.

We would like to express our appreciation to all those who made possible this spiritual harvest time, as being one of the most worth-while gift opportunities this year has brought.

Patricia Connolly, 2-B.

Game With Loretto. The day had come when we were to play Loretto in our final attempts to win the cup. The game commenced at three fifteen with the usual shrill whistle of the referee. The spectators cheered with great enthusiasm when the first goal was for St. Joseph's. The points progressed rapidly with a tie score of ten all. It was only a matter of seconds before the fatal bell would ring. Each girl was doing her utmost to break the tie and make the final score which would mean victory for our school team. At last, our star player, Monica Walker, managed to intercept her opponent, caught the ball, and threw a magnificent basket from the middle of the floor. The cheers of the on-

lookers could be heard throughout the school. Thus once more, St. Joseph's upheld the reputation of their past seniors.

Gloria Culotta, 2-C.

Second Form Plays.

Early this year the second forms presented a series of interesting short plays; all of them were well done. 2-A enacted a scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," in which Catherine Aitchison was thoroughly tamed by Edna Burns. 2-B dramatized a bit of "Little Women," and 2-C did an amusing sketch under Joanne Donovan's direction. 2-D presented extracts from "The Mill on the Floss" with a large cast, including Margaret Carter, Jean Walker and Verna Ursini.

Joan Prendergast, 2-D.

CHICOUTIMI'S FOUNDERS.

As a descendant of Alexis Tremblay, one of the pioneers of Chicoutimi, the history of this city is of great interest to me and as part of Canada's early days, I hope that it will make pleasant reading for you.

Although Peter McLeod was the real founder, there were twenty other pioneers associated with him and whose work in the building up of Chicoutimi, entitles them to share the honour of "founder." However, as a leader he must be accorded the lion's share of the glory.

It was he, in fact, who made, at Rivière du Moulin, the first settlement which was the starting point of what has become the real Chicoutimi. Peter McLeod was a Metis; his father, Peter, was a Scot who lived in the region of Saguenay from 1809. His mother was a Montagnais woman. He was born at Chicoutimi. One time clerk at the post of Islets de Jeremie for the Hudson Bay Company, he interested himself in the lumber trade and in 1836, conjointly with his father, he possessed saw mills. He established one of these centres at Rivière Noire (St-Simeon). When, in 1842, the new lease of the Hudson Bay Company left the field free in the Saguenay, he began a new venture at Rivière du Moulin. That same year he made a contract with William Price and Co., giving over to them the settlement of Rivière Noire in order that he might give his whole time and attention to the business centred in Chicoutimi.

It was there that he spent the last ten years of his life. He died in 1852 at Rivière du Moulin in the house which he had built in his first years and which is still there. Above all Chicoutimi owes something to God, without Whose almighty and paternal action vain is man's effort and inept are his organizations.

Henrietta Tremblay (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

THE FLOWERS.

Flowers are the most beautiful things in creation. They are a real and living image of God's beauty and tenderness for man, for in creating flowers, God wanted to gladden men's lives so often sad during its course.

Flowers are also ornaments. They embellish our homes and add beauty to the gardens. They soften the sad memory of those who are dead and very often guard the tomb of our friends or relatives. Even after death they are a souvenir of what we have known on earth, a tribute of friendship and love.

May is the month of flowers and so fittingly the month of Mary. The most beautiful blossoms are gathered by children, big and little, to lay at Our Lady's Feet. What an honourable use for flowers!

Charlotte Desrochers (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

TROPICAL NIGHT IN CARTAGENA.

NOTE: Cartagena is one of the oldest cities of South America; founded in 1533. It was once a Spanish colony. Because of its natural picturesque situation in the shape of an archipelago in the Caribbean Sea and of its climate whose tropical heat is tempered by the sea breezes, it was chosen by the Viceroy and the nobility of Spain as the place most suitable on which to build their homes. Then they spared no effort or wealth to adorn and make it a pleasant and progressive city.

To-day we find in Cartagena precious relics of a glorious Yesterday together with the modern and developed civilization. Futurist suburbs outside of its antique walls and new lands joined by bridges with the ancient part present of it an interesting panorama.

The last ray of the bright sun disappears between the blue line that separates the sky from the sea. The scent of the tropical flowers is heavy in the air. The reflection of the setting sun draws fantastic figures in the sky, something like feudal castles that contrast with the languid palm trees and the towers of antique temples.

The city that was in former times the emporium of Spanish pride and power, emerges majestic over its ruins. The veil of night comes down once again; and the frightening silence of old fortifications filled with blackness and mystery, reigns over one side of the city. Occasionally the quiet streets are interrupted in their sleep by the creak of a dusty wheel-barrow, of the cry of a swallow on its way back to the nest; or perhaps, by the slow and solemn tolling of a church bell calling to a requiem "on the morrow."

The other side of the city presents a picture of vivid contrast; sparkling lights brighten splendid bridges and all the noisy sounds of a modern night life dwell in it.

Here in a corner the rhythm of music, smooth and fair, coming from a terrace lures one to enter, where moonlight, stars and

fireflies have charge of the illumination. Farther on is seen a fishing club. Sunburned faces looking at a sail-boat that has gone as fast as the wind and the typical smell of fresh fish are characteristic of this place.

But all this mirage begins to vanish like a smoky cloud, because the tropical magic awaits the morning kiss of the dawn, and says "adios" for a while.

Elsa Escallon Villa (Spanish Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

SPRING.

April has arrived. Very soon the rays of the warm sun melted the snow in the fields and woods. Sleeping nature awakes and begins to cover the brown earth with a green hue.

A little spring in a forest near my home wakes up and babbles merrily. Every year I visit and speak to it. A part of myself has been there since my youth. I like to walk the path, which runs beside the stream. Swift and limpid the water speaks to my soul. It listens consolingly to my happiness and sadness.

All around the birds, trees, rocks seem to be alive and to sing the joy of life. Sweet memories come back to me in a symphony of nature while pondering there.

Alone I go to this spot to be filled with its beauty in the pure and fresh air, thanking God for having given us so many treasures.

Marguerite Guertin (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

SUMMER DREAMS.

Jim sat in his old flat-bottom boat; barefoot in faded overalls, his face, arms and hands tanned by the gentle radiance of the sun, his hair rumpled by the breeze. Listlessly he fished. Through the pines came the shrill cry of a wild bird calling to its mate. From the smooth transparency of the lake, two loons popped up and viewed him with suspicion. An air of peace enveloped the scene.

On the nearby hill stood a humble cottage and in the doorway appeared his mother, who called to him to come to his daily chores. Jim did not hear her for as he fished, he dreamed.

He dreamed of a bright future when he would be a successful man, of achievement in a modern world with wealth by which he could have everything. Jim was young and failed to realize what lay ahead of him.

Two score years have passed. Jim is back among familiar scenes—the lake, the loons and crows, the rambling dwelling in the background. Gone are his family and neighbours—gone too, are the peace, enjoyment and contentment of boyhood days. Willingly he would give all—fame, wealth, everything, for a return to the joyful and penniless days of his youth.

Lenore Mackie, 2-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

A VISIT TO PERCE, QUEBEC.

There is a beautiful place in Quebec, which the people from many parts of Canada visit each summer. The little village called "Percé" has many attractive customs.

Situated just on the sea, it takes its name from the huge Percé Rock near the shore. This marvel of nature has a considerable height and it can be seen for many miles. At low tide, we are able to walk around it and pass through the big opening which many years ago was large enough to allow the passage of a boat. It is very interesting.

"Bonaventure Island," also called "The Birds' Sanctuary," is an additional attraction to the beauty of this village. On that island the seagulls live by thousands. To the tourists who like to sail around the island in a yacht, that large flock of gulls appears from afar like snow on the sea-shore.

The hospitality of the people of "Percé" adds to the pleasure of a visit. Their generosity is well known, though they are far from being wealthy. The land there is not favorable to growth. They have only one warm month in the year, which is not enough to permit any cultivation of the soil. The glacial wind of the St. Lawrence Gulf gives a cold climate to that country. But they have a natural source of livelihood in fishing. They sell their products to big companies and so make a fair living.

I hope now I have given you an idea of that beautiful country, which is sometimes unknown to a great number of people. If next summer, or in the near future, some of you have a chance to visit this part of our loved Quebec, take advantage of the opportunity, lest it be your last.

Jacqueline Charbonneau (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

GASPESIA.

Did you ever make a tour of Gaspesia? That is one of the most interesting trips one can take in Canada.

The route runs along the St. Lawrence River; which besides its great beauty abounds in many kinds of fish. That is why we can see so many fishermen with their little boats trailing their lines trying to make a good catch. On this depends their livelihood, for the fish are in great demand by the markets and many tourists who never seem to tire of fresh fish.

On the St. Lawrence are frequent beaches ideal for summer amusements. These places are patronized by the dwellers of the many summer homes built along the shore in Gaspesia.

There are no big cities but every little town or village has something of interest to show you. In Matane, my home, the tourists are attracted by a large lock on the Matane River, picturesquely situated near the saw-mill and a bridge.

What a catastrophe if this beautiful region should be torn by war, as many European countries have been! So I pray God to protect this and all Canada from the destruction of so much beauty.

Rachel Gagnon (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF BROTHER ANDRÉ.

In 1937 Montreal lost a great man in Brother André. How affecting it was to see so many people going to visit St. Joseph's Shrine where his remains were exposed!

It was only on this day I appreciated so much the great privilege my family had of numbering him among its friends and having had the pleasure of his company for supper sometimes. How good he was!

I was very young when I met him for the first time and found that he was not a man exactly like others, but so good and so humble. When he finished his supper I sat at his feet and in a low voice he told me stories and also named all the places he had visited in the United States as if he were reciting his beads. It was very amusing.

The last time I saw him he was not so well; he looked much older than the year before. I remembered him speaking about the people who went to see him, asking for a cure. He was so angry, he said: "It is not I who have the power to cure you but St. Joseph; I can only pray for you; have confidence." Brother André told me the story of his life and it was admirable to see such humility in one so great.

I will never forget him and now a look around our dining or living room brings thoughts of him, and if God allows his canonization I can say that a saint came to our home. The feeling this gives me is inexpressible, because though I often heard saints spoken of, I never thought that I would have so great a favour as to know personally a saint in Brother André.

Diane Boileau (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

A SPIRITUAL WAR DANGER.

Many of us are so occupied with war duties that it is impossible for us to observe Sunday in the traditional manner, but assistance at Mass and attention to prayer must take first place in these troubled times.

If the Church, accommodating herself to these exceptional exigencies, considers it expedient to suspend the application of her laws on this matter, the necessity of joining our sacrifice to the sacrifice of Christ becomes more necessary now. The faithful taken from the sensible participation in the liturgical life of the Church must practise a Sunday of interior fidelity. Most of all, must we strengthen ourselves against the insidious danger of becoming accustomed to such a situation. If not, we would soon lose the meaning, the liking, and the respect for the day of Our Lord.

The war which imposes on us the idea of an interior front and sacrifice, furnishes us, too, with new and higher reasons for practising our Christian Sunday. In this way we shall be not only saved from the danger of weakened faith but will emerge from the conflict stronger and better Christians.

Corrine Tremblay (French Student),
St. Joseph's College School.

THE INNKEEPER OF THE CROSSROADS.

The olive grove in front of the inn at the crossroads glittered a soft green in the first rays of the sunlight. No traveller could be seen on the road to Bethlehem nor south on the road to Hebron. In the doorway of the little inn stood old Misael, the innkeeper, quite unconscious of the glory of that May morning.

"To-morrow indeed is the day for the publican to come. These wretched tax-gatherers take all that a man has, "grumbled Misael. "How shall I pay it this time?"

One circumstance depended on another. The caravan from Egypt was due that afternoon. The merchants would stop at the inn and the coins they paid would help to meet the tax. But his supply of wine was almost done. Only this morning he had found the last wine jar to have but a few measures left in it. Travellers would not delay long where they could not get refreshments.

Just then his gaze fell on a little group coming down the road from Bethlehem. A weary-looking man was leading a donkey on whose back rode a beautiful young mother and her tiny baby. They were poor folk, obviously. They seemed to be in a hurry. In front of the inn they dismounted and the man called to Misael and enquired for a little food.

"I haven't much to pay you with," said the stranger, taking from his girdle two small coins, "but for the love of charity, perhaps you will give us something. My wife has had nothing to eat since yesterday evening. And the boy—"

Misael began to protest. He was not rich, either. The tax people were coming—. Suddenly his eyes fell on the little child. The child was looking at him. There was something of trust and surrender in that look, something that made Misael know that those three depended on him. Straightway he turned and went into the storage room. He tilted the last jar to fill the measure with the last cups of wine. But it was heavy. Very heavy. And the rays of sunlight through the window made the purple stream glisten as it poured out. Was he dreaming? The jar was full. All the jars were full! He filled the pitcher and brought it to the table in the courtyard under the trees. Like someone in a dream, he served his guests. He could not take his eyes from the child, who looked at him now with a look so knowing and so loving. When they had finished their frugal meal—they would not wait to have the banquet Misael fain would have prepared for them—the father saddled the donkey, and thanking Misael for his kindness, hurried off on the road to the south.

The old man stood at the door of the inn, marvelling at the wondrous thing he had seen that day, and pondering what it could mean. A cloud of dust showed at the turn of the road from the north. It was a man-riding fast, a soldier. He reined in his horse before the inn.

"Fellow," he called sharply, "Hast thou seen aught of some travellers along this road to-day?"

"Travellers?" replied the old man with hesitation.

"Aye. Herod hears of a babe that is born to wear a crown some day. His own trembles on his cunning head. It is murder for every mother's child near Bethlehem to-day."

Misael seemed to see the lovely innocent eyes of that tiny child looking at him still. He was afraid, afraid to tell—afraid not

to tell. Suddenly he remembered a group of travellers on the road west early this morning.

"Indeed, 'tis true. Some persons rode along the highway to Emmaus, just after dawn. 'Tis like you might overtake them with speed."

"Herod's thanks to you, old man," called back the rider, spurring his horse away to the east.

And as the innkeeper watched him off on his fruitless search, he looked again to the south and beheld the caravan coming towards him.

Kathleen Williams, 3-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

A ROUND ABOUT PROBLEM.

It was inevitable. A fat woman with a Scotty dog on a leash is bound to have difficulties, but since the lady in question was exceedingly stout and the dog extraordinarily frisky, trouble was imminent. The lady had seven large parcels, four small ones and a hat box besides the aforesaid canine of Caledonian origin. (His name, I believe, was Aloysius). She looked foolish as she stood there vainly trying to jiggle the eleven odd parcels, not to mention the hat box and her capricious little terrier.

After navigating Queen Street from the portals of Eaton's to Simpson's, she attempted to enter the latter via that threat to shoppers—the swinging door. Aloysius was a bit leery of leaving the outdoors in favour of the indoors. He kept showing his disapproval of the change by a series of quick revolutions around the general direction of her ankles. She remonstrated fruitlessly. Forestalling him necessitated turning around him as fast as he was revolving around her. Finally, however, the altercation ceased for a moment because the lady dropped two large parcels. Picking up these occupied her for some time.

Grasping the leash she marched him firmly through the door. Midway between the inside and the outside the string of the hat-box broke and scattered her Spring chapeau in the narrow confines of the door. She attempted to bend over. Here she met her Waterloo for the door began to swing round and hit her a sharp rap. The bulk of the lady was too much for the door, however. It stopped dead in its tracks. She picked up her hat box and bonnet placing the latter in the former. This accomplished she proceeded dauntlessly on her way. When she reached the inside of the store she heaved a sigh of relief and promptly dropped four assorted bundles in the path of an oncoming sailor. He helped her to retrieve her parcels and in so doing he knocked her hat off and stepped on it. Aloysius sensing an insult dived for Jack Tar's ankles. Restraining Aloysius was difficult, but she did it. Clutching her bundles she stalked off badly damaged but minus not a whit of her dignity.

After reading this if you venture through a swinging door carrying or leading impedimenta of any kind, well—all I can say is—the responsibility is your own.

Joanne Donovan,
St. Joseph's College School.

VALLEY OF THE VIOLETS.

About the end of May, when we go out for a day at the cottage, for the first time, we tumble out of the car and are off for the creek, which we have named "Stoney Creek" because of its rocky bed. Close to the water there runs through the woods a little pathway along which we run until we come to the little patch of bluish-purple violets. They look so snug and dainty in their bed of green, pillowing their heads in their round green leaves. Tall thorn bushes form a roof over the bed as though to protect the flowers and we have to stoop to keep our hair from becoming tangled in their clutching branches. Every year there is the same fear that disappointment might await us but each year our shy little friends seem eager to greet us and to fulfill the promise with their beauty and their fragrance.

Joan Hope, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY SECRET TREASURE TRAIL.

When I was about six or seven, I lived a short distance from the city. Behind the huge red barn in the backyard there was a big dark bush, which I had been warned not to enter. Although, tempted many times to wander through, I never did. Finally lying in bed one night, I decided that the next time my mother and father went out I would take a little walk through, although I did not intend to stay there very long.

After long days of waiting, Mother at last left for the city. As soon as she had closed the front door, I ran through the house and out the back door as fast as my legs would carry me. Once just outside the bush a longing for adventure surged up inside me, I slipped in among the trees and after a few steps I was at last in all the wonderment of Nature. The tall, sturdy oaks with their lovely green leaves seemed to look down at me and smile as if to say, "Welcome to our little home." The other trees too seemed to give me an approving smile of welcome. Every once in a while a little white rabbit or a chipmunk, with its outstanding coat of fur, found its way across the path. They were such sweet and tiny things, that I wanted to pick them up but they darted away too quickly. Suddenly as if from nowhere, I heard the silvery bell-like tinkle. Thinking of the fairy stories my mother had told me, I thought it might be the fairies themselves, so once again I screwed up my courage and pushed through the woods.

Coming to a clearing, I stopped short, for there in the middle was a beautiful little waterfall trickling over some big moss-covered stones. While I stood there in amazement, my eyes searching everywhere, suddenly a patch of blue peeped out and to my delight I discovered a bed of forget-me-nots.

I must have been there hours, sitting in this beautiful, peaceful scene, just drinking in the beauty and the goodness of God, and when I finally returned home it was with a feeling of loneliness for my little spot. It was my secret and it is still, even now I slip away to my treasure trail of peace, to find again the joy that was mine on its discovery.

Ruth Platt, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

WHY CANADA MUST BORROW.

This year the war will cost us four million dollars a day. The conflict means much more because it is a battle of great machines as well as of men. Canada cannot afford to sacrifice men for lack, in quality or quantity, of fighting machines. We must, therefore, produce them on an undreamed of scale.

To do this, Canada must borrow from her citizens through the sale of Victory Bonds. This great menace to our freedom may be conquered by resource in men, material, and money. We have the men but must get the materials. Canadians have the money but the whole support of all is imperative to make this war a victory for us and the end of all wars. Our freedom depends on victory. Invest in Victory Bonds with confidence and cheerfulness. People who bought War Bonds twenty some years ago have had reason to be happy and thankful. They have received their money back and also the interest due. Next to taking your place in the armed forces, the best way for you to serve Canada is by investing in—"Victory Bonds." Buy to-day. To-morrow may be too late.

Catherine Spratt, 3-D,

St. Joseph's College School.

THE BAILIE.

He held Scots with his dignity,
He swayed them with his might;
Quotations from his learned speech
Put arguments to flight.

He stood six feet within his boots,
His waistband forty-eight,
His chest, to do him justice, though,
Was forty-two of late.

His countenance immovable,
Suggested wisdom, deep;
His droll and husky voice, boomed far,
Even to yon deer-keep.

He dressed the same from morn 'til night,
Except on Sunday day,
When put he on his suit of black,
To prove him far from gay.

In town he held his head aloft;
But walking where flowers grow,
He wrestled with affairs of State,
And dropped his head down low.

In town the people greeted him,
As walked he down the street;
Recognition from him did seem
A judgment from the Seat.

Catharine Alitchison, 2-A,

St. Joseph's College School.

THE LAST SNOWFALL.

Everyone walked along with a light skip, whistling gay little tunes. Heavy clothes, goloshes, scarfs and sweaters had been put away for the summer, and in their stead new spring hats blossomed gaily on high-held heads, light spring coats blew easily open in the cool bright spring air.

Almost imperceptibly, at first, the clear blue sky became over-shadowed by a dull gray cloud, but even this failed to dispel the spring feeling in the air. Soon, however, the bright sunshine disappeared, leaving behind it only heavy clouds, and a biting breeze blew harder as people quickly buttoned their coats.

Within a few moments soft wet snow drops fluttered to the ground, some lingering on newly budded branches, others perching unwelcomed on new spring hats. The flakes fell harder, as if punishing the people for thinking that winter had fled.

Soon the streets were covered with black, muddy snow, the result of rubberless feet jumping over the too wide puddles. The few robins seemed lost in the flurry and sought the nearest shelter.

After only two hours' snowing, the blue sky once more fought its way back over the world, angrily pushing the dull clouds away, and the sun, annoyed at the winter's rude intrusion, quickly set to work to dry up the wet flakes.

Heavy coats were once more seen; the coats were needed only for a few days, for once the sun had really gained control of the sky, he refused to give up his power.

Mary Morrison, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY DAY WITH THE FISH.

I sat on the extremely uncomfortable block of stone which offered the most advantageous position for fishing from this certain shore of the lake. The fish were not biting to-day, or at least they were not interested in my line, and I would not blame them as I kept shifting and hustling around on my perch, failing in every attempt to make myself comfortable. I could not sit anywhere else for the ground was wet and soggy and my block's fellows were somewhat too jagged to suit my frame of mind.

Some fishing expedition! My line had snapped three times and I had just finished untangling a nerve-racking backlash which excelled by all the previous ones I had experienced, while casting in Bleak's cove. My promised companion had failed me at the last minute, but in a fit of pique I had come alone in spite of all. A passing shower had drenched me and an otherwise appetizing lunch. I had become exceedingly hot and annoyed and finally came to the conclusion that I did not care what the odious old fish did anyway, and now on I could not find even a comfortable spot on which I might sit still for three minutes.

So I went home to the only thoroughly enjoyable fishing trip in the complete angler where in a cosy wing-chair I might soon at will casting the best streams in imagination with my body reposing in shameless ease.

Kay Hauthry, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

CHARACTER.

The dictionary defines character as (1) "that which a person really is." (2) "a reputation." In a way these two definitions absolutely contradict each other. In my opinion the first one is the more correct, because if you think of one of your companions who is a very dear friend, you do not think of him as a portrait of what others painted of him, do you? No, you classify him according to his actions on different occasions or to those peculiarities of his which only a friend would tolerate.

Now let us think of a reputation which is a good or bad name in the public eye. It is those people who continually talk about having a good name and worry about their fine reputation who in reality have a poor one and consequently are fooling themselves. I am just putting down these thoughts as they occur to me during my meditation on character, which I think is the result of your formation of the virtues given to you by the Divine Character. He created us to His own image and naturally He expects us to live up to this privilege. Are you going to disappoint Him? Don't you think you owe Him at least this much? I don't want you to read this over and think it just another person's prattle. Ask yourself each of these questions and you will discover how you have been using this privilege. If you seriously "take stock of yourself," you bring to light many hidden virtues and imperfections. It is solely up to us whether we are accounted as having a fine character or not, so think this over and see if you haven't been fooling yourself as I found myself doing.

Lexie Jones, 3-B,

St. Joseph's College School.

A MEDITATION.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourself as others see us!

—R. Burns.

This quotation should provide us with numerous questions which require earnest meditation. What are we really like? How do we appear to other people? How do people classify us?

Imagine yourself as another person with whom you come in contact daily. What is that person's opinion of you? Are you dependable, courteous, efficient, congenial? These characteristics plus numerous others, each supply us with thoughts of commendation or reproach. In order to make friends we must remember not to acquire the habit of acting, but to be natural. I think that needs no further explanation. Also we must keep in mind the fact that people do not always criticize us according to our weak points only, but they also take our virtues into consideration.

This is a topic upon which one could cogitate for an unlimited time. By sincere meditation, numerous facts concerning ourselves, which had hitherto remained an impenetrable mystery, are revealed. Perhaps each one of us could profit by real reflection on these words which have become almost proverbial whilst the poem from which they are taken is almost forgotten.

Lexie Jones, 3-B,

St. Joseph's College School.

THE OLD FARM.

Nothing can bring more peace or happiness than a visit to the old farm. Here are the signs of perseverance, faithfulness and honest, hard work.

Nestled in its grove of maples and set back about one-quarter mile from the dusty, gravel road, the farm, its buildings, and green fields is the picture of contentment and quiet. The free, roaming pastures green in summer, and pure white in winter, seem to stretch far out to the horizon. Then you catch a glimpse of the large, brick house whose doors seem to sing out a welcome. A huge barn with white walls, red roof and doors stands not far off. In the barnyard the little colts venture to take their first undecided steps, the older horses find a haven after a long arduous day before the plow and all the other animals spend their leisure moments in the pleasant restful atmosphere.

A visit in spring reveals the real beauty of the old farm. At the first signs of spring everything awakens—the trees, flowers and birds. Springtime was surely never meant for dusty, noisy city streets. They never seem to have time for its beauty anyway. Here in the country it leisurely slips into a beautiful summer.

But, again when north winds blow, the old farm still holds its charm. From the high, snow-swept hills to the low bare plains the wind is singing a defiant song to Old Man Winter. In each of its seasons and moods the countryside retains that fresh, home-like time-for-living atmosphere.

Gertrude Phelan, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY CLERKING EXPERIENCE.

Several times I had wished to be behind that counter distributing groceries to the customers wants, but I never dared to ask permission from my Aunt, the owner of the neighbourhood grocery store.

One Saturday evening as I was visiting my Aunt a customer came into the store. My Aunt was busily sewing and could not leave it at this moment. She insisted that I wait on the lady. This was my greatest desire and I marched in proud as a peacock, ready for my first experience clerking.

As she pulled out a long list of groceries, I became nervous. Finding the first couple of articles on the list I was clumsy and all fingers, but I finally succeeded in collecting all the articles except the last—red pepper. I searched and combed every shelf in the store. For fifteen minutes this went on until the woman, exasperated at the time wasted, exclaimed: "Please go and get someone who knows how to clerk."

I was too proud to seek help from my Aunt so when I spied a red substance on a high shelf, I hurriedly thrust some in a sack and handed it to her. Utterly disgusted at me she grabbed her groceries and walked out. Slyly I returned to the kitchen and spent the evening there.

I have often wondered what happened when she tried to use that red pepper.

Anna Dwyer, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE WOMAN OF THE FLOWER.

Maurice Maeterlinck, famous Belgian author of "The Blue Bird," who had retired and was living in France, came to the United States after the Nazi invasion.

He tells a short quaint story of a summer morning's walk of long ago, when attracted by the wondrous perfume of flowers, he stepped into a stranger's garden. A perfect picture of wonderful colours and delicious odours accented by the humming of the working bees, confronted him and in the pathway leading from the little house like a jewel in the centre of the gorgeous rainbow of scents, sights and sounds stood a tiny old lady. Without looking at Maeterlinck she spoke so lovingly and understandingly of the flowers, that he knew instinctively that she had made her garden. She pointed to her patch of old-world flowers—those that flourish profusely in many of Europe's little cottage gardens. She then pointed to more complex flowers and mentioning how some had come from South American countries and others from Persia. The man thought as he looked and listened that he had never really seen a flower before.

"I learned to use my eyes each day as if next morning I would no longer be able to see," she explained. Smiling, she lifted her face as she said good-bye and he discovered she had indeed in past years used her eyes to good effect for cataracts now covered them and she was completely blind.

Elaine Hopkins, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

ONE GOLDFISH TO ANOTHER.

Said Goldfish A to Goldfish B,
"Some day we'll be swimming in a big blue sea,
For the paint they spill in the Art Room, it's true,
Is enough to float both me and you!"

St. Joseph's College School.

ENGLAND'S CALL.

Drake! thou shouldst be living in this day,
For England has been threatened from the sea,
For England and her ships have need of thee,
For England needs thy spirit in the fray.
Thy vision long foresaw this great domain
Whose rarest jewels are slipping from our hands,
Singapore, Hong Kong and Malay lands
Thy reborn spirit help us to regain.
Listen through the sound of bursting shells—
Listen for the beating of thy drum—
We are drumming, drumming, hear and come;
Wait not until thou hear'st the ring of bells,
For England's bells are mute 'til victory,
Or 'til we fight invaders from the sea

Joan Prendergast, 3-D,
St. Joseph's College School.

DIARY OF A FIRST FORM MOUSE.

MONDAY—deer diary—this mornin as I was finishin my brekfast of some forgotten candee, the dore opened and in walked one of those critters with whiskers on the top of their hed insted of the mouth like me. Well anyhow in she comes, and my! didn't she screech as she saw me. Gosh I was scared. She climbed on a desk and over it went—bang! I wonder what was wrong? I think she was silly don't you.

TUESDAY—deer diary—nothin excitin happened this morning but this afternoon, if didn't I have fun. Me'n my friend, the cricket climbed into the big desk near the window, and had a game of hide and seek. Well it was my turn to hide and dog-gone if the owner of the desk doesn't come in. She was looking for something and she grabbed hold of me. I was so scared! I squeeled and bit and made an awful fuss. Cricket just sat and stared. Well finally she left and cricket and me had a swell time that night at supper. We just laughed ourselves sick thinking how funny she looked hopping all over and her face—excuse me.

Mary Wesson, 1-D,

St. Joseph's College School.

PROFITABLE STRATEGY.

Years ago, at the truculent age of ten, I ventured to disobey my father by driving my newly acquired bicycle through a certain ravine, which had always been out of bounds for me. I thought I would never be discovered but my father heard about it. I will never know how, and my allowance was duly stopped for two months.

In my estimation there is nothing more horrible or more devastating to a ten year old child than a complete lack of money. I was furious at the flagrant injustice, but father said it was not the magnitude but the principle of the thing that hurt him, and the subject was closed—he thought. There was a mixture of sorrow and despair, no contrition in my soul, which seethed with rebellion. My family was eternally estranged. I encountered nothing but looks of hostility on the faces of my nearest relatives, for I had disturbed the usual peace and quiet of our home. Well, they would be sorry! I imagined them weeping over my still body as it was carried from beneath the wheels of a motor car, which had despatched my soul to a happier land. I drew a morbid satisfaction from the thought.

Then, I could flee from home, but as I compared my cosy room to some cold drafty hut beneath the trees of some rain-swept forest, I thrust these desperate plans aside. Instead I would lead a life of subdued patience until I was older, when I might find quiet seclusion somewhere far away from the turmoil of the troubled world. An atmosphere of gloom hung about the house. When spoken to, I would answer quietly, and quit the presence of my elders as quickly as possible, with a persecuted expression on my face.

Finally, the situation became unbearable. One day, when I was seated in my room, reading a book, I heard a knock at the door. It was my sister. She entered quietly and said: "Look,

dear! here is fifty cents. This will last you for awhile." I thanked her profusely and promised not to tell father or mother. I had always felt that she was in sympathy with me.

About fifteen minutes later, when I was beginning to think that life was tolerable, my mother entered and said: "Jean, I wish you would go out and get some air. Here is a dollar. Buy a brick of ice-cream and oh—you may keep the change. I have so much change in my purse I don't know what to do with it." With this rather feeble excuse, she left.

Nothing could surprise me now. When my father came in a few minutes later, I knew that I had been expecting him. I had suffered enough, and he knew I was sorry so he said that I would receive my allowance the next Saturday and until then a quarter would do. As he was going out he said: "Oh, you needn't tell your mother about this."

I gazed at the money and decided that my plan of watchful waiting had paid and paid well. Silence indeed was golden.

Jean Ross, 3-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

MORN.

The day is come. The glory of the morn
Sweeps o'er the east with brilliance blinding all,
As if in it new life and spirit born.
The meadow lark resounds its mate's shrill call.
The dew upon the grass begins to shine;
The very air seems full of life at dawn;
While in the meadows wake the sheep and kine,
And in the forest wake the deer and fawn.
The stars then show that they too have felt life,
And open wide their blossoms to the sun,
Their edges carved, as if by some sharp knife,
Enjoy the light and frolic as in fun.
The sun, the earth, and sky all changes make,
He, Our Creator, made them for our sake

Catharine Aitchison, 2-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

When Winter is well on its way for another year, the signs of Spring are always welcome.

You feel so gay and happy when those bare brown spots gradually turn green, when the little buds on the trees start to bloom and when you feel the warm sun shining through the clear blue skies.

But still, there is one tiny, yet important little creature who makes the season complete. His shrill song filling the air seems to tell you "Make ready for Spring is here." He lights on your window sill in the morning to arouse you with his song, and sings you to sleep in the evening with the lullaby. Yes, you have guessed it! His little ambassador of Spring is the first Robin Red Breast?

Mary Gallivan, 3-C.,
St. Joseph's College School.

KIDNAPPED.

Billy and Bob were six-year-old twins with dark brown hair and blue eyes.

One day they sneaked under the back fence and walked on quickly till they were on a lovely country road.

After they had walked awhile a man sprang from a clump of bushes and grabbed Bob. A car drove up. "Blackie throw the boy in the back of the car," shouted the driver.

Billy started to run but he turned to see where the man was. "Bang," he bumped into a tree and knew no more. When Billy came to, they were stopping before an old red brick house. The boys were taken in and put in the cellar.

Hours after they were awakened from their sleep by voices. "Here they are fast asleep." Dad had found them. Never again would they wander from home.

G. Sheehan, Grade 8,
St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines, Ontario.

BUY?

If you want to keep your liberty,
If you want to keep your country free,
Buy a victory bond to-day,
Buy one now—without delay.

Our country we must now defend,
Do not wait until the end,
Buy a Victory Bond to-day,
Drive the Hun and Jap away.

Barbara Evans, Grade 9,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

FREEDOM.

Your freedom is precious, my friend,
To keep it, be willing to lend;
Your Victory bond,
Is the magical wand,
Which will cause the cruel axis to rend.

Fern Beauchamp, Grade 12,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

VICTORY.

To keep our flag a-flying,
To keep brave men from dying,
For liberty!
Not tyranny!
We Victory Bonds are buying!

Rita Híreen, Grade 10,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE.

The streets of Revolutionary Paris teemed with angry people. Monsieur and Madame De Farge's tall bony figures towered above the mass as they moved towards the Bastille. The faces around them showed anger and revenge. The crowd pushed on, brandishing sharp swords and clubs, screaming "Down with the Bastille!" "Let us storm the Bastille!" Injustice had changed the former quiet God-fearing peasants. Hunger, want, starvation had made them desperate in seeking their rights to live as men and women.

This scene took place many years ago in Paris. Before the crowd, there rose a huge stone building, black with age. Surging on they entered the fortress, swarmed through the corridors and rooms screaming. It was bedlam. Suddenly an ominous silence. A terrific blast and the huge structure was enveloped in flames. "The Bastille was gone forever."

Joan Burke, Grade 9.

St. Joseph's High School.

LIMERICK FOR VICTORY BONDS

If I had a swift aeroplane,
Oh Boy! what I'd do to the Japs,
The motor would roar and I would soar,
Right to Japan in three short laps

I'd drop my bombs down by the tons,
And rattle machine guns just the same,
But long before I could ever do this,
I'd have to be backed by the "Loan Campaign."

So gather together Canadians,
And invest your money to-day,
Purchase Canadian Victory Bonds,
And buy, buy now—to-day.

Michael Donovan, Grade 9,

St Patrick's, Vancouver.

NOISES.

As I sit on the sofa and watch the rain,
Dropping lightly on the window pane,
Various things flash through my mind,
And everything is of a different kind.
You can think of the click of the blindman's cane,
Or the zooming sound from the aeroplane,
Sounds, finer than these
Is the wind in the trees
Or the bees' busy hum
In the afternoon sun
But last of all, this will I add,
Is nature's song of the whistling lad.

Peggy Blay, Grade 8,

St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

WHY CANADA FIGHTS.

"O Canada, we stand on guard for thee."

These are the words that have been on the lips and in the hearts of Canadians long before and since the days of Confederation. Throughout our glorious history we Canadians have lived up to these stirring words of our National Anthem. Our sons and daughters have fought and died in foreign lands that we might be permitted to live our own lives—to enjoy the four freedoms so ably expressed by President Roosevelt:

Freedom of speech.
Freedom of religion.
Freedom from want.
Freedom from fear.

In this war as in the last, Britain has been forced to fight in her own defence. As a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, Canada owes it to the Motherland to be at England's side when she is attacked. Our slogan in the past has been "When England is at war, Canada is at war." If we ignore the sentimental issues involved we must, for purely selfish and practical purposes wholeheartedly accept the theory that Britain is Canada's first line of defence. And rightly so for, if Britain falls, what defence have we to repel a ruthless, cunning enemy with our thousands of miles of boundaries and our mere 11,000,000 inhabitants scattered over the width and breadth of Canada? Granted that, if our shores were attacked we could expect a certain amount of protection from the United States; but, with a vast and vulnerable coast-line, our land would merely become a bloody battle ground and our success problematic.

This therefore, is our war whether it is fought in Europe, Asia or in the Americas. Our way of life is threatened. Treacherous, greedy tyrants seek to snatch our hard-earned social, political and religious gains from our very fingers. Is it any wonder that we are fighting with all our strength and resources? Let us then, O Canada, stand on guard and fight for thee.

Irene Tremblay, Commercial,

St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

OUR ARMY.

Through mud and murk,
They will not shirk,
They fight for you and me.
They fight as we must
For the right and just
For the land of Democracy.

Norbert Doyle, Grade 9,

St. Patrick's Vancouver.

* * *

Buy Victory Bonds our foes to sink,
And really make Herr Hitler think,
That we are out to win this war,
To do it now as we did before.

Mary Nairn, Grade 9,

St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

CAUGHT.

Softly down the stairway,
Lightly father tread,
Assured his word was taken,
And all were ready for bed.

But hidden back in a closet,
Beneath a pile of clothes,
With a book and a couple of apples
A lamp and a shade reposed.

Out came all accessories,
I snuggled down in bed,
Adjusted shade, secured an apple,
And for an hour read.

But soon a creak on the stairway
And then a heavy tread,
"Put that book in the bookcase,
I told you to go to bed."

Prue Jarvis, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

BUNNY TRACKS.

This morning as I walked to school
Across the fluffy snow
I came upon a bunny track,
A jumping, zig-zag row.

Marie Harrison, Age 6,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

VICTORY LOAN DRIVE.

The news of the Japanese in Pearl Harbour made us realize vividly that there is a war raging. We must lend our money to the government. If we fail to do this, the money we have hoarded will be of little avail to us.

We all like our pleasures and treats, but we must sacrifice them and lend to the government the money saved. If the Nazis rule us, life would be intolerable. Let us sacrifice our pleasures now and look forward to making the world liveable.

So far God has not permitted the war to reach our Canada. We must try to deserve protection by praying God to spare the nations, and by doing what we can to help others. We must do our duty and lend money to the government that our rulers may be able to equip our men to gain a complete victory.

Now I have told you what to do and I ask myself what I am doing. Am I careful in my clothing? Am I saving my pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters? Yes, but can I not do just a little more?

M. Fitzgerald, Grade 8,
St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines, Ontario.

CANADA AT WAR?

Canada is to-day a country predominantly Anglo-Saxon in population and thus it is only natural that we Canadians have deep feelings of sympathy towards the country from which our parents originally came. It was our ancestors who backed that brave and gallant fighter General Wolfe, who in 1759 on the Plains of Abraham, defeated General Montcalm and thus brought British Rule to Quebec and Canada. Since that time our country has steadily developed, and to-day Canada has become a land of peace and security to all those who tread upon her soil.

But this peace and security has become threatened, threatened as in 1914 when barbarian rulers, like those in the world to-day, had a lust for power and wealth and compelled the friendly nations to suffer because of it. Canada was among these nations and our fathers had to fight in order to make the world safe for future democracy.

But Canada and her allies were successful, and in June, 1919, two Canadian representatives signed the Peace Treaty of Versailles on Canada's behalf and with her fellow dominions she obtained peace and recognition of her national status.

Following this hard fought but successful war everyone perceived that the world was again at peace, but to the dismay of democracy loving people, new barbaric rulers began a second world war and Canada was once again plunged into turmoil.

This great battle is still waging in the far-off lands of Europe and Asia, and in it are a staunch and gallant group of men, "True Canadians," who fight to restore international peace and to put an end to tyrant dictators. They fight on, sometimes against overwhelming forces, sometimes starving and sometimes even dying of intense heat or cold. But these men know the meaning of Canadian, of freedom in religion, of freedom in speech and press, and all other privileges obtained in a democracy. They know that unless they subdue their enemies these conditions cannot prevail, and so it is the duty of every loyal Canadian, regardless of age, or wealth, to do his or her part in retaining Canada as a great nation of the world.

"In this strange, terrible World War there is a place for every one, man and woman, old and young, hale and halt. Service in a thousand forms is open.

"There is no room now for the dilettante, for the weakling, for the shirker or the sluggard. The mine, the factory, the dockyard, the salt sea waves, the fields to till, the home, the hospital, the chair of the scientist, the pulpit of the preacher—from the highest to the humblest, the tasks are all of equal honour. All have their parts to play."—Winston Churchill.

Jack Currie, Commercial,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

SPECIAL MENTION.

High School—Patricia Jones, Grade 9.

St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines—Lavina Tourbin, Geraldine Sheehan, Catherine Convery.



Chuckles

The 'phone rang, the new secretary answered it, murmured something and hung up.

"Who called?" asked the boss.

"It wasn't anything important," replied the girl. "Just a man who said: 'It's a long distance from London.' I told him everybody knew that."

* * *

A well-known Christian Scientist author had been trying for some days to convince his secretary that nobody is really ill; people only think they are. Coming into his office one morning, he found her looking sad.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

"Do you remember Mr. Jones who was so ill?" she sighed.

"Ill?" he corrected. "You mean he thought he was ill."

"Well," she replied, "now he thinks he's dead."

* * *

Man in cell 49: "Did you hear about the raid on the town High School?"

Man in cell 50: "No, I didn't."

Man in cell 49: "Oh, yes, the F.B.I. raided it last night. . . . They found dynamite in every dictionary."

* * *

The oculist was examining a patient. He put him sitting some distance from a test board, and asked him to read the top line, which ran like this: H P R T Z V F H K. Some moments passed, and still the patient had not spoken. The oculist wondered.

"Do you mean to say you can't read those large letters?" he asked.

"I can see the things all right," replied the patient, a little testily, "but I'm hanged if I can pronounce Russian."

* * *

"Aren't you afraid your creditors might see you at this expensive restaurant?"

"It's the safest place. They can't afford to come here."

* * *

The sleepy youth glanced at his wrist watch.

"Ah," he yawned, "how time flies."

"Yes," remarked his boss, "because so many people are trying to kill it."

* * *

An Irishman was mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when in his excitement the Irishman remarked: "Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on I'll get off."

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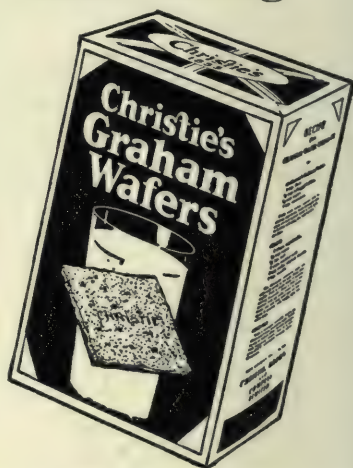
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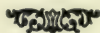
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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1942

No. 3

EDITORIAL

THE month of September brings to mind the fact that the war started in September of 1939. This month marks the beginning of the fourth year of World War No. II. This war, like all wars of the past, has brought privation, sorrow and suffering to the homes of many we know and love. The outlook for the future is not pleasant. It has elements of blood, sweat and tears. The faithful souls who love their country and their God will seek strength and courage from their Faith, and inspiration from the lives of the saints, particularly from those saints who are near and dear to them.

Probably the nearest and best known of the modern saints is St. Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus. Her death took place in September, 1897. Although her life was spent in the obscurity of the cloister, her vogue is world-wide. Her life and death and canonization are within the memory of many living to-day. Like the life of every saint, hers is a beautiful love story. It was a life dominated by love of God, a life in which conduct was motivated by definite, clear-cut principles; but it was a life of struggle and suffering.

The life of every saint is the life of a warrior. The enemies are the world, the flesh and the devil. Victory brings an eternal crown of glory as a reward for triumph over these enemies—but victory comes only after a long struggle. The struggle of the Little Flower began when she was in her teens. With keen logic she appraised all that life had to offer. She decided that the love of God was supreme. Therefore she resolved that she would love God more than He had ever

been loved by any creature. She had this very definite objective to attain, a beautiful objective indeed; but in willing it, she also willed all the privations, sufferings, pains and sacrifices that it implied.

When only a girl of fifteen years, Therese had a fixed goal in life and a fixed determination to attain that goal. She had to face many hardships. The ease and comfort and freedom of her home was exchanged for the austere life in the cloistered cells of Carmel. This sacrifice was only the first of many more to follow in her life in the convent. Therese was a girl, talented and beautiful, a girl who gave promise of attaining a high place for herself in the world, leaving all behind to follow Christ. Her sacrifice was misunderstood by her family and friends, just as a vocation to the contemplative life is often misunderstood to-day. The Little Flower made all the sacrifices needed for the attainment of her goal, and made them very graciously. She knew what she was doing. Her critics, who tried to dissuade her, did not understand the depth of her conviction. The commandments of God and the doctrine of Christ are fundamental in the life of every person. God rewards the good and punishes those who disobey Him. These rewards and punishments sometimes take place in this world, but most certainly in the next. The good and faithful souls who keep the commandments, and the very holy souls in religious life who aspire to intimate union with God, stay the avenging hand of God's justice in the world. The Little Flower is one of the many elect of God who through their personal sacrifices in the convent, bring good to all. The Little Flower prayed for those who would not pray; she rose early in the morning to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for those who will not go to Mass. She fasted and abstained for those who will not fast and abstain; she did penance for those who will not do penance. She led a life of perfect purity for those who are impure; she loved God for those who hate Him. She lived a life of frugality and austerity for those who are intemperate and sensual. Through her self-chosen life in the cloister, she did good not only for her-

self but for many others who in life would be ignorant and ungrateful for the good that came to them from the sacrifices of the Little Flower. In her zeal she desired to teach others to love God as intensely as she loved Him. She taught others to make sacrifices willingly and graciously as she made them willingly and graciously.


* * * * *

This country is now at war and the government calls upon all citizens to make sacrifices. If the same call had been made six years ago, it would have sounded foolish. Now the situation has changed. Why must we sacrifice many of the comforts to which we have been accustomed? First of all, we have a very definite and worth-while objective to be attained. **THAT OBJECTIVE IS THE WINNING OF THE WAR.** We know from the political philosophy and the practice of the Nazis that our freedom and religion and security are menaced. By victory alone will our God-given rights be secure. The winning of the war is an objective of paramount importance. In devoting ourselves to that objective we must make all the sacrifices necessary for its attainment. The Government restricts the use of rubber, gasoline, oil, sugar, coffee and tea. It asks the people to invest a portion of their wages in the purchase of stamps and war bonds. The successful prosecution of the war will entail many future sacrifices; they are not imposed simply as an inconvenience. The conservation of these restricted materials is a definite step toward reaching our goal. The giving up of material and money is a small part, the least part that we, fighting on the home front, can do. The best blood of the country, our young men, have gone to the front. They had to leave behind the prospect of success in a career of their own choosing. The preparation for their career was important to them and perhaps extended over many years. But that you and I might live in a better world, they are giving their lives. Gladly do they sacrifice the smaller goal of personal ambition for the attainment of the larger one. "Greater love hath no man,

than that he lay down his life for his friend." The hearts of our mothers are filled with sadness and pride. Such sacrifices demand deep courage and strong faith. I remember in the last war a case of a good mother of an Irish family. Her boy had marched off to the battle-fields of France. The other children received word of his death in battle and were rather hesitant in telling the mother for fear of shock. When they finally told her, she replied: "God has given and God has taken. Blessed be God. We will kneel down and say a rosary for the repose of his soul." Such fortitude is the outgrowth of a strong faith which sees beyond the narrow horizons of life.

The life of the Little Flower was likewise one of many sacrifices. Even before her First Communion she said: "I try every day to make a great many sacrifices." She made them with the full conviction that the many sacrifices which she offered up to God would be gems in her heavenly crown. We, too, under the present circumstances can turn our difficulties into jewels, if like the Little Flower we undergo them with a supernatural motive in mind. The war, as terrible and as tragic as it may be, will give many people an opportunity of great merit in the Kingdom of Heaven. Our sacrifices are the clay that can be fashioned into something eternal and beautiful if accompanied by the right intention. The sacrifices made for the country in this Just War are also made for God, for the preservation and protection of religion and for the quick and permanent restoration of peace.

Every Christian knows from the words of Christ and from the example of the Little Flower that he must face a test in life, a test as to whether or not he is a genuine disciple of Christ. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."





By MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

A STRIKING feature of the Norse Sagas is that the Skald, or narrator, very often breaks off his narrative to bring in irrelevant and bewildering happenings, whose weirdness is such that they have the effect of nightmare and of dreamland. He seems to need a change from the story of common-place events, and so he soars into the rarefied atmosphere of purest imagination. "Signs and wonders" is what he calls them, in one of his headings, and this is as good a term for them as the reader can desire.

When a great event or a sanguinary battle is about to take place, or when an illustrious warrior is about to die, portents and prodigies become rife, and the Skald reaches out for his pinions and begins to soar. The more portents he can bring forward, the greater honour he is doing his subject. These signs and wonders are, generally, the out-pourings of a dark pagan soul, that gives itself up to the deceits and machinations of the Evil One; but there are also to be found, in some of these portents and signs, indubitable traces of a Christian origin.

* * * * *

A good example of the out-cropping of those signs and wonders, occurs in that part of the narrative of the Nialla Saga which gives a description of the Battle of Clontarf. Evidently the Skald in this instance considered that he was narrating one of the most important of world-events. He gives "signs and wonders" as occurring before the battle, during the battle, and after the battle; thus making three points always, like a celebrated preacher.

What more could be expected of him? According to Sir George Dasent, these "signs and wonders" are, as it were, the sign-manual of the Vikings, and are a genuine mark of the authenticity of any saga in which they occur. Only the Viking skald could produce and narrate such portents and marvels and miracles as those. They are his personal signature; they are the testing acid that announces the pure gold. In the Saga of Burnt Njal, there is first related the wonderful story of the two Viking brothers, Ospak and Brodir. Ospak, we are told, was a heathen, and was one of the wisest of men. Ospak had ten ships and Brodir had twenty. Ospak sheltered his ships in a Scottish Sound, but Brodir's fleet lay outside him.

Brodir had been a Christian man, and a Mass-deacon by consecration, but he had thrown off his faith, and had become "God's dastard," and now he worshipped heathen fiends, and he was, of all men, the most skilled in sorcery! He had that coat of mail on which no steel could bite. He was both tall and strong, and had such long black hair that he had to tuck the ends of it under his belt.

* * * * *

Brodir and Ospak lay then in a Scottish firth, waiting for the Battle of Clontarf. Soon "signs and wonders" from the skies began to be manifested to them.

One night, in the weird darkness, a great din, as of a mighty battle passed over Brodir and his ships. Then came on them a shower of boiling blood! The Vikings put their shields over their bodies, but, for all that, many of them were scalded. This wonder lasted till daylight, and a man had died on board each ship! The harassed Vikings slept during the day, but the second night the unholy din was heard again, and they all sprang up. Swords, and axes, and spears wielded by invisible foemen, attacked them, and flew about in the air. Brodir's men tried to shield themselves, but still many were wounded, and again a man died out of every ship. This wonder lasted on until the daylight came.

Then they slept all the day after.

The third night there was a din of the same kind and, behold, gigantic ravens flew at them, and it seemed to them as if those ravens' beaks and claws were of iron! The phantoms pressed so hard the Vikings had to keep them off with their swords and covered themselves with their shields; and so this dreadful nightmare went on till daylight, and then another man had died on every ship! Then they went to sleep first of all. But when Brodir woke up, he drew his breath painfully and bade them put off a boat, "for," he said, "I will go and see my brother, Ospak." When he had told Ospak of the wonders and the alarms, Ospak spoke in reply and said: "I will explain to you as well as I am able: Blood rained on your decks, therefore you shall shed many men's blood in a coming period. But when ye heard a great din, then ye must have been shown the crack of doom, and ye shall all die speedily. But when weapons fought against you, that must forbode a slaughter of great extent; and when ravens pressed against you, that marks the devils which ye put faith in, and which will drag you all down to the pains of hell."

* * * * *

Then Brodir was so enraged that he could answer never a word, but he went at once to his men, and made them lay his ships in a line across the firth, and moor them by laying cables on shore at each end of the line; and he meant to slay them all next morning! But Ospak saw all their plans, and then and there he vowed to take the true Faith, to become a Christian, and to go over to King Brian of Ireland, and follow him till the day of his death!

Then Ospak laid his ten ships in a line, and punted them along the shore with poles, during the night, and cut the cables of Brodir's ships. With that the ships of Brodir began to fall aboard of one another, when the men were fast asleep, and so Ospak and his men got out of the firth, and sailed to Ireland, and landed near the estuary of the Shannon.

Then Ospak told King Brian all he had learned of the Vikings' plans, and he was instructed and baptized and he joined King Brian's army.

Ospak fought bravely on the Irish side of the great battle, and the battle was nearly over when he was killed fighting in the front line.

* * * * *

Among the signs and wonders that are told as happening during the great battle, we are given the following:

Hrafn the Red, a Christian Viking, fighting on the Danish side, was chased by the Irish into the Tolka river, which was then much swollen by recent heavy rains. He thought he saw the pains of Hell below him in the water, and the devil coming to drag him down there.

Then Hrafn said—"Thy dog, Apostle Peter, hath run twice to Rome, and he would run a third time, if thou gavest him leave." This was the honest Viking's way of telling St. Peter that he had already made two pilgrimages to Rome, and that he would go a third time if his life was saved to him on the present occasion.

The Saint must have heard, and favourably answered the poor Viking's plea, for the devils let him loose, and he got safely across the river and home again to Iceland.

King Brian was praying in his tent, with a guard of Irish soldiers around it, when Brodir noticed that many of the guard had left their posts to pursue the fleeing Danes. Then he rushed from his concealment and broke through into Brian's tent, and hewed at the King with his heavy sword. A young attendant named Takt threw his arm in the way. The stroke took off the boy's arm, and the King's head too. But the blood of the King, falling on the boy's wound, healed it on the spot; that is to say the stump of the severed arm was immediately healed. (Saga of Burnt Njal, chapter 99; title—"Brian's Battle"). Then Brodir shouted, "Now let man tell man how Brodir felled great Brian!"

These things happened during the battle, but the following

“signs and wonders” happened far away, and after the battle was over:

On Good Friday, the evening of the battle, it happened in Caithness that a man named Daurrud went walking abroad. He saw folk going twelve together to a castle, and there they were all lost to his sight. He went to that castle, and looked in through a window-slit that was in it, and saw that they were all women, inside, and they had set up a loom. The weights of this loom were men’s heads; human viscera were the warp and weft; a sword was the shuttle, and the reels were arrows! Then they tore down the woof and all kept the portion they had in hand. Daurrud got away from the window, and home, but the twelve women got on their steeds, and rode, six to the south, and the other six to the north. A like event befell Brand Gneist’s son in the Faroe Islands.

The episode of Swinefell in Iceland was that blood came on the priest’s stole at Mass on Good Friday, while the battle was raging, and at Thvattwater the priest thought he saw on Good Friday a long, deep arm of the sea, hard by the altar, and there he saw many awful sights, and it was long ere he could sing the prayers and proceed with the service.

The strange episodes of Hareck in the Orkneys, and of Earl Gilli in the Southern Isles, have been mentioned and described already in those papers.

* * * * *

In a book entitled “Norse Popular Tales,” I came lately upon a story called “The Widow’s Son.” The poor widow’s only son, having gone out into the world to seek his fortune, was being chased, one day, by a malignant troll or giant, and his life was in danger. The boy was riding an enchanted steed that his mother had given him. It was a wonder-horse that could speak when necessary, and knew all there was to be known. The giant and his army were coming behind them closely when the fairy-horse spoke, “Put your hand in the saddle-bag, and tell me what you find there.” “I find a thorn in it,” answered the poor boy. Then the

horse said, "Very good! throw it behind you, over your left shoulder." The boy did so, and immediately there grew up a high, thick thorn-hedge between him and the giant. Before the giant could break through this hedge they were twenty miles away. But they lost a shoe and had to have the horse re-shod. This consumed some time, and they were only an hour on the road when they heard the giant closing up on them again. The enchanted horse spoke a second time: "Put your hand in the saddle-bag, and tell me what you find." "I find," said the boy, "a small, round pebble." "Throw it back, over your right shoulder," said the fairy-horse. The boy did so, and at once a whole range of high mountains rose between them and the giant. "That will keep the troll from us a long time," said the boy. But after many hours they heard the giant's party coming upon them again with cries and mocking shouts. "Put your hand into the saddle-bag once more, and tell me what you find," said the fairy-horse. "I find a small phial filled with salty water," said the boy. "That is sea-water," said the horse, "throw it over your left shoulder." No sooner had the youth done so than an arm of the ocean interposed itself between them and the troll, who in his blind rush fell over a high cliff into the salt waves and was drowned.

* * * * *

This is a mere little cross-section, a sample of the ancient Norse tales. The same wild imagination that we noticed in the Saga "signs and wonders," is apparent in it. When I was a small boy in Ireland I heard an old man tell the whole tale, and when I had read the Norse tale just a month ago I remembered every one of its details. Was it one of the wild tales common to pagan peoples all over the world? Did the Irish people acquire it from the Danes during the long residence of the Vikings in Ireland in the tenth and eleventh centuries, or did the Danes acquire it from the Irish. It would be hard to settle that question now. In all the old standard pagan stories of the devouring giants of ancient day, the cry of the giant or troll always commenced like this,

"Fay, Faw, Fum! I smell the blood of a Northern man." These first three words are Gaelic terms, meaning "Under," "Over," "Away," and are universally rendered in the Gaelic of the tale, over all the Northern Countries of Europe. Perhaps in the very remote past the Irish language was universal in Europe, and future philologists, and ethnologists may prove that the Irish, after all, are the only true and genuine Nordics. The great philologists have already proven stranger things than this!

* * * * *

It would be of interest to trace the fortunes of the two nations that fought at Clontarf on the 23rd of April, 1014. It is certain that the Normans afterwards well avenged their nation's defeat. Towards the end of the next century they had established themselves as lords and masters of England, by the Norman Conquest, and were leading armies to the Isle of Green in 1175, to make it a vassal and tributary of Britain. Then ensued for Ireland an interminable period of wars and invasions and conquests, whose dire consequences continue to this very day. Lastly came the period of religious persecution called the Penal Days. The Norman leaders had themselves abandoned the Catholic Faith of their fathers. Following the lines of least resistance, they adopted the new Faith of the Reformers and tried to force the Irish people to take the same step. This they refused to do, and the darkest of persecutions was commenced, which is barely finished in our own modern day. In their own countries, bordering on the Arctic Circle, the various nations of the Scanian or Viking race adopted a Lutheran version of Christianity, and so escaped all persecution by the larger nations of Europe. The Irish people in their days of power had never oppressed, or thought to dominate any other nation. They had no desire to rule or oppress any other people whatsoever. They had never robbed any other countries of their freedom, or of their property. But Ireland has been called "the flower of the Celtic lands," and she was an easy prey to every ocean freebooter that sailed the Northern seas.

The Normans, it was, that conquered Ireland at last. For seven hundred long and bitter years she suffered and bled for her faith in God, and for her adherence to Rome. Now and again, messages of sympathy came to her from her ancient foes in the Viking lands, and to all of them she returned her thanks and her forgiveness. One of Ireland's warmest admirers is the greatest of modern Vikings, the renowned Arctic explorer and scientist, Viljalmur Stefansson. For years he braved the terrors of the Arctic and of the endless polar nights. In one of his splendid books he tells us that he enjoyed every minute of it, and was never for a moment dismayed. He also devotes a chapter of this work to proving that Irish navigators were the first white discoverers of the Continent of America, in the days of St. Brendan; and his proofs are quite convincing, for Mr. Stefansson has a powerful mind as well as a powerful body. TO THE VIKING; SKOAL!

There is a notion adrift that imagination, especially mystical imagination, is dangerous to man's mental balance. Poets are commonly spoken of as psychologically unreliable; and generally there is a vague association between wreathing laurels in your hair and sticking straws in it. Facts and history utterly contradict this view. Most of the very great poets have been not only sane, but extremely business-like; and if Shakespeare ever really held horses, it was because he was much the safest man to hold them. Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad, but chess-players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers, but creative artists very seldom. —G. K. Chesterton.

THE DISCOVERY OF RADIO

By FLORENCE K. QUINLAN, Ph.D.,
Assistant Professor of Physics, University of Toronto.

THE fundamental inquiries which have led to the achievements of modern radio communication may be said to have originated with the researches of the two English Physicists, Michael Faraday (1791-1867) and James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879). Prior to their investigations, many electrical phenomena had been observed and studied. The Greeks had noticed that amber when rubbed will attract light objects, such as thin shavings of wood. In common with the bright, shining, silver-gold alloys, and gold itself, amber was called "electron" hence when rubbed it was said to be "electrified" or to possess an electric charge. Many other substances were found to exhibit this property of acquiring an electric charge when rubbed. It was then discovered that there existed two kinds of charge, since amber when rubbed with fur repels another piece of amber similarly rubbed, but attracts a piece of glass that has been rubbed with silk. The charge in the amber was called "negative," that on the glass "positive"—these names having been suggested by Benjamin Franklin. It was also known that the movement of electric charges constituted an electric current, and that an electric current will cause a negative needle placed near it to be deflected. Moreover, if the current is flowing in one direction, the magnetic needle moves one way, but if the direction of the current is reversed, the direction in which the needle points is also reversed.

Among the problems that interested physicists about the middle of the last century was the means by which these charges could produce electric and magnetic effects at points a distance from them. Faraday was the first to conceive of light as an electro-magnetic phenomenon, but it was Maxwell who in 1864 proved theoretically that "light consists of waves

in a medium known as the 'ether,' which medium is the cause of the electric and magnetic phenomena." He also predicted that there should exist in the ether, waves having different wave lengths which were not visible to the eye. Now the characteristics of a wave is that some disturbance or pulse travels out from the source through the medium, but the particles of the medium do not travel with the pulse, but oscillate about their normal position. In the case of a water wave, the particles are first elevated to form a crest, and then depressed to form a trough, while the crest or trough moves onward through the medium; in an electromagnetic wave the charges or magnets experience a force first in one direction, and then in the opposite direction. The length of a wave is the distance from crest to crest or trough to trough, whether relating to a water wave or an electromagnetic wave in the ether, and the frequency of the vibration is the number of times that the particle moves in a given direction in one second. The shorter the wave length, the higher the frequency. A wireless wave of length 600 metres, that is about 650 yards, has a frequency of 500,000 vibrations per second, or, as it is usually described, 500 kilocycles per second.

The earliest experiments on the detection of electric waves were those of another British scientist, David E. Hughes. He discovered that pieces of carbon in loose contact are affected by electric waves created near them, and in 1879 he detected by this means electric impulses up to a distance of 500 yards. Then in 1890 Sir Oliver Lodge succeeded in producing electric waves in wires and detecting them by a receiver in tune with the transmitter. This kind of resonating stimulus and reaction is similar to that of singing a note near a piano, and hearing the response of the same note from the wires in the piano. It is the same principle that is now used in turning a dial in order to pick up a desired station. But the most conclusive confirmation of Maxwell's theory was made by the German Scientist Hertz, who in 1887 first succeeded in producing a continuous train of electric waves, which would cause an effect at some distance from the source. He

also proved by experiment that these waves could be reflected, that they travelled with the velocity of light—186,000 miles per second—and that they could be created and detected—and therefore used for signalling—without intervening wires. In the early days of the application of wireless to communication by electric wave signalling, several devices were invented to detect the waves. One of the most sensitive of these was the coherer, discovered by Edouard Branly of the Catholic Institute of Paris. This consisted of a fine glass tube filled with metallic filings. Such a tube was a poor conductor of electricity, but if exposed to electromagnetic waves, its conductivity was much increased. Such a detector was used by Guglielmo Marconi for the wireless telegraphy apparatus for which he took out a provisional specification for a patent in June, 1896. Marconi's particular contribution was the use of a long vertical wire, called the aerial, connected to one side of his apparatus, the other side being connected to earth. By 1898 Marconi had been successful in transmitting radio messages $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and in 1901, he covered 200 miles. In 1903 a complete message was transmitted across the Atlantic.

In all systems of radio communication the electric waves are generated by creating powerful vibrating currents of electricity in aerials and these produce feeble currents of the same character in the aerials connected to the receiving sets. Pickard and Dunwoody introduced the crystal detector in 1906. But the most important development in the history of radio art was the discovery of the radio tube. It had been known for some time that all matter is made up of atoms, usually linked into groups to form molecules. It was also believed on good experimental evidence that each atom consisted of two quite different constituents, a relatively small nucleus containing most of the mass of the atom and bearing a positive charge, surrounded by an equal amount of negative electricity so that if observed from a distance the whole appeared electrically neutral. In 1896 it was discovered that the negative electricity consisted of a number of units called electrons, these electrons being observed in experiments as

light, electrified bodies, with a mass that is measurable but very small compared to the mass of the nucleus. In 1905 Sir Ambrose Fleming discovered that heated wires emitted electrons. Shortly afterwards he constructed the first radio tube. This consisted of an evacuated glass tube, containing the filament to be heated and a plate which was connected to the positive terminal of a battery. The electrons emitted by the hot filament were attracted to the positive plate and formed a current of electricity. Later Dr. Lee de Forest in the United States added another electrode in the form of a grid placed between the filament and the plate. A small charge placed on this grid greatly affected the rate of flow of the electrons in the main circuit and by the change in this current very small electrical disturbances on the grid could be detected. This was the introduction of the type of detector of electrical waves upon which the remarkable development of modern radio communication are based. By a series of such "triode" valves, the feeble electric oscillations can not only be detected but also be magnified greatly, so that the waves from a broadcasting station can be picked up and interpreted in any part of the world. Both the Fleming two electrode valve, and the de Forest three electrode valve possess the power of not only detecting electric oscillations but also of creating electric waves at the sending station. For broadcasting purposes every station has its own wave length. The character of this carrier wave is modified by what may be described as ripples imposed upon the wave by means of a microphone which has changed sounds into electrical vibrations.

The manner in which the electrical waves travel around the earth was first suggested by the theoretical physicist Heaviside in 1902, and later confirmed experimentally by Marconi. Heaviside pictured a layer of free electrons about 200 miles above the earth's surface; which layer acts as a reflector of the radio waves. About the same time and independently an American electrical engineer, Kennelly, came to the same conclusion, and so this layer is known as the Ken-

nelly-Heaviside layer. Most of the waves from a transmitting station are reflected back to the earth by this layer, and a series of such reflections takes them completely around the earth.

The Pius XI Medal in Astronomy, one of the most distinguished among scientific honours, has been conferred by Pope Pius XII on Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard College observatory. The award was announced at a meeting of the Pontifical Academy of science on Nov. 30. In addition to the medal there is a grant of 50,000 lire (\$2,500) in cash. The award was made to Dr. Shapley in recognition of his distinguished work in developing means of measuring the immense astronomical distances that separate galaxies in the universe.

In his address before the Academy, Pope Pius XII said: "In the school of God we are all brothers. May all men become brothers again in love and concord, in the victory of good over evil, in justice and in peace."

GLIMPSES

Vainly, Lord, the mind of man
Frets to trace Thy great design;
Hid is all the perfect plan,—
Not a gleam and not a line!
Then, betimes, and all undue,
Comes a flash the darkness through,
And the tiny part we see
Hints Thy finished harmony!

NAZARETH

By REV. PATRICK TEMPLE, S.T.D.

THE most privileged of all places in the world is Nazareth. The Blessed Virgin Mary had her home there, although she was born in Jerusalem. There she was engaged to St. Joseph, who also lived in this town. Above all, Nazareth is to be held ever sacred and memorable because it was chosen as the place where the Divine Nature was united to the human in the Incarnation, when the Blessed Virgin gave her consent to the sublime message brought to her from God by the Archangel Gabriel. After the exile in Egypt and sometime between His second and fifth year, the Divine Child with His Blessed Mother and foster-father, returned to Nazareth to live there continuously for over twenty-five years. Rightly then is this town called by St. Jerome the "foster-mother" of Our Lord and appropriately is it given the great honor and glory of being coupled with the holy name of Our Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth.

St. Matthew writes that the prophecies of the Old Law were fulfilled in Our Saviour receiving the name "the Nazarene." Indeed, this name was suggested by various prophecies. The word "Nazareth" could mean "it guards," it could be derived from "nezer," meaning "consecration," or it might have come from the word "netzer," a "bud" or "flower." These derivations would recall various prophecies, especially would "netzer" fit that of Isaias, "a flower shall arise out of his root" (Isaias ii). Likewise, another prophecy of Isaias was verified in the fact that the inhabitants of Nazareth were despised. St. Matthew's own words that Jesus would be called "the Nazarene" are fulfilled to this day. We know from Tertullian that during the first two centuries Christians were frequently called "Nazarenes."

Going by car from Jerusalem to Nazareth, the visitor finds the country at first bleak, rocky and hilly. It becomes more



Holy Family at Nazareth.

fertile at Samaria, where a small plain, Maknah, entirely encircled by hills, is traversed. At Jenin the road descends to the magnificent plain of Esdraelon or Jexreel, surrounded by high hills and mountains, except on the east, where it runs into the sea. The landscape varies with the seasons of the year. The fertile ground in springtime is plowed as in the days of long ago, with oxen and wooden plows. At harvest



View of Nazareth from the Latin Mount.

time the eye is greeted with a rich, green carpet of root crops, variegated with swaying, golden patches of wheat, oats, and barley, to which a bright touch is given by red anemones (*proscha*) and other wild flowers. Wild birds—storks, skylarks and swallows—make their homes on this plain on which, in successive ages, Egyptians, Assyrians, Syrians, Saracens and Turks fought many a historic battle. On the right one sees, first, the mountains of Belboe, then the little Hermon and, afterwards, Thabor. Carmel pierces the sky on the northwest. On the north the horizon is blocked by towering hills amid which nestles Nazareth, which can be seen for ten miles across the plain.

The approaching road climbs with sharp bends to a plateau over eleven hundred feet above sea level, from which one

sees that three hills—one of them Nebi Sain, rising another five hundred feet—form a circle to the north. On their lofty flanks the town rests. Picturesque and sheltered is the site which one feels was especially prepared and selected as the home of the God-Man. The town itself presents a pleasant view with its tiers of neat white houses with tile roofs, surrounded with olive and fig trees, pomegranate and cactus hedges. At the Casa Nova, conducted by the Franciscan Fathers, a warm welcome as well as hospitality awaits the pilgrim from the United States for, as the inscription on the door proclaims, the building was erected by alms from North America.

There are many holy sites and places to be visited at Nazareth. First, there is the one that calls for reverence equal to that given to the cave of Bethlehem—the grotto of the Annunciation. This has been enclosed in a church since the fourth century. In the present structure, erected in 1730, a large staircase of fifteen steps of white marble leads down into the crypt, which is the traditional site of the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the right in the vestibule of this crypt is an altar dedicated to St. Ann and St. Joachim, on the left another, consecrated to St. Gabriel. Then one passes through an arcade and descends two steps into the grotto of the Annunciation, a chapel hewn out of the rock. There is an altar with a beautiful picture above it depicting St. Gabriel addressing the Virgin of Nazareth. Under the altar are inscribed the words in Latin: "Here the Word was made flesh."

A few minutes' walk brings the pilgrim to the Church of St. Joseph, built on the traditional site of St. Joseph's home and carpenter shop. This is called the Church of the Nutrition or Upbringing, for here our Divine Lord lived from His return from Egypt until the beginning of His public ministry. There has been a church here at least from the sixth century. In the early years of this century the present building was erected on the original foundations. About two hundred yards to the northwest is the parish church for

Greek Catholics, built on the traditional spot where was located the synagogue in which Christ announced to His town-folk that the Messianic prophecy of Isaïas was fulfilled in Him. To the southeast, where the chain of hills ends abruptly, an ominous looking knoll has the name of the Mount of the Leap or Precipice. From here, it is said, the incensed mob



*The Home of Christ and the Chapel
at Nazareth.*

tried to cast Jesus, who miraculously eluded their grasp. In connection with this event there is, on the road to Haifa, a chapel erected to "Our Lady of the Fright." Tradition has it that her motherly heart prompted the Blessed Virgin Mary to follow her Divine Son as He was being hurried to the Mount of Precipitation and that here she was overcome by terror when she saw the townspeople returning without Him.

The "Table of Christ," a large slab of soft limestone, is housed in a little chapel in the northwest section of the town. This receives its name from a tradition handed down that upon it Our Divine Saviour, after His resurrection, partook of a repast with His disciples. About five minutes' walk from St. Joseph's house brings the pilgrim to a public fountain which, from ancient times, has been called "the Fountain of Mary." From it often did the Blessed Mother and her Divine Son draw water. Nearby, a Greek Church has been erected to St. Gabriel because of a false opinion that the Archangel first appeared to the Virgin at the fountain.

Every part of Nazareth calls up memories of the God-

Man Who passed three decades of His sacred life here. As a Child He played in the fields and climbed the hills. His daily work as a young carpenter brought Him in many directions, to the forest groves on the eastern hills, to the fields of the plain to the south and to neighbours' houses. Hills and valleys, streets and lanes are redolent with hallowed memories of Him. His sacred presence clings to everything there, breathing joy and happiness. Appropriately, the children of the town seem to radiate happiness. About 7,500 people live in Nazareth to-day, of whom 5,000 are Christians. The rest are mostly Mussulmans. There are only fifty Jews, entirely different from the situation during the first three centuries, when Jews alone inhabited the town. However, Jewish hatred on the one side and Christian devotion on the other would tend to keep alive genuine traditions concerning original sites and scenes of the Gospel narrative.

The Gospels always call Nazareth a "city," yet, as we know from Josephus, there were two hundred and forty such communities in Galilee, containing on an average only a few thousand inhabitants. We would accordingly call Nazareth a town. Originally a fortress town that helped to guard the frontier, in the days of Christ, it had not its present beautiful amphitheatre location perched high on the hills; it was situated lower on the little eminence that extends south from the fountain. It was a busy place with no real poverty. Yet it did not have the trade or importance that it has to-day. The houses were quite different. They were more primitive, with flat wooden roofs to which one ascended by stairs on the outside, like some of the houses in Nazareth to-day and like the traditional house of the Blessed Mother: "a little house resting upon the side of a hill and covered by a terrace formed of branches of tree and clay; then at the back of this a grotto cut out of rock."* Such humble dwellings housed Christ's fellow-inhabitants who were mostly agricultural laborers, vine-dressers, wood-cutters and artisans. As was true

*Meisterman: New Guide to the Holy Land.

in the rest of Galilee, Aramaic, the prevailing language spoken in Nazareth, lacked the pure Semitic sounds, owing, probably, to Gentile influence. The townspeople could also speak Greek and a little Hebrew. At one time Galileans were known to wear their hair long. To the women, remarkable for their beauty, belonged the income derived from the weaving of



*The Chapel of the Carpenter's Shop
at Nazareth.*

linen performed by them.

We know from the Gospel that there was a synagogue in Jesus' home town. Most likely there were elementary schools there, or rather that the synagogue served as an elementary school. There was no rabbinical college, as Judea was the home of the rabbis. We learn that after the fall of Jerusalem Nazareth was the seat of one of the

courses of the priests. Probably the artizan shops were in a row on one street and one of them was owned by St. Joseph. Here he and the youthful Saviour plied carpenters' tools to earn their daily bread.

The townspeople of Nazareth at the time of Our Lord were well acquainted with agriculture. They could look down on the extensive cultivation of the fertile plain of Esdraelon. Many of them were what we would call to-day market gardeners, raising turnips, onions and mustard in the nearby valley watered by the fountain. Some of them tended flocks of sheep and goats on the hillsides. Others were occupied in cutting timber in the forests to the east of the town. Still others were employed in the vineyards in the valley. And one of the principal occupations of the inhabitants was fruit growing, especially olives, figs and grapes. At that time the

land was much more intensively cultivated than it is to-day and the country was more beautiful with the hills all terraced with vine and the valleys flourishing with smiling crops.

Influences that greatly enlarged the mental horizon of the inhabitants of Nazareth came to it over the great highways that passed nearby or through it, or were brought to it by close communication with important towns in the vicinity. For this town was a "radiating point of important roads and a thoroughfare for extensive traffic."[†] The caravan road from Damascus to Egypt passed south of it, with a branch equally distant to the north. The town was directly on the road from Tiberias to Haifa and also on that from Zepphoris to Jerusalem. Besides, a crossroad joining Zepphoris and Japha with the Damascus-Egypt road passed through Nazareth. There was, too, the influence of the two towns just mentioned. Japha, only one and a half miles to the west, was the dominating frontier outpost and one of the largest towns in Galilee. Just three miles to the north was Zepphoris, the capital of Galilee, where the Tetrarch Herod Antipas lived from about 2 B.C. until at least 8 A.D. Townspeople of Nazareth went to Zepphoris to market, to invest or borrow money from the royal bank, to pay taxes at the seat of government, to appeal at the court of Justice, or to be cast into prison. Here they came in contact with the Graeco-Roman civilization that prevailed throughout the whole Roman Empire.

From the hills, upon whose sides Nazareth clings, a magnificent view can be obtained, taking in some or the principal historical spots of the Holy Land. To the north snow-clad Hermon is visible and sometimes a faint glimpse of distant Lebanon can be had. In the east flat-topped Thabor stands up sharply. The peaked summit of Little Hermon conceals the battle field of Gedeon to the southwest. The eye travels due south over the fertile plain of Esdraelon to rest in the dim horizon on the hills of Samaria, calling to mind Garizim and Mageddo. On a bright day patches of the blue Mediterranean

[†]Dalman: Sacred Sites and Ways.

can be seen to the west, sparkling in the sun around the silhouette of the Carmel. The highest point of this range is directly opposite Nazareth and only eleven miles distant. Thus a number of places associated with important events in Jewish sacred history that could be observed from Nazareth must have left a strong impression on the townspeople in the days of Christ. With them Elias and Eliseus and Barac and

Gedeon must have been local heroes. The elders must have taken pride in pointing out to the young the scenes connected with the glorious deeds of the past.

In a position to be touched by many outside influences, Nazareth was itself secluded and sheltered. In regard to its capability



The Virgin's Fountain, Nazareth, near the Church of the Annunciation.

of producing anything good or great it had a poor reputation. Nathaniel, a native of the town of Cana, five miles away, sneeringly asked, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" (John 1:46), which is reminiscent of the disparaging way in which a New Yorker speaks of Brooklyn. This saying of the Apostle was prompted by a variety of things. The town of itself had neither religious nor political significance. It was outclassed by cities of greater importance in the vicinity. In the past it had never figured in literature, religious or profane. Yet this was the place that was selected from all the towns and cities of the world for the most glorious role of being the home town of the God-Man, the author of all goodness and truth. There, passing through the stages of childhood, youth and young manhood, He received more natural influences than anywhere else. Yet, of course, He

was only experiencing what He already had known and created.
As the poet tells us:

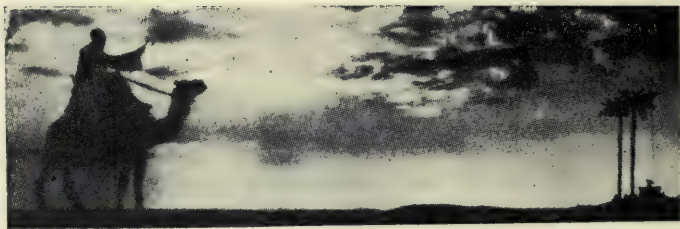
“When Our Lord was a little new baby
And lay on our Lady’s knees,
He heard the bees in the clover,
He heard the wind in the trees,
He remembered making the clover
And setting the wind to blow,
He remembered putting the hum in the bee
And teaching the trees to grow.”

GOD’S CARE

TREES and flowers are springing,
Ivy tendrils clinging,
Heaven’s message bringing
Of God’s care:
Robins gaily singing,
Humming birds a-winging,
Keeping joy-bells ringing
Everywhere.

Stars above are beaming,
Silver streams are gleaming,
Nature all esteeming
God is love;
Richest blessings teeming,
Far beyond our dreaming,
Day by day are streaming
From above.

H. W. Barker.



EGYPT AND SUEZ

The Gateway to Asia

By THE REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR,
Missionary of St. Columban.

STANDING at the ship's rail, I was gazing at the high peaks of Sinai. To see them, austere and lonely, against the evening sky, was enough to strike one with silent awe.

But the lady-on-her-second-trip-around-the-world was not silent.

"So that's Sinai," I heard her say, "Just like the last time, it makes me think of the Rabbi back home who spoke for an hour, without ever looking at a note, on the Sermon on the Mount. When I see Sinai, I can't help recalling that talk of his."

It would have been unchivalrous and unprofitable to suggest that she might well look up a few notes herself. Finding me unable to equal her in reminiscence, she moved away.

I opened my breviary at the Canticle of Moses . . .

IN THE RED SEA.

We were sailing up the Red Sea to Suez. Three and a half days earlier we had left the Arabian port of Aden, British outpost at the southern entrance to the Red Sea. As we moved past Aden, the sea was grey and choppy and the bare, rocky hills behind the town looked cheerless. But the prospect from the deck was not altogether desolate. I could see

a fine Catholic church on the waterfront, facing out to sea. On thousands of ships, freighters and liners, transports and battleships, men's hearts must have been stirred at the sight of that sign of grace, that house of God, looking out from lonely Aden at the wanderers of the world.

Soon we lost sight of the shore on each side. We were in the Red Sea.

Was it hot? Not as bad as I had expected. At noon on the first day the temperature of the air was 89.4. But the temperature of the sea was 91.2. The water, in color a cool blue, was broken here and there by the rising and plunging of the dolphins. These black, glistening sea-animals were like a convoy. In nearly every jump, which was a parabola, they went in the same direction as the ship.

And now it was the evening of the fourth day. The sea was narrowing and the coast on both sides was visible. On our left we could see Africa, the high, bare, blue mountains of Egypt against a glorious sunset. Ahead of us, on our right, were the jagged mountains of the Sinai peninsula in Asia.

Which peak was *the* Mount Sinai? No one was quite sure. I did not need to know. It was certainly in the range that I was looking at.

The sun went down and dusk began to creep over the dove-gray sea. Darkening, the mountains of Sinai appeared more lonely, more austere. Nowhere, apart from our ship, was there any sign of human life or earthly business. The throb of the engines and the soft wash of the water made the only sound. It was a solemn thing, in that peace and hush, to watch the night falling on the bare and awful peaks that had heard the thunders of the Almighty and had stood witnesses to the promulgation of His commandments.

"And the glory of the Lord dwelt upon Sinai, covering it with a cloud six days . . . and Moses, entering into the midst of the cloud, went up into the mountain and he was there forty days and forty nights."

SUEZ.

The Israelites came into the wilderness of Sinai from Egypt. They made the passage from Africa to Asia by a miraculous crossing of the Red Sea near its northern end. The actual point where the miracle took place must not be far south of the modern town of Suez, where we arrived on the morning after passing Sinai.

Going ashore, I found myself for the first time on the soil of Africa. That was interesting to realize but it was

with a genuine thrill that I read a signpost on the outskirts of Suez. Pointing to a road going north-east, it read: JERUSALEM. The distance shown was 300 odd kilometers, about 200 miles.

Our ship was to go through the Canal that day, would take on coal at Port Said, at the other end, that night and would sail thence on the following morning



Here history has often been made.

into the Mediterranean. That gave us a day to spend in Egypt. While the ship was making one side of a triangle in the Canal, we would make the other two on land, by going first to Cairo and then from Cairo to the apex, Port Said.

For economy and sociability ship's passengers usually make their short trips in parties. Our party had variety, including American, Irish, English, Welsh and Swiss members, Catholic, Baptist, Jewish and unclassified.

LOOKING AT EGYPT.

We had our first glimpse of Egypt as we drove through the streets of Suez. Naturally, as a port for the Canal, the town was in many ways like other port towns, with its docks, warehouses and offices. But the olive-skinned men were all

wearing either the Arab turban or the fez, that dark-red, slanting, brimless headgear associated with the sons of Mohammed. Actually it is not always a Mohammedan sign. I have seen Catholic boy scouts—Christian Arabs—from North Africa wearing the fez in Lourdes. In modern Turkey the Mohammedans have discarded the fez in favor of the soft felt hat.

In Suez, and a few hours later in Cairo, I saw women wearing a black veil before their faces, from the bridge of the nose down, and a black sign or trinket on the forehead. I asked an Egyptian about it. He was anxious to show that he did not approve of this traditional Moslem custom.

"Only the uneducated people wear that now," he said. "My madame does not wear it."

At one end of a street-car in Cairo I saw the sign: *Harem*, marking a section exclusively for women.

Like Turkey and other Moslem countries, Egypt is changing some of its ancient ways. But it is still a land where Mohammed rules. Of its fifteen million people, nearly thirteen million are Mohammedans. Considerably more than a million are Christian—the great majority being members of the schismatic Coptic Church. Catholics number about 140,000. Some of these are Copts, following the Catholic Coptic Rite.

The government is officially Mohammedan, though it is tolerant towards Christianity.

Our road to Cairo ran through the desert. It was not what you see in Utah or Arizona, where sage-brush or cactus grow in abundance. Nor was it a level stretch of deep, soft sand. It was pebbly and rough and had its low hills. The desert we saw on the other side of Cairo came closer to our usual ideas of the Sahara.

CAIRO.

Something of Shanghai, something of Paris, something of the Arabian Nights and something of the tourist resort that is everywhere the deadly same: that was my impression of Cairo. Walk through Sheppard's Hotel and, except for the

Arab boys instead of Malaysians or Chinese, you might as well be looking into the Raffles Hotel in Singapore or the Repulse Bay in Hong Kong. You see the same kind of people wearing the same kind of expression . . . Cairo, in times of peace, was a favorite winter resort for wealthy Europeans, especially Englishmen. "Egypte pour le Sport" was a frequent advertisement in France, too. Then the marvelous antiquities were bound to draw sight-seers to the banks of the Nile. Inevitably, disadvantages came, too. Very few natives in any land are ever improved by ministering to the white tourist.

Quite near Cairo are the ruins of ancient Memphis. Now reduced to a palm-shaded solitude, this city was a capital of government and culture six thousand years ago. To-day, on the other side of the world, Memphis, Tenn., is in undisputed possession of a borrowed name, even as Troy, N.Y.

TO THE PYRAMIDS.

You and I may be no antiquarians, but we do know that Egypt means pyramids and the Sphinx. From our earliest years we have seen these strange structures of the desert on all kinds of pictures. They are at Ghizeh, only ten miles out from Cairo. The August sun may be hot but it's not every day in the year, or every year in your life, that you can see the pyramids . . . Wherever you turn, there is a dragon—interpreter and guide—offering his services. That means many—no, not dragomen, but dragomans.

The road out to Ghizeh is tree-lined and there are fields alongside. But you step into the desert when you approach the pyramids. You also step into another world. It is a marvelous world, bewildering in its antiquity, overwhelming in its achievements.

ON BOARD A CAMEL.

Feeling like a Wise Man out of the Christmas Crib, you board a camel at the end of the road. "Board" is a good word, for the camel's undulating movement justifies his title of ship-of-the-desert . . . and the saddle is of wood. He can

trot on his padded hooves and his Arab owner, wearing a turban and flowing robes, is willing to let him.

Camels stand pretty high, when you include the hump, which you must, because that's where you ride. So you don't swing yourself out of the saddle, as in dismounting from a horse. The camel kneels down, first on his front legs, tilting you forward, then jerkily on his hind legs, throwing you back. That leaves you with your feet on the ground.

The first pyramid you reach is that of Cheops, king of Egypt, some 3,000 years before the birth of Our Lord. Look at that tremendous piece of solid geometry to-day, fifty centuries later. Built of blocks of stone, from two to four feet thick, without any mortar, rising to a height of 480 feet, perfect in symmetry, faultless in construction, it is an amazing work of human hands. It took thirty years to build, and a constant army of 100,000 men, lifting every block by human muscle. It has endured through astounding reaches of time. Abraham could have seen it; Moses must have. Alexander the Great saw it. It was here when the Holy Family came into Egypt. It was here for the wars of Islam against the Crusaders, for the war of Napoleon; it is here for the war of 1942.

It was meant, apparently, as a burial place for the king and queen. In the center of the pyramid are two sepulchral chambers, to which a slanting passage-way leads. I made the long, back-bending climb up to these sepulchres. Dim electric light showed empty rooms. No one knows what has become of the bodies of the royal builder and his consort. I saw the place where the king wished to have some of the royal treasures buried with him. That, too, was empty. The air was chill in that stupendous tomb and it was a relief, after creeping down the long passage, to jump out into the hot August sunlight.

For all its size and age and symmetry, it looks sadly futile, this mountainous mausoleum that has not even held the bodies committed to it. It is remarkable, however, as a perpetual evidence to the ancient Egyptian belief in the existence of the

soul and the resurrection of the body. It was to provide for a happy reunion of soul with body that these cultured pagans of old embalmed their dead, gave them elaborately careful internment and buried precious articles with them.

THE SPHINX AND ITS FACE.

The Sphinx is near, so you mount your camel and pad your way over the sand to see it. Two other pyramids and a ruined temple are in the neighborhood; further excavations are likely to bring more ruins to light. The Sphinx has been excavated so that its huge paws are now evident. With the head of a human being, the body of a lion and the wings of a bird, it stands high and massive, and has stood for probably 5,000 years. It was a pagan idol, doubtless placed as guardian for the royal dead who were buried within the pyramids.

I was disappointed to find that the profile of the Sphinx was far from the perfection seen in some idealized pictures. In the last century Mohammed Ali's soldiers made a target of it and to-day the nose and cheek show the need of some facial surgery.

It is time to go back to Cairo. Some of the party want to do some shopping. You must always do some shopping. . . I sit in the car in a native street, reading my breviary. A shy little Egyptian boy peeks in. A smile on each side establishes diplomatic relations at once. I try English on him and French, but he understands neither. Then I find some religious pictures in my breviary and I show them, to explain myself. He reacts animatedly as if he understands now, and tries to prove it by pronouncing what sounds like the Holy Name. Perhaps he is a Coptic Christian; perhaps he is a Mohammedan pupil at a Catholic school. We part great, if inarticulate, friends.

See some more of Cairo. Modernistic apartment houses and cream-domed mosques; wide, tree-lined streets and narrow, crowded poor sections; minarets and palms and American Express and Thomas Cook and ice cream and fezzes and movie theatres and smart shops and dragomans and bak-sheesh. . .

Visit a mosque, taking off your shoes as you enter. It is a magnificent building (Moslem architecture is based on Eastern Christian style). There is a fountain in the center, where the Mohammedans wash. Otherwise the mosque seems a vast, ornate vacancy; there is no focal point, such as an altar. . . Visit somebody's palace. Not much to see. Watch that party of tourists, weary, foot-aching people going through with the task of sightseeing in the heat. A school-teacher asks about the malemutes. They are dogs in Alaska. She means Mamelukes, but it is too hot and we are too tired to bother. . . Now we come to the citadel, Cairo's fortress, with British soldiers in possession.

EGYPT TO-DAY.

Egypt, treated as a protectorate by Britain in the past, has its own government, under its own king, but it has to give Britain the rights of an ally, that is, the use of Port Said and Alexandria as naval bases and facilities for British forces within the country. The national color, believe it or not, is green.

Late that evening, going through the busy, well-lighted streets of the European business section, I came to a large church, with monastery and school beside it. Under the palm trees somebody was swishing cool water over the lawn. . . . Yes, he said, this was a Catholic monastery. I went in and met a French-Canadian Franciscan.

The school (he told me) has a large enrollment, including non-Christians and Christians. But even the Mohammedan boys and the Jews come to Christian doctrine class—and work hard at the subject, to win the extra marks for their aggregate in the examinations. Converts among the Mohammedans are few. Among the schismatics they are numerous. Many alumni of this school, like the alumnae of the Sacred Heart convent in Cairo, enter the Church.

In the first centuries of the Christian era, Egypt was a stronghold of the Faith. Alexandria, named after Alexander the Great in pagan times, became famous as a center of sanctity

and learning. St. Mark the Evangelist is said to have laid the foundations of the Church there. All the Copts were in union with Rome, staunch Catholics. Later centuries, however, saw them falling into schism and heresy. Then the Moham-medans came in from Arabia to overrun the country. To-day the schismatic Coptic Church is weak. Some 30,000 Copts have become Catholics. As Catholics they have, of course, a Coptic Rite.

The Copts really represent the old Egyptian race. Their name is probably a form of the second syllable of the word Egypt.

It is time to start for Port Said, to rejoin our ship.

But now our driver breaks the news. The road to Port Said is in bad condition, he says. We must return to Suez and then drive north along the Canal.

It is a long, weary journey back to Suez. There we have to plead—at 11 p.m.—for a special permit to travel over the Canal road. It belongs to the Suez Company, is always guarded and is closed at night. The wily old Arab who owns our car brings me to do the pleading. He probably reasons that the Roman collar will indicate a traveler of peaceful intent, thus inclining the official to give a permit for the whole party.

In the Canal office we find a Frenchman, hot and busy with telephones, bulletins on ship movements and all the cares that are part—even at midnight—of running a water-way of prime international importance. "Impossible!" he exclaims, when he hears our request. An English pilot steps into the office. He joins his voice to ours. . . A few minutes later we have the permit.

Now we are on the dark road, driving north, with the Canal on our right. It seems fairly narrow (its minimum width is about sixty-five yards). We halt a few times to show our permit at sentinelled gates. Then we hurry on again. My fellow-passengers are fagged and silent. Hans, the Jewish boy from Zurich, is asleep beside me. Above us the midnight sky is a great glory of stars. Around us is the loneliness of the desert.

NIGHT ON THE DESERT.

Somewhere along this route the Holy Family must have passed, crossing into Egypt in their flight from Herod. They must have known nights like this, in this very desert.

Occasionally we see a camel pacing in the shadows to our left. The rider carries a rifle. He is on patrol duty, looking out for brigands. Always beside us on our right is the smooth-watered Canal, where a few ships with huge headlights are moving slowly. The Canal is about a hundred miles long, and that is the length of our journey by road. At 3 a.m. we arrive in Port Said.

PORT SAID.

The dock is well lit and so is our ship, anchored about fifty yards out. Coaling is in progress, and will be, noisily and dustily, for the rest of the night. We hire a rowboat and reach the ship after loud disputing with the boatman. You must keep your porthole closed. A tight-shut room in a ship moored at Port Said, on an August night, is not the best place for sleeping. It is easy to rise at 6 a.m. and go on deck to breathe the clear morning air.

I go ashore in a rowboat. Port Said looks well in the early sunlight. Yes, there is a Catholic church quite near. A goodly congregation is assisting devoutly at Mass. I had not expected to find all those plain, prayerful people at weekly Mass in Port Said. The church, staffed by the Franciscans, is well-kept and has a seasoned appearance, as if the parishioners have been giving it constant day-to-day use over a long period. I celebrate Mass at a side-altar. As usual, the Franciscans are hospitable. I ask a few questions. All I can recall from the answers is the repetition of what is universal experience from China to Peru: there's an Irishman in the community.

About 8 a.m. we sail—out past the breakwaters, out past the statue of De Lesseps, who built the Suez Canal in 1859-1869. He did more than change the course of ships. He changed the course of history by taking 7,000 miles off the

distance between Europe and the Far East. He gave to missionaries and merchants, to rulers and to peoples, a short cut to and from East Asia. Suez is now one of the great gateways of the world.

The Catholic cathedral in Port Said is dedicated to Mary, Queen of the World.

Our ship turns towards the west; statue and breakwaters grow faint and distant. We are in the Mediterranean.

Editor's Note: The writer, Editor of the "Far East," published at St. Columban's, Nebraska, gives us some impressions of his visit to a part of the world on which attention to-day is focused. Father O'Connor belongs to St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, which has over 170 at their posts in China, Burmah, Korea and the Philippines—the Far East, where a great deal of history, temporal and eternal, is certain to be made.

DETACHMENT

A king they fain would have Him be,
But to the hills He fled away;
Through eyes of faith, Him I can see
So tall and fair as on that day.

He stops and beckons onto me
From fickle crowds and friends to come,
My eyes are dim, scarce can see,
My limbs are weak, my lips are dumb—

The crowds have gone, as crowds will go,
Alone, I sadly stand apart,
I knew not then, what now I know,—
A God was asking for my heart.

Fidelis.

A MAN'S MAN

By PAUL KAY.

HE wasn't in love. It was merely the blossom scented air of a day in June that made his heart miss an occasional cylinder. With John Grenville Monmouth it was the trees, the breeze, lilacs and clover; it was not love in bloom. Of this you may be certain; for as far as J. G. Monmouth was concerned Father Adam need never have lost a rib; for J. G. the gentler sex need not have used the ozone of perpetrated U turns on a one-way street. A Man's Man.

You have been around. You have heard and seen the type. They flourish in the Turkish baths along the great white way as well as in the local Grange at rural delivery No. 41. Love is the great evil and woman is her agent. They cry it in one hundred ways; by it they live and eat and dream. Then one day they meet a Hazel Smith who takes a deep breath, flutters her eyelids two and a half times and Ah! isn't love wonderful?

If types could hold elections John G. would long ago have been proclaimed unanimously the Ebul the Bulbul Emir of that outfit. For J. G. was determined that into his life no Hazel Smith would fall to lower him to the up at seven and off to work for the little wifey routine. The mere thought of watering the front lawn and talking the high price of groceries to the neighbors while the little woman made herself a reasonable facsimile of the Gorgone with those little curling irons, the mere thought would have appalled him. Weren't women sufficiently repulsive to begin with?

* * *

One Tuesday evening J. G. strolled placidly up the boulevard, a signboard of freedom with nothing on his mind and plenty in his pocket; for John was well supplied with the stuff, having a couple of oil wells and two or three copper mines somewhere in Colorado, held by hard right of inherit-

ance. It was the evening of that day in June when John's heart had started taking Conga lessons.

He paused below the marquee on the Lyceum theatre. Quite accidental that John should pause there, for he had seen the show the night before. He glanced over the billings, looked at his watch—then with an air of indifference purchased a ticket and went in. What ho! you may say. Here is a gentleman who hasn't much to do, going to the same show on successive nights, they being Monday and Tuesday, the show being one movie, one orchestra, two dancers, and a weight-lifter. It's true John had no umbrella, but then it wasn't raining out, so that couldn't be the reason.

If you are already surprised what will you think when John does it again Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights? You know he doesn't work there. Perhaps he is writing a thesis on double-feature audiences and seeks statistics? No, John doesn't write very well and he'd need a dictionary to find out something about statistics. Maybe he likes the show? Now, after all, one movie, one orchestra, two dancers and the rest—just consult the billing of any theatre from Nova Scotia to California, from September to June, and you'll find one movie, one orchestra and ditto. How could anyone like that?

John himself was a little puzzled by it all. He had never done this before. It was a good orchestra and that weight lifter was—John looked at the program which he held in his hand—Weight lifter—Senorita Valer Pondez. Rather unusual act for a girl and she was really strong. Of course she wasn't pretty, thought John, no women are—she was er—John would go so far as to say she was quaint. This being the closest John ever got to paying a woman a compliment, he shuddered and then tried to convince himself that he was getting a chill. The show, with Senorita Pondez, weight lifter, left the city to make the Eastern Circuit.

• • •

John attributed his subsequent unhappiness to all the ills from indigestion to anemia but finally, to make a short story,

he admitted the horrible truth. He faced his destiny. He wanted to see Senorita Valer Pondez again. He was not in love with her. Of course not. It was just that she, well she was a good weight lifter.

John read every News and Journal published in the big city, looking for anything that would indicate the coming return of the Senorita. Then one day the Lyceum again advertised the usual, giving, however, the Senorita a little less space on the marquee than previously. John made two shows a day for the first part of the week—he would have made more but his friends at the club were missing him. By Thursday he admitted his doom. He was in love with the Senorita.

With graceful surrender and an eye to an introduction in the near future, he covered all the gift shops in the big city. He had never sent a present to a girl before, so this was new territory for him. After much hesitation he selected a locket set with diamonds and fashioned with an exquisite gold chain. He dispatched it to Senorita Pondez, thinking it better taste to omit the first name. He enclosed the simple note, "From an admirer, John Monmouth." He gave also his address.

* * *

Three days followed in an agony of suspense. On Saturday night there was a letter for him at the Club. It bore the heading of the Lyceum theatre. John opened it with trembling hands. The writing was a pitiable scrawl but John did not notice that. He was too absorbed in the following message:

Dear Mr. Monmouth:

Thanks. How much I needed that locket you'll never know. I got one hundred dollars for it. This work was just about finished for me. The muscles in my arms were developing too fast and people were wondering why I bought so many razor blades. Anyway, my number is coming up so I go in the army next month. Thanks again.

Pete Dundee (also and formerly Senorita Pondez).

OUR LADY OF THE SCAPULAR AND OUR SEARCH FOR PEACE

By REV. G. CELESTINE FITZPATRICK, O.Carm.



IN spite of the great advance of our modern enlightened civilization, in spite of the much-proclaimed progress in many fields of thought and action, our greatest fault is still to be found in that deep sense of false pride which has been the root of every evil in the past, and will, no doubt, be also the cause of many wrongs in the future. The world has not learned much from its mistakes.

But if it is true that the world has not gained in experience from past folly, it is even more true that it has not profited at all from the wisdom of former generations. The

child or youth of to-day who openly resents parental authority and rebels against any restriction on what is considered to be their liberties and rights, are but faintly echoing the doctrines and tenets of many so-called modern rulers, leaders and teachers of the people, who from day to day, by every means at their disposal, are preaching these same doctrines of resentment towards any restrictions, social or moral, and instigating rebellion against all authority whether of God or man.

There is one voice, however, strong and calm, which has never failed to make itself heard above the turmoil and confusion all about it; it is the voice of the Shepherd, the Prince

of Peace, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, unceasingly pointing out that only by a return to the doctrines and teachings of Our Divine Saviour can the world hope to possess once more that peace which of itself it can never obtain. Over twenty years ago the representative of Christ was refused a place among the councils of the nations seeking an agreement and a solution of the difficulties of the day. Only a short time ago his successor, wearied and worn by his constant fight, gave back his soul to God and on the very threshold of Eternal Peace, in his last dying breath paused for a moment to plead for peace for the world, that peace for which he had sacrificed his life. He died with his greatest work unfinished because the nations still refused to hearken to the voice of the Master. To-day, Pope Pius XII is carrying on the work entrusted to him, already he is known by the same title that has been given to his worthy predecessors, and still the world refuses to listen to his plea. The fact that three Pontiffs who in recent times have occupied the Chair of Peter, have each, successively, borne the title "Pope of Peace" is not without a deep significance. The lesson that it points out is, that the only real solution of our difficulties is to be found in a return to the practice of our religion. In order to teach us true peace Our Saviour came down from Heaven, took upon Himself our human nature, lived with us and died for us, and it was at the most solemn moment of His parting that the Eternal Wisdom uttered those words which have rung down the centuries and have been repeatedly echoed by His Vicar on earth, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid!"

If religion is to be our safeguard in the future its acceptance must be whole-hearted and its practice must be universal. We must not be content with the bare essentials either in our beliefs or in the practice of those beliefs. To far too many Catholics to-day religion is nothing more than a Sunday obligation more or less grudgingly observed, there are too many to whom the words of Our Saviour could be

applied with good reason, "These people honour me with their lips but their hearts are far from Me." In the words of Our Lord we have the secret; if we are to be faithful, if we are to obtain peace for ourselves and for the world we must give our hearts to our religion and make it a part of our very lives. This will imply more than the observance of the bare essentials.

To our assent to the deposit of faith, to the practice of those duties to which we are in conscience bound we must add the works of supererogation, those devotions which have been approved by the Church and which are a fruitful source of grace and strength in the trials and difficulties of our daily lives. There are many such devotions which have a particular appeal, but none have been such a source of comfort and consolation to Our Lady, under one title or another, which have been approved and sanctioned by the Church, and chief amongst these, the most wonderful of all, is the Scapular Devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Scapular devotion above all others is the one which shows the greatest appeal as a means of restoring to the world the peace, consolation and help which it so sorely needs to-day, not merely because of the fact that it is a veritable treasure-store of graces, but, especially, because of the unique circumstances in which it was first given to a great Carmelite Saint.

There will be many, who reading these lines, will ask, what is the Scapular? That after almost seven hundred years there should still be Catholics who must ask that question, is something to be deplored. Since the fact remains, however, that many have never had the opportunity of learning of this great Gift of Mary, I may be permitted to relate briefly the history and privileges of the Scapular devotion.

The Carmelite Order claims descent from the great prophets of the Old Testament, Elias and Eliseus, who founded what was in their time, a group of men known as "Sons of the Prophets" and who dwelt together on the rocky promontory of Mount Carmel on the northern shores of Palestine, overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea. After the time

of Our Lord these men continued to lead their common life on the slopes of Carmel and having accepted the teachings of Christ, formed the rule of their lives according to His principles. Their succession was carried on for hundreds of years until in the 12th and 13th centuries the Holy Land was overrun by Turks and Saracens and the monks were forced to leave the seclusion of their beloved Mount and the desert places of the East and seek refuge in Europe under the protection of the Crusaders. New monasteries were founded for them in Italy, Spain and France, they had settled in England and crossed over to Ireland, where before the end of the 13th century they had already established their first homes.

This order had, for centuries before its departure from the East, been dedicated to the service of Mary, for having erected on Mount Carmel the first chapel in honour of the Mother of God the Carmelites had earned for themselves the title of Brothers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, a title which is still officially theirs. It was strange, therefore, that in that land that had been called the Dowry of Mary, these children of Mary should meet with so many difficulties and so much opposition. Yet, in God's good time, it was through these same sufferings and trials, as often happens, that the greatest glory was to come to the Order and he whom God, in His wisdom, chose to be His instrument, was one of the first Englishmen to join the Order in his homeland.

Simon, called Stock either from the name of his family or because of the Act that at the early age of twelve he had left his home and took up his abode in the hollow trunk or stock of one of the great oaks in the nearby forests, where he lived for more than thirty years the life of a hermit, was the son of the Governor of Hartford Castle in Kent. Joining the Carmelite Order in the year 1212, he quickly rose to a position of importance because of his knowledge of the customs and conditions of the country, which were new and strange to monks who had spent their lives in the East. At a General Chapter of the Order, held at Aylesford, near Maidstone, in

Kent, in the year 1245, Simon was elected Prior General of the whole Carmelite Order. During the years in which he held office the difficulties, which arose from opposition on the part of some members of the clergy and the other religious orders, increased; to Simon, already an old man when elected to govern his Order, these trials must have been a heavy burden and considering his physical condition, must have seemed insurmountable. But Simon did not depend upon himself. The love of Mary, cultivated during the long years of meditation in the lonely solitudes, which had led him, at length, to dedicate his life to her service in the Order of Carmel, taught him to seek for aid and assistance from above. True to the traditions of the Order, which had preached and spread devotion to God's Mother, he now himself had recourse to Mary in his hour of trial. Bowed down in humble supplication before Her shrine, he ceaselessly repeated the prayer that he had composed in Her honour and which in its simplicity and loving trust could not, and did not, fail in its appeal to Mary's maternal heart.

Fair flower of Carmel, blossoming vine;
Splendour of Heaven, Mother Divine,
None like to Thee,
Mother of our King. Peerless and fair
To Thy children of Carmel favours grant ever.
Star of the Sea.

On the evening of July 16th, 1251, Saint Simon, wrapped in an ecstasy of contemplation, saw the heavens open and the Mother of God appear to him surrounded by angels, and holding in her hands the Scapular of the Order, she said to him: "Receive, my son, this Scapular of your Order as the distinct sign of My Confraternity and as the guarantee of the privilege I have obtained for you and for the children of Carmel. Those who shall die clothed in this habit will not suffer eternal fire. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in perils, THE PLEDGE OF PEACE AND OF MY SPECIAL PROTECTION TO THE END OF TIME."

Such is the history of the gift of the Scapular to St. Simon Stock. Its blessings were almost immediately experienced by the Order and, in the years that followed, by the laity also, who, soon after the Vision of Our Lady, were organized and formed the nucleus of the Scapular Confraternity which has lasted through seven centuries and has spread to the ends of the earth. But it would seem as if Mary was not content with conferring this singular gift upon Her children, for on March 3rd, 1322, She appeared in a vision to Pope John XXII, and speaking of Her Scapular clients, said to him: "I, the Mother of Grace, shall descend on the Saturday after their death and whomsoever I shall find in Purgatory, I shall free, so that I may lead them to the holy mountain of life everlasting." In order to obtain this favour, which is known as the Sabbatine Privilege, it is necessary, (a) to wear the Scapular, (b) to observe chastity according to one's state in life, (c) to recite daily the Little Office of Our Lady. (Confessors are empowered to substitute for this third condition some other obligation).

These are the two principal blessings of the Scapular, but many others have been added by various Popes down through the ages. There are, for example, to mention only the more important, (a) a share in all the good works of the Carmelite Order, (b) a Plenary Indulgence and General Absolution at the hour of death, (c) a Plenary Indulgence on one hundred and thirty days of the year, besides many partial indulgences too numerous to list here but which can be found in the many pamphlets and works dealing with the Scapular. Finally, any altar upon which Mass is celebrated for a deceased member of the Scapular confraternity becomes a Privileged Altar.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what has already been preached and taught again and again by Popes, Bishops and Priests, namely, that prayer and devotion are powerful means of obtaining peace. The Scapular devotion because of the circumstances under which it was given is pre-eminently such a means of peace and lies within easy reach of all. If Mary

was prepared to show, in such a wonderful way, to one humble client her interest in those troubles and difficulties which might be considered by some as almost of a personal nature, surely she will be just as ready to lend her aid when millions of her clients in every part of the globe lift up their voices in supplication that the troubles, the trials and the difficulties which afflict the world to-day may be solved, and that we may have "peace in our time."

We have indeed learned little from the wisdom of the past and how much of that wisdom has been handed down to us in the ancient stories and fables, the "Fairy Tales" so much frowned upon and derided in our progressive world of to-day. In the story of the search for the Golden Fleece, it is related that there was one man who had been appointed to act as look-out on the ship because he had such keen sight that he could see for many leagues across the ocean, his great defect was that, in spite of this wonderful vision, he could not see things which were under his very eyes. Is not this man a type of many of our modern searchers after peace, who run from one end of the earth to the other with far-fetched, impractical plans, while the simple remedies, which are under their hands, escape their notice altogether, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, receive no attention at all.

As Catholics and clients of Mary we have the means of peace within easy reach, will we not stretch forth our hands to grasp it? Dressed in Mary's Garb we can face the world with courage and in the solution of our own difficulties and troubles extend also a helping hand to others, so that, gradually, as a small trickle of water which added to many others becomes in turn a stream and a river, which eventually loses itself in the vastness of the ocean, our own small measure of peace added to the peace of others shall grow in turn until the world will see at last in Mary's Gift of the Scapular the PLEDGE OF PEACE ETERNAL.



BRONZE CHARIOT AND ARABIAN STEEDS

By RUSSELL FOX.

THE village of Kerieth was astir. Annanas, the one-time Shepherd, had returned. He had brought great wealth with him and had announced that he would build himself a home and pass his declining years among his native hills. Stories were told of his astuteness and shrewd business sense, but these were generally supposed to be fictitious, and so old-timers who knew Annanas as a boy, and who thirsted for the story of his adventures and good fortune, approached him personally and asked him for the facts. He smiled upon them.

"There are no set rules to follow in amassing a fortune," he explained. "Opportunities abound, but one must seek them diligently, and go where they may be found. One must then pursue them with zeal, day and night, and in seizing them one must be prepared to be ruthless."

"But have riches brought you the happiness that comes to one who spends his life serving his fellow-man without thought of gain?" asked an ancient.

"I have found my fellow-man willing to help me only when I have been in a position to compel him to do so," answered Annanas.

The ancient shook his head. "That is not in keeping with my studies or observation," he muttered, "but then I have been never far from Kerieth."

"I think there is much wisdom in what Annanas has said," remarked one of his hearers, by name Judas. "I think Annanas has the key to the better life."

His imagination aroused by Annanas, Judas proceeded to his home after the conversation. He was in a mood of deep reflection and as he passed the house of the widow, Rebecca, he would not have noticed her had she not hailed him.

"Did you hear Annanas?" he at once asked her.

"Yes," she answered. "I heard him."

"And what did you think of his views?"

"My impression was that he is a vain man, that he was feasting on his own vanity and that his statements could arouse naught but envy and discontent among our people."

"He spoke the truth," said Judas, displaying evidence of annoyance over his neighbor's frankness. "He has shown the way for others to do as he did, provided they are not too slothful. Since hearing him I have decided that I can no longer abide Kerioth. It is expected by almost everyone that because I was born in Kerioth I should spend my life here, and that because I am poor I should work. I have within me the desire and the power to be rich and exalted. I can never reach the heights of my destiny if I am content to follow lowly pursuits. I must go. I must seek fortune elsewhere."

"Judas," chided Rebecca, "you can have plenty here without going afar, and you can have friends, a good conscience and freedom from the worries the mad race after the riches and pleasures of the world must bring. Look even to Annanas! He has himself returned to live among us. Think you he would do so if other climes were more attractive?"

"But for how many hundreds of years would I have to remain here before I could acquire a bronze chariot with Arabian steeds? How long would I be here before I would be able to say to another: 'Go get me this; go do that for me,' and in return hear those pleasant words: 'Yes, master, at once?' No, Rebecca, I can do nothing here in Kerioth, I must go."

"A bronze chariot with Arabian steeds would undoubtedly afford much pleasure," replied Rebecca. "It would be innocent enough pleasure, too, unless it were used to arouse the envy of others, and I do not see how one with such a chariot could escape arousing envy. As to having others to serve you, I voice no objection; but our high priests have held since the time of Moses that we must not be covetous, and I, for one, would not strive, as do the Romans, to keep slaves because of the feeling of masterfulness their possession engenders."

"Happily," said Judas, "I do not share your point of view. What else is there, pray tell me, Rebecca, except the advantages and desirable possessions life offers?"

"Greater by far than any of them is the interior life," answered the woman. "But if you would enjoy it you must develop it and grow into it."

"I see naught in it," said Judas.

"I know that; I know you have your mind on gold and chariots, fine ointments for your body, and perhaps even Roman baths, and I am sorry such is the case. You are the loser. But you will go, I suppose, as you propose. Where will you go? Would you fare better in Jerusalem? Would you become a merchant in the bazaars, or would you forsake your native country and proceed to Rome? Remember, in Rome you would encounter prejudice against our race."

Judas laughed. "Neither work nor struggle is my aim," he answered. "One does not thus acquire wealth or power. I will go and continue to go—on and on and on—until I come to the place where my senses tell me: 'Here you will be able to match your wits with others,' or 'here you will be able to influence the mighty to make you one of themselves.'"

"Perhaps I will be able to acquire much money through someone who wants some special type of service, the nature of which must be hidden from others. I feel there are many such opportunities. A rug dealer who passed this way with his wares once told me of a wealthy merchant in Jerusalem who paid a man well to go aboard the ships of other merchants as one of their servants, and to join their caravans as a servant, so that when he was unwatched and chance came his way, he might destroy part of their cargoes. I would have no fears if so engaged, because once such a journey is ended, I would have much gain with which to buy leisure and pleasures.

"Perhaps I will discover some exalted person in an embarrassment, and the price of my silence will be his bounty and his influence in raising me to a position like unto himself. Our own noble Tobiah need not have met death at the hands

of the father of the indiscreet and indecorous Abigail had he engaged such as I to take her hence before her clandestine affair had become known."

Rebecca shook her head. "It may be possible," she said, "but for my part I would rather lead what you term a lowly life and keep my peace of mind and heart than yield them and obtain in return naught perhaps but the threat of crucifixion as a malefactor. Think twice before you act rashly, Judas."

But Judas saw profitable opportunities afar, and quietly he left his native village in pursuit of them.

One day he sat outside the gates of the city. In Jerusalem, the golden, he had seen the things that only gold can acquire, but he had been unable, in the course of many days, to acquire any of them. He crunched the crust he had pilfered. Presently he would quaff water at a nearby brook. His back ached and his bones were sore from the kicks and blows he had received in the bazaars and elsewhere as he tried to get a foothold by ways other than honest toil.

"Perhaps you are a fool, Judas," he said to himself. "Maybe Rebecca was right when she spoke of the value of peace of mind and heart. But she cannot be right. I will yet arise."

A traveller approached the gates. He was afoot, and seeing Judas, he came up to him and with a greeting, sat beside him.

"I come from afar," he said.

"I have just come from the city," said Judas.

"Galilee is aflame with a new spirit," volunteered the stranger. "Perhaps you have heard of it."

"No," replied Judas. "I have not heard. Tell me of it."

"Well," said the stranger, "some say there is a new prophet among us, greater than all the other prophets. Others say he is just a disturber and not a prophet. But those who have heard him, and all who have heard him have been influenced by him, claim he is not a disturber and more than a prophet, that he is really the pro-

mised one of Israel. Certain it is that in appearance and gesture he is of majestic dignity, yet he is lowly and poor. Certain it is, too, that he speaks as no man of our time speaks, and with a sincerity and conviction that goes straight to the soul. And the things that he does, the miracles that he works, cause those near him to fall down and adore him even as God is adored. There have come scoffers, but they no more than hear him before their scoffing turns to the most fervent adoration. And the peace and happiness that steals into one's soul when one comes into his presence! That happiness is not earthly and the words of this earth are not adequate to picture it."

"You have seen him and perhaps talked with him?"

"Yes, I have seen him and talked with him, and like hundreds of others, I eagerly accepted him as my Lord and my God."

"That is most interesting," said Judas. "You do not appear to be the type of man easily swept off his feet."

"Nor am I, but I have no doubt I have lived to see the day of the redemption of Israel."

"What does this person promise those who do as he wishes?"

"He promises the Kingdom of Heaven."

"But how does anyone know he can keep such a promise?"

"While I was in Galilee a ruler came from Capharnaum, said his son was sick unto death and asked that he be healed. This Jesus, for that is his name, answered and said: 'Go thy way, thy son liveth.' The ruler did so, but on the way home his servants met him and told him the sickness had left his son and that the young man would live. He enquired as to the hour of the youth's recovery and learned that it was the same hour at which Jesus had told him his son would live. The ruler, of course, rejoiced and made the fact public. That is but one incident. There have been many of them; for example, he raised one man who was dead to life. Are such miracles of human or divine origin? The answer to that, I think, is the answer to your question."

Judas pondered. This might afford him a rare opportunity, a chance such as he might never otherwise have to fulfill his ambitions. Yes, he decided, he would have to go and see for himself. Perhaps he could curry profitable favor with this new-comer who commanded such attention. Certainly, even the servant of one able to command the respect and fealty of the people would himself not be without honor and influence—and more important, opportunity to advance himself. Perhaps, dreamed Judas, a clever man might even supplant the master once he had learned the secret of the latter's greatness. In any case Jerusalem offered him nothing. He had all to gain and nothing to lose by shaking the dust of the city from his feet.

"And what does this great man ask from those who hear him?" he enquired.

"Practically nothing," answered the stranger. "It simmers down to a precept to love Jehovah and to love man and all other living things Jehovah has created, to love so intensely that you cannot harm anyone.

"Does he seek no coin?"

"He seeks no coin; nothing whatever. But many times he gives—even bread he gives to those that have followed him and are hungered."

Judas asked and received instructions as to how to reach the locality in which these miracles were taking place. He returned to the city for the few possessions he had in hiding and that night started for Galilee.

At once the ambitious Iscariot made himself a follower of the Galilean. He went where Jesus went; he slept where Jesus slept. He marvelled over what he heard and saw, and there were times when he almost gave his heart to Jesus. Indeed, he did more than once confess to him his love, and Jesus was gentle and friendly with him, but Judas was uncomfortably aware that the Master could search his mind and soul and read there that the love he professed was alloy. Yet, even the shame that followed this conviction, failed to impel him to set aside his unworthiness.

And so time passed until one day the Master came to Judas and said simply to him: "Judas, you would be one of us?"

Judas assented and became one of the chosen twelve, receiving grace and strength from the more intimate association, but continuing to entertain mercenary ambitions rather than striving to free himself of them.

Came then the beginning of the passion of Christ, introduced in part thus by Matthew:

"Now when it was evening, he sat down with his twelve disciples; and whilst they were eating he said: Amen, I say to you that one of you is about to betray me. And they being very much troubled, began every one to say: Is it I, Lord? But he answering, said: He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, he shall betray me. The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed; it were better for him if that man had not been born. And Judas that betrayed him, answering, said: Is it I, Rabbi? He saith to him: Thou hast said it."

Judas understood and quietly left the gathering. He sat at the side of a road and reflected: "Jesus undoubtedly can read the human mind. He knew I planned his betrayal in return for the influence with our rulers and the much-needed money I would thus earn. I wonder how much they will give me? And yet, is it a wise thing to do? He has punished no one all the time I have been with him. I wonder if he would punish me. He knows I am not satisfied with his promise of life hereafter and that it is life and plenty here that I crave."

"You are right," said a voice beside him. "It is life and plenty here that you should have."

Judas turned quickly in fright. Beside him sat a well-dressed man whom he had not seen approach. The stranger seemed to have materialized as from the ether. "Were you speaking to me?" Judas asked. "I am not conscious of having said anything."

"Well, I am sorry; I presumed you had spoken," said

the stranger. "Nevertheless there is no harm done, I hope. I myself was just thinking that if you have all you want in this world, the next world will take care of itself. There seems now, however, to be a movement in conflict with this view."

"Yes," said Judas, "there is such a movement and I have just been thinking about it, thoughts much as your own. It is a movement having for its sponsor Jesus of—"

"Please, please," interrupted the stranger. "Please do not use that name. I cannot abide that name."

"Oh," said Judas, "I am sorry. Whence come you?"

"You will know eventually," the stranger answered, "but I had better not tell you now. Just do not use His name. However, as I was saying, these promises about a kingdom after this life may be all very well, yet what a man wants is something right here and now that he can enjoy. You are a lucky fellow. You have everything within your grasp this very night."

"What do you mean?" asked Judas. "What have I within my grasp this very night?"

"I thought you could see it for yourself, but I will tell you. I presume you know all about this movement?"

"Yes, I know all about it."

"And your plan to betray is no secret?"

"No. I thought it was, but it doesn't seem to be. He knows it, but how did you hear of it?"

"I know a great many things, but that needn't worry you at the moment," smiled the stranger. "The fact is you have such a plan and it must be put in effect. It must be done this very night. You must not hesitate. I will help you."

"Why the urgency?" asked Judas.

"Look at it from your own standpoint. If your friend is the Son of God these enemies can do him no harm, and more, if He is the Son of God, He will readily forgive you when you go to him later and ask His forgiveness. If He is not the Son of God you will be the greatest man in Galilee, aye, in the whole world because you will have saved the people

from an imposter. How they will laud you and thank you and what gifts they will shower upon you!"

"You make it very clear," said Judas. "Your views are my own, but I could not express them so cleverly. I will go now to see the high priests about it and offer to take them to Him."

"That is the only sensible course you can take."

"I certainly am indebted to you," said Judas.

"Do not mention it. From now on I know we will be very companionable," replied the stranger.

Thus a fallen angel, the tempter of Judas, took his leave and Judas went forth.

But it was not even yet that he was to become the most despised of creatures. Why he did so, he knew not, but as he came near the meeting place of the enemies of Jesus he hesitated, then halted and again sat down. Close by was the stranger of whom he had a few minutes before taken leave. But Judas could not see him now because the latter had cast off the body he had assumed. Beside him was another spirit.

"Why approach him again?" the spirit who had taken on the body of a man proposed to the other: "Has he not made his choice? Let him abide by his decision."

"He is a son of Adam and a son of God," replied the other. "I must remain with him until the end. He cannot, he must not be abandoned now. Mercy and the grace to repent must be at his slightest call until he breathes his last breath."

"But you have extended the grace of God to him all through the years, and he has rejected it," argued the Satanic spirit. "Only a few days ago when he pilfered from the apostles' treasury you struggled with his conscience but without success. Years ago, through the fair Rebecca of Kerioth, you pictured to him the beauties of an honest and virtuous life. Yet he would have none of it. Often you have put him in contact with the gentle John, but he would not be influenced. Even the warm glance from the eye of the Mother of Christ failed to turn him from his aims and his ways. He, himself, the Christ, gave Judas great opportunities while

they were together here in Galilee without avail. Judas has elected to pursue material advantages such as I have put before him to the exclusion of all else. Let him be; he is mine."

"I cannot," replied the other. "I must go to him," and then sadly, "stay with him until the end."

And a voice seemed to speak to Judas as he sat by the road close to the rendezvous of the enemies of Jesus. "Why would you do this thing, Judas?" it asked. "Can you not see the folly of it? Let me tell you that from this day your name will be anathema among men and angels. You will be the most despised of creatures and you will be pointed to as him who betrayed the great God of Heaven when He came in the fulness of Divine mercy to redeem mankind. You will be the renegade, not only of your own people, but of all humanity and you will remain the renegade of mankind all through the centuries. You believe Him. You know in your heart He is the very spirit of truth and love. Go to Him, Judas; go to Him before it is too late."

The voice ceased and another took its place. "Why trifle with your decision?" it asked. "Are you not a man of conviction and determination? Know you this that I now tell you that when He is gone and He will go, ignominiously on the gibbet, those who have adhered to him will try to carry His message to others, and they will be scourged and also put to death. Why not? Does your reason not tell you it will be so? Can extreme punishment be visited on one who openly flouts the public authority while those who would echo his sentiments go free? Your best gamble is on what you have to gain by exposing Him."

And Judas arose and went forth to become the man of whom it was said: "Woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed; it were better for him if that man had not been born."

Judas took the silver that was the price of his treason. He led the guard of soldiers and others to the garden of Gethsemane so the soldiers might seize Jesus. But when they

had possession of their victim he left the garden alone, and a great terror came upon him. He beat his breast; he writhed physically. Then a voice came to him. "Even now," it said, "you can return to Him and say you are sorry."

"Yes," said Judas, half aloud. "I could go to Him and then be seized and sent to the gibbet with Him. Never, never, never!"

"Up to the moment you breathe your last He will pardon you," persisted an inner voice.

But Judas went forth, returned the silver he had been given for the betrayal and hanged himself with a halter.

* * * * *

"Judas had several serious weaknesses. The worst was that no motive would impel him to action save personal gain. Another was his love of popular acclaim; he could not abide the disfavor of the multitude."

The speaker was one of the disciples of Christ. He was at the home of Rebecca of Kerioth, who as the doctrine of Christ spread over the land, had espoused it eagerly. From time to time, those who had been with the Redeemer in His last anguish passed her way, and she invariably questioned them about the end of Judas, her townsman.

"I believe," said the disciple, "that Judas told me the truth as he listened to the trial of Jesus before Pontius Pilate. He told me that he went to the enemies of Christ prepared to sell the Master if he could obtain a price sufficiently high. It was suggested to him that he would become a great and mighty leader of Judea, and with that reward in view he accepted the thirty pieces of silver. He found the promise was false. He was shunned by his former friends, and even the soldiers, high priests and representatives of the public authority would have naught to do with him. They pushed him and jostled him, and the one who had put the thirty pieces of silver into his hand with a smile and a promise that all would be well, spat upon him and reviled him and said he was no man.

"Judas told me he had returned the silver and asked what more he could do. I advised him that inasmuch as he could not then go personally to the Master and ask forgiveness, the Master being in the hands of the soldiers, he should pray. But he merely scoffed. 'Pray!' he said. 'That will not save me!'"

"When he returned the silver did he not say, as it has been reported, that he had sold innocent blood, and would this not show that he was repentant?" persisted Rebecca.

"I have heard that he did try to disclaim his guilt thus," answered her informant, "but whether he was contrite and remorseful or merely trying to appear less unworthy, I do not know. I have heard also that the contempt to which he was subject and a growing despair of ever obtaining Divine forgiveness caused him to end his own life. It may be so. He was a man who bestowed all his affections on the things of this world and failed utterly to cultivate any sense of spiritual values."

"I believe you are right," agreed Rebecca. "Beyond the possession of a bronze chariot with Arabian steeds he could see little of value in life whilst he lived here amongst us."

Each day to walk with Thee a little nearer,
Each day to talk with Thee a little clearer,
Each day to find Thy will a little dearer,—
Be this Thy gift, O Lord!

CONTARDO FERRINI*

Scholar and Saint

By REVEREND J. BAGNASCO, D.D.

CONTARDO FERRINI, a devout layman and a bright figure in the second part of the 19th century, was born in Milan, Italy, of a middle class family, in the year 1859. His parents on his father's side originated in the neighbourhood of Ticinum (now Pavia) and lived at different times in various boroughs of Lombardy and at the outskirts of the Alps. Contardo loved the lakes and the mountains of his homeland. Nature is wonderful and majestic around Lago Maggiore and all along the chain of the Italian lakes. Towering to the north are the Alps, lifting their ice-covered heads to the sky, and scattered at their feet are peaceful hamlets and villages teeming with poor but industrious people. It was in one of these little towns that the Ferrini family had their summer home and it was here that the soul of Contardo felt itself drawn to the summit of the mountains and to the throne of God.

His mother was a saintly woman and called her son Contardo, because the patron Saint of the Church of her birthplace, the town of Broni, was St. Contardo. She did not look for a fancy name or for a name of a national hero for her son, but the humble name of Contardo pleased her because it reminded her of a Saint from home. There seems to be sainthood on his mother's side, because her sister, a nun called Sister Benigna, who attained to great sanctity, took upon herself the task of preparing her little nephew for his First

* The cause of his beatification was begun in the year 1910. at the request of Pope Pius XI. It was suspended during the World War 1, but was re-introduced in July, 1924. On February 8, 1931, he was declared "Venerable" and on March 15, 1942, in the presence of His Holiness, Pius XII, in the Vatican City, a decree was read approving the miracles presented in connection with the Cause of his Beatification.

Communion, which he received on April 20, 1871. This preparation must have been very diligent and careful, because the little boy in his first Communion received unusual graces. In later life, speaking of his first Communion, he declared, what St. Aloysius had said of himself two centuries before, that his first Communion marked the beginning of his holiness. The Creator must have found the boy totally free from sinful attachments and so all the more apt to be the recipient of divine favors than would be the boy who still clung to selfishness, greed or wilfulness, even though these faults should be so small as to go unnoticed by others. Contardo went to ordinary schools, as the other boys of his age and for his classical studies he frequented the high school called "Liceo Beccaria," not far from his house in the city of Milan. He was promoted from it in the year 1876. In the same year, on November 17th, he went to Pavia, a city only a few miles away, and enrolled himself at that University in the faculty of law. Pavia is an old Italian city. Its existence dates back many years before Christ and stood successively under the domination of the Romans, the Goths, the Greeks and the Longobards. Its University is the oldest one in Italy: it was founded by Charlemagne. Even to-day this university enjoys great reputation even though there are other larger and better equipped universities in Italy.

He lodged and boarded at the exclusive Borromeo College. Here, away from home, his career of suffering began. Some students living with him at the college, as soon as they found out that he was pious, that he said his morning and night prayers, and that he would not take part in their immoral conversations, began to mock him, call him a bigot and ill-treat him when they had the chance, or they would avoid him, as one not worthy of them. The Superiors of the College, whose duty it was to maintain order and discipline amongst the students, closed an eye, and maybe two, at such misconduct, and no one should be surprised if they approved of it in secret. Such was the religious condition in the Italian schools for many years under the so-called Liberal Govern-

ment. It made war on the Church but always under cover or upon some plausible pretext. It forbade religious instruction in the schools; it tolerated any remarks against it that any unbelieving teacher felt like making; at times it tolerated anti-religious demonstrations in public places. (Recall the insults of a certain Nathan, Mayor of Rome, against the sacred person of the Pope, and how the Italian Government rewarded him by appointing him their Ambassador Extraordinary to the San Francisco Exposition in 1914). It was due to the great mass of school teachers who were good men and women that the youth of Italy were not led entirely away from the Church by the laic legislation of the Government and by the vexatious circulars of its school inspectors, who at times showed more zeal against religion than the Government. The large majority of the teachers were good Catholics, as they should be in a Catholic country, or were at least decent people not affiliated with secret societies. They would pay as little attention as they dared to these circulars and instructions from their employers.

This writer went to the State Schools; he had no choice, as there were no Catholic schools, except for the rich who could afford to pay a good fee for their tuition. The writer has preserved a great veneration and a loving memory for his public school teachers. They were all good men and women who had a great respect and an utmost kindness for their pupils.

Contardo, apparently, fell in with a not very fine crowd at the Borromeo College, but he met a few, amongst them the Mappelli brothers, who, like himself, were well brought up and very good; they became lifelong friends.

On June 21, 1880, he graduated in jurisprudence with full honors. Then in December of the same year, he went to the University of Berlin in Germany, where he remained until July, 1882. There he took a post-graduate course and specialized in Roman Law. His German professor, a Lutheran, thought so much of him that at his death he bequeathed to him his library. In 1883 he was allowed to teach this sub-

ject as a free course at his University of Pavia, where he made such a name for himself that in 1887 he was called to teach Roman Law at the University of Messina with the full title of Professor. There he became acquainted with another Professor, a man by the name of Nicotra, a Mesinese of fervid Christian sentiments, but he met also with vexation and ridicule from a group of students, most of them from rich families, but themselves no better than hoodlums, who had found out he was a practising Catholic. It had become fashionable with certain elements to despise religion and show their bravado in howling down any one who practised it. It was the trend of the time; these students were young and thoughtless and felt they were with the Government and besides had nothing to fear from the Police, who also were with the Government. On occasions they provoked disturbances in the class-room, or they would follow him in the street and make him the butt of their jests in the sight of trades-people and idlers.

In 1889 he applied for a Chair in the University of Bologna and wrote an examination for it in competition with others, but a man greatly inferior to him in learning, but well recommended by certain gentry, was chosen. Ferrini might have appealed against this injustice, but did not do so.

His University of Pavia finally recognized his talents and merits and in the year 1894 he was called back to teach Roman Law. While he taught at Pavia he resided in Milan and went back and forth between the two cities by train every school day.

At this time the municipal affairs of Milan were mostly in the hands of demagogues. There was much talk and very little done, and there was danger of hostile legislation against the Church. Hence Contardo Ferrini proclaimed his candidacy for Councillor at the Municipal elections of 1895 and succeeded in being elected. He thought he could do some good for the city. Indeed he had studied and admired the encyclical letter of Leo XIII, the *Rerum Novarum*, concerning the rights of workers, and shared the ideas of his friend,

the great Catholic Sociologist, Giuseppe Toniolo, who also pleaded for a better treatment of the working man. However, with all his good intentions, and all his mental preparation, his voice was not heard in the tumult of those municipal sessions. He was not the sort of speaker to whom people would listen. He explained the Christian principles on which the social problems should be solved, but the people were impatient, wanted something to be done immediately, Christian or not Christian; work was scarce and ill paid; people could not wait. They stood for anyone who promised a quick relief; they did not stop to think that such promises were empty; even a promise is a sort of relief. In the next elections Contardo did not run again for office. He spent his time in the pursuit of his studies, during the school term in the city and on his beloved mountains during the summer holidays.

On one of his excursions over the mountains, he tired himself unduly, and stopping at a little stream, he drank of the water. After he had returned home, the fatigue did not abate with rest. He went to bed. A doctor was called in who diagnosed the illness as a case of typhus. No medical skill could stop the progress of the disease. When he felt he was going to die, he asked for and received all the rites of the Church and his soul went to join Him Whom he had worshipped all his young life under the species of bread and wine. This was on October 17, 1902, at 11.30 a.m.

If we judge him by the kind of friends he made, we must admit that his conduct was exemplary and his personal qualities were of the highest degree. We have mentioned his friendship with the sociologist, Giuseppe Toniolo. He was an eminent layman, a scholar and a fervent Catholic who thought of nothing else but to serve God and to ameliorate the conditions of the working people. Other friends were Dom Adalberto Catena, the priest who consoled the last months of two famous Milanese: one Alessandro Manzoni, a man of sincere piety and an excellent writer of both prose and poetry, best known for his novel, "The Betrothed"; the other,

Giuseppe Verdi, famous all over the world for his musical Operas. What comfort must Contardo have found in his discourses with Father Catena! What anecdotes must he have heard from his lips! What wisdom must he have learned from this priest who had been the confidant of such famous and pious men! Other friends were: the Abbé Antonio Ceriani, chief of the Ambrosian Library; and a priest by the name of Achille Ratti, afterwards Pope Pius XI.

The Roman Congregations are turning their attention to Contardo Ferrini. Is it his learning they admire? Is it his acquaintance with distinguished people? No. It is his personal holiness they are inquiring into. For the present it is sufficient here to note that the secret of his holiness seems to be found in his devotion to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, his frequent Communions and attendance at Mass. Such devotion is revealed in many of his letters to his friends and in his quoted conversations. For instance he is reported to have defined the Mass "a daily Sacrifice in which the Victim of Golgotha repeats the offering of Himself for mankind." Also, it is not reported that he ever retaliated or sought for vengeance for the humiliations inflicted on him by men or that he ever lost his temper. Was he a coward, or else did he derive such heroic strength from his holy Communions as the martyrs did? Did he bear these insults with joy as even the apostles did who after being scourged, "went from the presence of the Council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus."

The details of his life will come out in the Canonical processes held by the Ecclesiastical Authorities and then somebody, some day, will write a real and complete life of Contardo Ferrini.





In Memoriam of a Great Souled Priest

FATHER CYRIL KEHOE, O.Carm. (1865-1942).

Professed, May 23, 1881; Ordained 1889.

Prior, New Baltimore and Professor in Philosophy
and Theology 1894-97; 1899-1900;

Prior of St. Cyril's Monastery, Chicago.

Founder and President of

St. Cyril's College, Chicago, 1900-1909.

Faculty Member of St. Cyril's College 1909-1913.

Professor of Dogmatic, Pastoral and Ascetic Theology,
St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, 1913-1942.

To St. Joseph Lilies he was trusted advisor and
invaluable contributor.

Mission and retreat master 1900-1942.

Spiritual Director St. Augustine's Seminary 1930-1942.

"Because we saw how kind one human heart
We know how tender-hearted He must be."

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

By MONSIGNOR JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

COME, strike the harp, and let the timbrel sound
In praise of her, the Lily of the Vale;
From Lebanon soft zephyrs breathe around,
And flowers of Esdraelon make sweet the gale;
Carmel and Gilead now chant her name,
And Hermon's hurrying streams are vocal with her fame!

Sing us of her, who, fore-ordained of God
To be the Mother of His only Son,
Bowed her bright head, obeyed the Sovereign nod,
And answered, full of grace—"His will be done
Behold the compliant handmaid of the Lord,
He is my Sovran King; my Hope,
my High Reward!"

The glory of the Godhead beamed on her;
The moon became a footstool for her feet;
The sun her radiant slave without demur;
The stars became a crown for her most meet!
Tall Seraphim like flames around her stood
She now was Queen of Heaven,
all-beautiful and good!

She was the Queen of Heaven, and yet she walked
On earth with mortals, hid from curious gaze,
With humble souls at Nazareth she talked,
And brought delight into their lonely days;
While Joseph, thinking on the mystery there,
In wonder lost, blessed God, in deep and fervent prayer!

Where e'er she went bright blossoms breathed forth
Their choicest perfumes; from the spicy trees
The precious balms and balsams dropped to earth,
As heavenly incense tinctured every breeze!
The patient kine rejoiced to see her pass,
And the white-crowding flocks
skipt o'er the emerald grass!

So quietly this holy maiden dwelt,
Tho' many marvelled at a face so fair;
Her eyes like pools of Hesebon that felt
The soft caressing of the morning air;
Her cheeks, pomegranates shining in the sun!
The sweetness of her breath,—
spikenard and cinnamon!

How blesséd, any wayfarer who strayed,
By chance from Galilee's not-distant strand,
Over the dew-bright fields, and saw the Maid
A moment by the village fountain stand!
Thrice blesséd he, for he had gazed upon
The face of Heaven's Queen, more glorious than the dawn!

And oh, how sweet those days when Heaven's Queen,
A slender girl, grew up to womanhood!
The land was holy then, and too, I ween
A wistful magic haunted lake and wood;
Tender the hours the quiet sun arose;
And hushed the holy nights that made her eyelids close.

She was a Rose of Sharon, blossomed fair
With glory not of earth,—a House of Gold
Framed for the Word of God to tarry there,
Arrayed with benisons and gifts untold!
She came to Earth, unmarred by spot or stain;
Purer than Hermon's snows, unsullied to remain!

Dear Rose of Sharon, prostrate at the Cross,
Clasping His wounded Feet, Oh, pray that we
May learn to know thy sacrifice and loss,
And pay thee back with love and sympathy!
A part in the Redemption was thy share
And by His side Thy Son hath placed thee in His care.

Pray for us, Mother; He remembers all
Thy cares and comfortings in boyhood's day;
He loves thee now, as when thou heard'st His call
When hurt befell Him at His work or play.
Could He deny that Mother true and fond?
Ah, no! The Lord of Heaven breaks not His human bond!

And so with Gabriel and the Church we bow,
Praying—"Hail, Mary, full of grace thou art;
The Lord is with thee, blest indeed art thou,
Above all women favoured is thy part.
Hear us, Oh Mother; to thy dear Son, pray
That we may mercy find on His dread Judgment Day."



RECOGNITION

By F. B. FENTON.

How beautiful the Face of God,
In heaven, through grace attained, will be,
When life's rough path of trial trod,
We thrill at Love's immensity
Beyond the bounds of time and space
In that serene, eternal place.

How lovely, too, its courts will glow
With Cherubim and Seraphim;
And, on their mission, to and fro,
The happy courtiers of Him.
The beauty and contentment there
Are quite beyond conception here.

And in the mansions of the Lord,
By grace assembled, one by one,
We shall enjoy divine accord;
For all our struggles will be done.
And insignificant will seem
The sufferings now we think supreme.

Some day, perhaps, just little things—
Small generousities, kind deeds
Of ours, before the King of kings—
Will aid us greatly, when He reads
From Book of Life their record there,
We deemed so very trivial here!

Community



*Rt. Rev. Monsignor Treacy,
D.D., D.P.*

June 16th marked a golden milestone in the life of one of our best known and beloved priests, Monsignor James Power Treacy, D.D., Pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto. The "Doctor," as he is familiarly known to his parishioners and friends, has by his deep flowing charity, facile pen and Irish wit and fluency of speech, made himself known, admired and loved by not only his own flock, but by men of all classes and creeds. The ragged street urchin, taken into the nearest shoe store by a hitherto unknown kindly priest is not the only new friend he has

won, but the Jewish merchant, struck by "this charity which is Christ's," finds himself drawn in spite of his prejudices. The new Canadian, lonely for his old home and associates, hears himself greeted by his new Parish Priest in his own tongue. Who can wonder then at the number and attendance at the many celebrations held throughout a whole fortnight in his honour. Beginning with the Pontifical Mass on the Anniversary day itself, and ending two weeks later with a special Mass and Communion of the Legion of Mary whose Founder in Toronto he is, Monsignor Treacy received some small sign of the esteem in which he is held. Dearest perhaps of all to his fatherly heart was the Parish Celebration held appropriately on Fathers' Day, when at the morning's Masses the men and women who have been under his care for thirty years paid him their spiritual tributes, to follow that same afternoon and evening with a substantial token of

their gratitude in the purse presented to him at the Reception held in his honour.

To one who has long been a loving and loved friend of our Community and a brilliant literary contributor to the "Lilies," may we add our words of congratulation and pray that until the golden glow of fifty years passes as happily into the white gleam of a Diamond Jubilee, God may see fit to continue to bless the loving service of one of whom it may be truly said, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus."

The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption was marked at St. Joseph's Convent, by religious ceremonies of Profession and Reception. The latter, conducted by Right Rev. Msgr. McCann, with Rev. J. Sheridan as Assistant, took place at 9.30 a.m. in the presence of many relatives and friends of the five young ladies who received the Holy Habit. Following the routine order, the aspirants entered the chapel as white-robed brides, attended by dainty flower-girls. After the blessing of their new religious dress, and a sermon given by Rev. W. Murphy, C.S.S.R., Retreat Master, in response to questions placed by the Reverend Officiant they expressed their desire to become Sisters of St. Joseph. They then left the Chapel and on their return clothed in the religious habit were given their religious names. Holy Mass, which followed, was celebrated by Rev. A. Lane, S.J., brother of one of the postulants, and later Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. A. McMahon, brother of another of the chosen group.

In his sermon Father Murphy briefly but forcibly showed the excellence of the sacrifice made, not only by those who were called to the religious life, but also by their parents. He referred to the Consecration of a Religious to God's service as a complete act of glory to God in which the parents participated, because they give their child even as God the Father gave His Only Son, for the salvation of the world.

Present in the Sanctuary, besides those already mentioned were Very Rev. J. M. Clair, Very Rev. H. Fleming, C.S.S.R., Rev. J. McHenry, Rev. R. McGinn, Rev. S. A. Perdue, C.S.B., Rev. M. F. Mogan, Rev. H. Dillon, C.S.S.R., Rev. E. Moriarity.

Following are the names of those who received the Holy Habit:

Miss Sophie Kwolek, Melita, Manitoba—Sister M. St. Catharine.

Miss Mildred Horsley, Toronto—Sister M. Consilia.

Miss Therese Lane, Quebec—Sister Marie Antoine.

Miss Mary McMahon, Port Credit, Ontario—Sister Mary James.

Miss Mary Kelly, Uptergrove, Ontario—Sister Rita Marie.

The ceremony of Profession took place at 6.15 a.m., immediately before the Community Mass, Rev. W. Murphy, C.S.S.R., officiating as delegate of His Excellency, the Archbishop. The following Sisters made their First Annual Vows:

Sister M. Frances Joseph Sheahan, Toronto.

Sister Marie Antoinette Dailey, Toronto.

Sister Mary Eugene Newsome, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sister Mary Donald McDonald, Vancouver, B.C.

Sister M. Clara Tremblay, Vancouver, B.C.

Sister M. Perpetua Lannon, Toronto.

Those who made Final Profession are:

Sister M. Teresa Carmel McGettigan, Toronto.

Sister M. Honora Howard, Toronto.

Sister Mary Reginald Creamer, Toronto.

Sister M. Doreen Droughen, Hamilton, Ontario.

Sister M. Imelda Cahill, Toronto.

Sister Marina Marotta, Toronto.

Sister M. Elaine Stockdale, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sister M. Alberta Dohm, Vancouver, B.C.

Sister M. de Sales Fitzpatrick, Lindsay, Ontario.

Sister Jane Marie Moore, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Holy Mass was offered on the morning of August fifteenth in thanksgiving for the many blessings bestowed on fourteen sisters who, that day, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession.

The Jubilarians are:

Sister M. Henrietta, St. Catharines.

Sister Mary Alban, Oshawa, Ont.

Sister St. Louis, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Sister St. George, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto.

Sister St. Basil, St. Catharines.

Sister M. Celestine, House of Providence, Toronto.

Sister M. Gonzaga, House of Providence, Toronto.

Sister M. Brendan, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

Sister Mary of Victory, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Sister M. Eudocia, Orillia, Ont.

Sister Mary of Lourdes, St. Catharines, Ont.

Sister Mary Martha, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

Sister M. Electa, House of Providence, Toronto.

Sister M. Lucilla, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto.

Relatives and friends of the Jubilarians and members of the Community contributed to the joyousness of the occasion by their hearty greetings and tokens of thoughtful remembrance.
Ad Multos Annos.

GOLDEN JUBILEES.

Our hearts are singing a song of love,
Our souls breathe a prayer of praise,
That God has sent us from out His store
This beautiful day of days.

On August fifteenth the numerous friends of Sister Pauline had an opportunity of showing their esteem for her on the occasion of her fiftieth anniversary in religious life. During these years Sister Pauline's unfailing cheerfulness and gracious welcome have been a source of consolation not only to her Community, but to all who have had the good fortune to meet her.

Although Sister Pauline's earlier years had been passed in administering to the orphans at "Sunnyside" and to the aged at the House of Providence, where she spent fourteen years, Sister is most familiar to us as Portress at the Mother-house where she has been for the last twenty-two years. Are we selfish in hoping that she may continue to give us her customary kindly greeting for a longer time and that the sparkle of her Diamond Jubilee may find her still unchanged—our Sister Pauline.

Another jubilarian, Sister M. Lidwina, who enjoys the unique privilege of being a member of two communities—as she was the first "Mother" of the Sisters of Service at their foundation by Rev. George Daly, C.S.S.R.

Besides her work with these first Canadian Missionaries, Sister has devoted many years of labour to the missions of her own Congregation for several years as music teacher, and as Superior of Barrie, the Mother House, and Thorold, and as the first Superior in Prince Rupert, B.C., where the Sisters did pioneer work in northern British Columbia and the Coastal Islands. The life was strenuous in the early days of Rupert foundation but the happiness of the sisters is a tribute to Sister Lidwina's unfailing kindness and true Community spirit.

During the day the jubilarians were the happy recipients of glad greetings and of many tokens of remembrance from members of the Community, relatives and friends.

TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

On July 2nd, the Feast of the Visitation, a High Mass of thanksgiving was sung in the Hospital Chapel by Rev. M. F. Mogan. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of the first patients to St. Michael's Hospital. The Hospital was formally opened on the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1892.

In commemorating this event, Father Mogan paid a special tribute to the pioneer work of the Sisters, Nurses and Doctors and to the generous assistance of the laymen of Toronto in the early days of the hospital.

Through the kindness of the Graduate Staff the altar was beautifully decorated for this occasion. New gold vestments were worn for the first time.

In the evening Solemn Benediction was given by Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. He was assisted by Rev. L. Austin and Rev. C. H. Ackerman, O.M.I. Father McQuillen, speaking for the Cathedral staff, expressed their appreciation for the work of the hospital.

* * *

This year the Solemnity of the Feast of St. Michael will be celebrated on October 4th. On that day a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving will be offered in St. Michael's Cathedral at 11.00 a.m.

* * *

In accordance with the wish of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, St. Michael's Hospital and all those associated with its work were solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart on Friday, June 26th. It was impressive and will be long remembered by those taking part. Every branch of the Hospital service was represented. An exhortation to remember the love of the Sacred Heart was given by Rev. L. A. Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary. A specially printed Act of Consecration given to each one present to serve as a memento of the occasion was read publicly. The ceremony was concluded by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

One of our graduates of '31, Miss Florence Roach, B.S., has joined the Navy Nursing Staff and is at present in Halifax.

* * *

Miss Marie Pilon writes of her many busy days but yet she tells us of the wonderful beauty of the English landscape, so she makes use of "leaves."

ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

The following are the results of our Music examinations:

Grade One—Honours: Miss Patricia Gregoire.

Grade One—First Class Honours: Miss Margaret Horahan.

Grade One—First Class Honours: Edward Uhrin.

Grade Two—Pass: Norman Byrne.

Grade Five—Pass: John O'Connor.

Grade Seven—Honours: Miss Bernice Cownden.

The Music Recital was well attended and appreciated. The Rev. Father James, who presented the diplomas, congratulated the pupils and commended their parents for their wisdom in allowing their children to study music.

The Rhythm and Melody Bands gave an evening's entertainment to the Sisters and residents of the Good Shepherd Convent.

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE, SCARBORO.

The Musical Recital held in June was successful. The solos and duets showed faithful practice on the part of each child. The Rhythm Band was cleverly conducted by the youngest pupil of the school. Comical recitations delighted the audience and the part songs were most creditable. Mr. Blay, father of one of the pupils, congratulated children and teachers.

"Closing Day" is always a day of rejoicing, especially so this year, as the ten Entrance pupils were successful in their examinations. A Farewell Party was given in their honour. During the happy hour or two speeches were delivered in which were shown a spirit of gratitude and loyalty to the school.

Those receiving diplomas were: Margaret Blay, Clare Brown, Shirley Carslake, Jack Douglas, James Faubert, Mary Flynn, Patricia Guest, Muriel Hausen, Teresa Hughes, Prue Jarvis.

VANCOUVER, B.C.**ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT.**

The following are the results of our Music Examinations:

Piano.

Grade X—Honours: Jessie W. Gibson.

Grade IX—Pass: Marie A. Bernhart.

Grade V—Honours: Faryl Hopwood.

Grade IV—Pass: Barbara Bergot.

Grade III—First-class Honours: Joan Hewitt, Louise Lautsch.

Grade II—First-class Honours: Teddy Cebula.

Grade I—Honours: Josephine Queenville, Agnes Queenville.

Violin.

Grade VI—Honours: Mary Pilley.

Grade IV—First-class Honours: George Robertson.

Grade II—Honours: James Dickson.

Grade I—Honours: Donald Shore, Gordon Pearmain.

Pass: Donald Farquhar.

Theory.

Grade V—History: Honours, Jessie W. Gibson.

Grade IV—Harmony: Pass, Jessie W. Gibson.

Grade II—Theory: First-class Honours, Rosemary Lautsch.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, COMOX, B.C.

The annual garden party, sponsored by the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, took place July 15th, in the hospital grounds, and was attended by a large number of patrons. A special feature of the event this year was "open house" at the hospital, which was open for inspection by the public. The Sisters of St. Joseph and the officers of the Auxiliary acted as escorts for the visitors who were taken on a tour through the different departments. In formally opening the garden party, Mr. J. M. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the hospital, pointed out that the Auxiliary had now been organized for twenty-five years and had grown to an active membership of forty women, who each year rendered material assistance to the hospital. A programme of dancing by the pupils of Mrs. E. J. Costain

and the excitement of many raffles contributed to the enjoyment and success of this yearly celebration.

* * *

Vacation School at Comox was held July 13th to July 19th this year, conducted by Sisters St. Cletus and Agnes Marie of St. Patrick's Convent, Vancouver, under the direction of the zealous pastor, Father McGowan. The attendance numbered twenty-three eager pupils and the principal subject of study was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Special choir instruction was given by Sister Agnes Marie. On Sunday the 29th, Vacation School closed with General Communion for the class and Mass offered for their intentions.

OBITUARY.

Sister M. Urban.

On June 30, God called to Himself Sister M. Urban after more than forty-eight years as a devoted member of the Community.

The deceased Sister, Margaret Ellen Ready, was born in Osceola, Ont., the daughter of the late Patrick Ready and Mary Fitzgerald. Having completed her High School education in Renfrew, she qualified as a teacher and shortly afterwards entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Engaged in her chosen profession for over thirty years, she laboured in St. Catharines and Barrie as well as in different Toronto schools. Possessed of that desirable combination of qualities for a teacher, quiet firmness, great kindness and a keen sense of humour, her work in the class room was successful, and could not fail to leave its mark on the characters of her pupils. Among her Sisters she had the happy faculty of banishing gloom, and using her talent to the full, she was responsible for many a happy recreation hour. Some few years ago her health failed, and since that time her acceptance of the cross of sickness has been a constant source of edification. After giving up her work in the class-room, she contributed valuable service in Our Lady of Mercy Hospital and later at St. Michael's. During the years spent at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, her sufferings increased, and in the same measure did her charity and patience.

Her remains were brought to the Mother House and the Mass of Requiem was solemnized in the Convent Chapel on

July 2, Right Rev. E. M. Brennan, V.G., being celebrant, Rev. L. A. Markle, D.D., Deacon, and Rev. D. Faught, C.S.B., Sub-deacon. Rev. F. Pennylegion was present in the Sanctuary and many relatives and friends assisted at the Mass. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. E. Brennan officiating at the grave.

Of Sister Urban's immediate family, there survive only three sisters, Mrs. L. Sammon, Osceola, Sister M. Flavia and Sister Mary of Calvary of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto. R.I.P.

ST. JOSEPH

And it is meet that he should bear
The lily in his hand,
Should crown of dazzling lustre wear,
Should nigh the Godhead stand.
For he of all men born alone
Was worthy deemed to be
Spouse of the one who nursed the Son
Of God upon her knee.

M.R.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942**

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

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Mrs. E. F. Ellard

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Mrs. Colin Grant	Mrs. D. M. Goudy	Miss Margaret Conlin

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Mrs. Arthur Rogers	Mrs. Robert Jones	Miss Jane Morin,
Miss Helen Hetherman	Miss Alice Lamb	Miss Mary Callahan
Miss Ruth Bradley	Mrs. John Griffin.	

Historians

Mrs. Fred. O'Connor Miss Margaret Kelman

Dear Sister Leonarda:

When you receive this letter our school will be commencing its eighty-ninth year as a school for young ladies or "Academy for Young Ladies," as it was early called, and like old lace, it has grown lovely growing old, hasn't it? Not, of course, that it was not lovely to begin with. I have no doubt it was as lovely as it could be made,—but every time I go through the oldest part I realize the real meaning of the words "loving care,"—spotless, gleaming oldness, taken care of by generations of loving sisters. The last time we went to see our daughter there was a houseful of retreatants and so we were received in what I know as "Sister Delphine's lace

work room," and somehow I felt that her loveliness had left its imprint in that room. I suppose there always will be a Sister Delphine but the one we knew was that motherly French lady who taught us to roll our tongues around her beloved French language during French classes and who tried to make French needlewomen of us at other times. Of course Sister Ethelreda had an equally large order in "plain sewing" and "embroidering," and I feel sure that long room at the top of the first stairway would awaken fond memories too, but I never get there nowadays. It's a dormitory now, I think, or an infirmary. But enough of our own day. We know it was the best, of course, but we can't expect all vintages to appreciate that fact, so on to later days!

The news items are few this time, as is usual in the summer vacation time. And with gasoline and rubber shortages no doubt the visitors to S.J.C. were fewer too.

Not so the weddings, and rumours thereof. I'm sure there must be many of our girls in the long lists of weddings every day, but unfortunately I do not recognize them as readily as I would like, and it is no wonder,—how many alumnae must there be nowadays, with forty or so graduating yearly. Anyway, brides of 1942, we wish you all the blessings possible.

I hear that Mrs. Chesleigh Milne spent some months in Canada with her parents in the Niagara Peninsula and got in a visit at St. Joseph's before returning to Florida.

Speaking about visiting Alma Mater reminds me of Sister Pauline's golden jubilee last week. What a lovely portress she has been, fairly beaming with genuine hospitality and all the graciousness that is St. Joseph's! How this letter could abound with news of who has come and what they are doing, if we could closet Sister Pauline some place every night and put a questionnaire to her. Some day I am going to have a long chat with her about visitors to S.J.C.

Her niece, Mrs. A. Fournier (Helen Tallon) was here during the summer with her baby, John, who arrived in this world of war last May, and has already done some considerable travelling.

Also Dr. and Mrs. Philip MacDonald were here from New York. (Mrs. MacDonald was our Camilla Mulvihill). Camilla looked very well and completely recovered from a serious operation in the spring. It must be nice for her to have a husband who is as interested in S.J.C. as she herself. Dr. MacDonald is a brother to Sister Borromeo, you know.

Mrs. Winkler (Kathleen Clark) writes pretty regularly and tells us lately that her husband has returned to the Navy

and she is now alone with her daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who is in 3rd year High. Her only boy, Marshall, hopes to make his final vows in September at St. Andrews on the Hudson. Her sister, Elizabeth, not content with strenuous duties on Wall Street, has been immersed in Defence Activities. Marion Gifford Williamson complains that Elizabeth gets no time now to visit her.

I had a lovely visit one day lately with Helen (McGrath) Mugele, who is here visiting her father and Aunt Mary, with her two darling children, John and Mary. They are perfect dears! Helen looks splendid.

Louise Godin received the habit of the Ursulines in Quebec City, where her sister Olive—Sister Marie Louise—has been a religious for some years.

Mrs. William Clune has recovered from a severe illness, we are happy to report.

Ruth Agnew and her mother, Mrs. Parshall, spent an afternoon at the Convent when they were here visiting Helen and Bell. Helen brought her children along to visit S.J.C. Ruth and her mother live in Northampton now and Ruth still teaches at Smith College.

Rita Kruger, who teaches in Chapeau, visited here too and returned with Joan, who for the past two years has been teaching physio-therapy at St. Michael's Hospital.

Sister Mary Henry (Mary Maloney) of the Gray Nuns of the Immaculate Conception at Ottawa was home to see her brother, a seminarian, who had been seriously ill.

Pauline Bondy is teaching in Kennedy High School, Windsor. She and Agnes Simpson, who teaches in Midland, and Mrs. Victor Savirson, spent some weeks at the College this summer.

All this news has come to my desk during the summer. I wish more of our friends would realize how really interested our readers are in hearing news of their doings.

Acting on this *preaching*, I practise what I preach—news of this busy household is uppermost in my mind these days. My son Larry is now a father—which is a nicer way of saying that we are grandparents now. Michael O'Connor Thompson arrived in June and needless to say he is the best ever. And now my daughter Joan, who was valedictorian of the 1941 Graduation Class, is being married on September 12th. She is going to wear her graduation dress, and her wedding ring has been remoulded from the gold of her grandmother's wedding ring. She will be Mrs. Harold Ball and will live in

Sudbury, Ont. So you see I am pretty busy these days and if this letter is jumbled it may be pardonable.

Ann Golden hopes to go to New York in September to train for special nursing. Mary and Elizabeth are still at S.J.C.

Well, Sister. I hope you can decipher this letter. Many a time I have wished that I could write that "old-country hand" of yours we all admired in school. But do the best you can, and we will blame it on the printer. (Excuse, please, printer!)

Much success to our Lilies and best wishes to all our friends!

Lovingly,

Gertrude Thompson.

Felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Ruth Henry Fox (Alice Baechler of Powasan); Mr. and Mrs. Knott (Catherine Anne Ryan, Toronto); Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Collins (Mary Hallinan), Toronto.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Fournier (Helen Tallon), on the arrival of Baby John, in May; Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Fry on the birth of "Michael Peter."

Condolences to Sister Mary Adele on the death of her mother, Mrs. McCarthy of Norwood; Sister Mary Vida on the death of her brother, Mr. Egan; Mrs. Hartnett Jones, whose younger boy was killed in an accident recently.

Dear Alma Mater, and Girls-at-Home:

Here I am late again—but you know it is so hard to think and work at it when on vacation. Then it is so easy to get back into the "rut" after vacation, although there is no disputing the fact that the change, even if there is no rest, does do wonders for one. As you read this most of you have completed your holiday season, I suppose, and are back home preparing for the winter months—for after all, that's really what we do after Civic Holiday, isn't it? It's such a short season to get all the holidays in, and this year more than ever before we've all had to do without our usual drives. Remember the Sundays we used to pile into the family car and go out a few miles into the country to visit relatives or friends—or perhaps it was a week-end jaunt to another city to visit a school-chum and her family. When will those days

come again when two or three families maybe, sat down to a meal together—in their entirety, too? There really aren't many families intact now,—and incidentally, I wonder when we're going to get that "Honor Roll" of Alumnae children serving on the various fronts?

A Padre crossing to England from Canada recently told a friend of ours that the Mothers, Wives, Sweethearts and Sisters are the unsung heroes of this war—of any war, for that matter—for it is so much worse to be left behind imagining the things that may never happen. And what woman does not? It seems to be more difficult lately to collect news for this page. Maybe because many of the girls have been married recently and have moved away to other cities; then there is the difficulty of locating sometimes because of their change of name—but we can't do much about that, can we?

Mary MacDonnel, who taught nursing at St. Michael's Hospital for a time, was married this June to Dr. Philip Doyle, who is with the Navy, and stationed just now at Halifax. Her sister Margaret, who also taught at the Hospital last year and who, of course, is one of our Alumnae, is doing floor supervision. (Subject to correction—merely 'heard'). Other nurses whom so many of you remember and who have recently gone with the R.C.A.M.C. are Reta Mary McKenna, M. Conlin, Jean Pender. Other news from Overseas: Peggy Reynolds spent her furlough on a trip through Northern England and Scotland. (It is said that Canadians 'over there' on active service are seeing more of the little island than natives who have lived there always—Scotland is the Mecca of most of them). Those of you who frequented Newman Club a few years ago, will remember Major W. F. McMullen (brother of Mary McMullen of Loretto). "Bill" (Overseas) received his latest promotion on his 28th birthday. Another "Bill" who was a faithful member of Newman Club, is Flying Officer W. H. Fox, now with the Eastern Air Command at Halifax.

Quite a reunion marked Adele McGuane's now-annual visit to Toronto from her home in Los Angeles. After spending a couple of days down here with me, Adele was feted at a delightful dinner party, arranged by Dorothy Chambers and Catherine Flahiff. Others attending were Orla Beer, at whose home the crowd "finished off" the evening, Olive (Griffin) Oulston, Lillian (Boyce) Lillew, Helen (Brunner) Kelly, Eileen (Phelan) Inwood, Nora (Phelan) Burns, Agnes Ryan, Mary Pape, Betty Grobba. Adele's stories of the Los Angeles blackouts, where they are certain they're going to "get it" some night, are most vivid . . . just like New York City—no

more Neons, no street lights in some sections. It's always good to see Adele, if only to hear more of the State—there are such beautiful things to tell about it apart from black-outs.

We have some interesting coming events among popular members of our Alumnae resident in Toronto—news of others in outlying centres is much harder to collect, you will appreciate: Eileen Sheedy and Eileen Zeagman have both chosen August 22nd as their wedding days; Miss Sheedy's marriage to Mr. George Fox and Miss Zeagman's to Mr. F. P. Walsh, both on that day. Aileen McGuire's marriage also on Aug. 22nd, to Pilot Officer James Worrell, will add the career of marriage to her career in the field of law.

Marriage is a by-word, almost, at our house now, after two such important events in our house within eight weeks. My two older brothers left our home to make new ones for themselves, and it is hard to get used to their being gone for good. Of course we do see them—they're still with the R.C.A.F. in this country, which is much to be thankful for, but when the break from home comes it is so hard to face. My youngest brother, just 23, is in charge of a K. of C. Army Hut in Newfoundland, and does write us such interesting letters about this country. There were none of our boys chosen for the Priesthood, but you can imagine how proud we were to have two prospective Sullivans receiving their First Holy Communion some months before they married into our family. I am told that our Editor has been out of town for a few weeks. I do hope she comes in time to get the September issue to press. She will, very likely, for the time absent from the office does not mean she has been holidaying—far from it. We are proud of the heights The Lilies has reached!

Sincerely,

Hilda Sullivan.

July 7, 1942.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

It is not often that we Hamiltonians have a distinguished guest like Rt. Rev. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University of America visit our city. Therefore, I feel impelled to write you about it.

On June 28th Monsignor Sheen spoke in one of our large theatres. The auditorium was crowded.

The deep-set eyes of Monsignor Sheen moved slowly across

his audience as he spoke and each individual felt as if he alone were addressed.

The Very Rev. Gerald B. Phelan, who addressed us on the occasion of our Silver Jubilee, introduced Father Sheen. Father Phelan spoke reminiscently of their early days on the Continent, telling us that Father Sheen was even then making a daily Holy Hour. Now we know the source of his great spiritual power? Father Phelan referred to Monsignor Sheen's sparkling wit. Saying he had the humour of a child. The guest speaker demonstrated this by parrying cleverly the complimentary thrusts of Monsignor Phelan's introductory remarks.

The subject of Monsignor Sheen's address was, "What Are We Fighting For?" In an hour and fifteen minutes he ably covered his theme, and left us with not the slightest doubt of the issues involved. He said there were but two ideas in the world to-day: The war and the revolution, and the revolution is the cause of the war. The war is physical, but the revolution is spiritual and therefore paramount. He traced from their pagan origins the ideologies of the dictators, explaining fully the reason for their fanatical beliefs and incomparable zeal. He explained how the brutality and cruelty of the Axis powers had prodded the men of our Christian Ideal to take up arms in defence of our way of life. Not because of Christian zeal but because decency and honour and all our accustomed strongholds had been challenged. "Therefore," he said, "We are fighting for a greater cause than we know; we are fighting for a greater cause—than we deserve." Just as Simon the Cyrene had been forced to carry the Cross of Christ, so are we to-day. And it is for us as Christians to awaken and strive for what we want the world to be after the revolution: Pagan or Christian?

Father Sheen (as he simply referred to himself) made a very excellent point in his lecture. He said that some of the schools of our present day were responsible for much confusion of thought owing to the fact that many of the intelligentsia were educated beyond their intelligence. He said that our young men are out there giving their lives for Truth, and the Universities are asking, "What is Truth?" "If there is no difference between right and wrong," said he, "then what are we fighting for?" Nearing conclusion, Monsignor spoke of the symbol of the clenched fist, the symbol of hate. He said that this sign degenerates the useful symmetrical hand of a man, into the form of an animal's paw. And then as though giving vent to that tremendous source of Divine Love that

engulfs him, our speaker referred to Christ on the cross as a wounded eagle, and that one day the extended arms would be released (through man's return to His Father's house) and would come together in an encircling embrace of all mankind, "That all men may know that such is the love of Christ."

The lecture over, Monsignor Sheen met and mingled with all who wished to speak with him. He told us that he had no free time until next June, so we shall be awaiting his voice on the Catholic Hour during the Lenten Season.

Very sincerely yours,

Mable R. Summers Keenan.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

. . . I even have a small rockery with the real rockery flowers all in bloom. They are so perfect I like it as well as any bed I have. I didn't forget to show people my ribbon grass from Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill, Ontario. There are several spears away up from each root already. I have them in the corner of the steps at the front door and I treasure them. I always wanted ribbon grass, sweet Mary and pink roses like Aunt Bridget's. I'll get the others yet. Any way, I have as lovely roses as you ever saw and have so many I can pick them every day, deep red and pink and a yellowish pink—but they will never be big bushes, as they have to be cut to the ground every spring. They get to be a fair size and produce dozens of roses in the season but don't seem so permanent as the ones that don't have to be cut down. We are getting a yellow Persian rose next spring which won't need cutting but the rose man says he hasn't a hardy pink. I wish you lived closer and I could surely keep you supplied with flowers. I picked a big bunch of all colors Bachelor Buttons for Marr to take to the woman who runs the dining-room at the golf course, also pinks, several kinds, and a red rose. I send big bunches of flowers two or three times a week, long stemmed pansies, Bachelor Buttons and pinks and Sweet William. I gave Eva a huge bunch also of Nasturtiums,—the big double ones—and lettuce and parsley. I'm going to have vegetable marrow this year for the first time. The vines and blossoms are so big they'd frighten you. Maurice came home the other day with a pair of "Ladies'" clippers, no less, and a pair of rubber knee pads, and do I whizz around the edges of those beds now on my knees all the way! My last excuse is gone, I'll simply have to keep the edges neat

now. I made another batch of rhubarb marmalade yesterday from my own plants. We may not be able to get orange marmalade much longer, so while we still have oranges I'm making my rhubarb up. We like the tartness of it anyway. I'll give you the recipe. Sometimes I put in 3 or 4 pieces of ginger, which really gives it a different flavor. There is hardly any fruit to be had out here—25 and 27 cents for pint baskets of rasps and straws. Every basket Marr brought home to have with cream, I preserved; also a couple of pints of gooseberries and that's all. There was so much rain at the Coast the berries would not stand shipping. I don't know who that Mrs. Walsh is you asked about but I don't think she is R.L. Some new people here by that name have a China Shop and Novelties. Mame Conway is coming out next week for a few days' holidays. I'll make up some meat loaf and jellied veal so I won't have to cook meat. Attie Fitzgerald was married Saturday to a man from Lethbridge named Coyne. They had a reception Tuesday and I went in. I lie down after lunch every day for at least an hour and either sleep or read. Just finished "Keys of Kingdom" and found it good entertainment. Maurice gets books for me at the library. Hope you, Kate and Aurelia, are all well. Had a nice letter from Kate—from the farm I wanted to hear about. It must be lovely. Rowdy carries oranges and even eggs out of the basement for me in the morning when my hands are full. The oats are up to his back now . . .

Cecilia Hunter.

Editor's Note: Mrs. Hunter (Cecilia Tuffy) lives at "The Sheiling" outside Edmonton, Alberta. The letter proves that successful gardening can be done even in the far north if one has the enthusiasm of the writer and her husband.

. . . "Gros Pin" is the opposite direction from Quebec to Sillery. This is not a translated sentence—believe it or not. Don't you think I'll have to re-learn English?

We are on a hill overlooking River St. Charles and from our windows we can see Quebec City stretching along the Heights on the opposite side of the River. Levis, too, can be seen and the boats sailing up and down the St. Lawrence from Murray Bay. It is a very beautiful panorama.

This week end we are in the midst of a "Concours" of the J.O.C. who this year celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of the formation of their society in Canada. They are about one

hundred and forty boy and girl workers come from as far west as Saskatchewan and as far south as Texas.

The girls sleep here. Yes, it seems a miracle that they can be accommodated—but they are. The men spend the night with the priests of St. Vincent de Paul, who have an establishment across the fields. Everybody eats here—both dining rooms—Sisters and boarders being used. Each section has its own chaplain—or *aumonier*, and the thirty-odd chaplains dine with their *Jocistes*.

They arrived last night and took possession of the long front hall which extends the full length of the building. They sang, played games and talked as only *les Canadiens francais* can talk! *Vite! cite!*

The *Jocistes* had meetings interspersed with songs. At the Parliament Buildings where they visited there was a reception given them. In the evening there was an illustrated lecture on the Mass.

Then followed their day of retreat given by a Franciscan. It was very peaceful and at the Solemn High Mass the second morning the *Jocistes* sang the Credo, the Sanctus and all the responses. The choir sang the Proper. It was very beautiful. All received Holy Communion.

To-morrow will be another noisy, busy day. The Cardinal will say Mass for them and address them afterwards.

I never saw such enthusiasm and vivacity. Everyone joins in without any of the shyness so often seen at meetings where English is the common language. Singing is emphasized—they even sing grace before and after meals.

Of course most of the young people are French Canadians but there is at least one Irish—Mary Kelly from Timmins, Ontario. . . .

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of our deceased friends: Rev. M. Kelly, C.S.B., Rev. P. J. Galvin, Mr. Burns, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Quinlan, Mrs. Barraud, Miss R. Meyers, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. J. Kelly, Mr. McGinn, Mrs. Banae, Mrs. T. Mullin, Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. J. Crottie, Mr. Lyons, Mrs. C. Bova, Mr. J. Currere, Mr. Carr, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Pinfold, Mrs. Curran, Mr. B. McGee, Mr. J. J. Kearns, Mr. W. Brioux, Mr. T. Sweeney, Mr. Purcell, Mr. Egan, Mr. J. Moore, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Hayes.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



Book Reviews

AS THE MORNING RISING. Benziger Bros.

This novel, a delightful romance, describes vividly, in charming literary style, the life of Mother Seton to her thirtieth year, the time of her conversion. It is a splendid portrayal of her girlhood with its painfully touching experiences under the dominance of her stepmother; of her girlhood when she moved in the best society of New York with all its fascination; of her maturity to womanhood and the unfolding of a delightful romance which was to prepare her both spiritually and intellectually for the great work that God had planned for her.

Though this book is based on historical background, it is a fine novel, a true love story, a book for all lovers of both history and fiction, a book for everyone, young or old.

Sr. St. Luke, C.S.J.

ALL THE DAY LONG. By Daniel Sargent. pp. x, 259.
Longmans, U.S.A. \$2.50.

That the most home-loving people in Europe does more than any other for Foreign Missions is a fact attested by statistics, statistics which none can gainsay and none, surely, explain, except on supernatural grounds. The French have no inborn love of travel and adventure to account for two-thirds of all the missionary nuns in the world being Frenchwomen, nor are they naturally so openhanded that just when a godless state had confiscated all the Church's property in their country they should give five times as much money to the Missions as, for instance, rich and free America. No, there is no reason other than grace, other than the logical response to our Lord's last command: *Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes, baptizantes eos* for such holy ardour, for the farewell scenes of missionary departure in the Rue du Bac that used to make the very stones of Paris weep, for the astronomical multiplication of Pauline Jaricot's halfpence, for the missionary dream of Lisieux's Thérèse dying enclosed in Carmel, a dream that came true after her canonization when she was declared the accredited patroness of all Foreign Missions.

That from such fire other countries should at last take

fire, if only for very shame, is not surprising. Father James Anthony (afterwards Bishop) Walsh, while yet a seminarist in Boston, U.S.A., heard letters from Théophile Vénard read aloud by a professor who had been ordained with him in Notre Dame de Paris in 1852. Whence was bred so fruitful a devotion to the Tonkin Martyrs that Father James gave his life to making America mission-conscious, through the press first and then by founding Maryknoll, the American missionary seminary with its auxiliary Sisters, for China's conversion. He faced eight years of drudgery in a Charity Appeal office, followed by the hardship and ridicule inseparable from the necessarily humble beginnings of new seminaries, shouldering later on the heavy responsibility, financial, administrative and spiritual, of a very large concern. He travelled: several times to France, where he made the acquaintance of Blessed Théophile's priest-brother; extensively, if rapidly, in the Far East, to see his student's future mission field for himself; finally to Rome, from time to time, where three successive Popes blessed and backed his harnessing of Yankee business methods to the chariots of heaven. They were not slow to recognize and like the single-minded and unmistakably genuine quality of the man, that something there was about him forthright and utterly trustworthy. It makes his life-story refreshing as well as profitable reading.

G.M.D.

THE MASS OF BROTHER MICHEL. By Michael Kent.
Milwaukee. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50.

Merely to suffer does not make a man holy. What sanctifies is to accept that suffering as a manifestation of the Will of God and bear it with resignation.

So did Michel, heir to the Compté de Guillemont, discoverer. Wealthy, handsome, intelligent, he is about to be married to the beautiful Louise de Canconnet. On the day before the wedding he is severely injured by a wild boar. He lives but is horribly crippled; his left hand is entirely gone; his right hand is terribly mangled. He cannot marry Louise, he is driven from his home by his unnatural father.

Half-dying on the roadside, Michel is rescued by Father Andre and taken to the Monastery of Notre Dame de Pres to remain as a guest. Weary months go by. Hopeless months. Despairing months.

One day Michel wanders into the chapel where Fr.

Andre is celebrating High Mass. Slowly something awakens in the bitter cripple. The grace of God thaws the icy hardness of Michel's heart.

Thereafter Michel daily attends Mass, and makes his peace with God. The yearning to be a priest fills his soul; a thirst that because of his physical infirmities cannot be slaked. Again the pain. Again the anguish. But now Michel knows and after a brief, fierce struggle, he bows his head to the Will of God and becomes a lay brother.

Louise, too, has suffered, for she loves Michel dearly. She is told that God has called him to the priesthood and so she determines to hate God. Coldly she determines to marry Paul, Michel's dissolute brother, although she does not even respect him. From Michel's dying father she discovers what has truly happened; how Michel longed for her as he lay on his sick bed; how he never received her letters. She determines to find Michel and to start life anew.

She does find Michel as he walks along the road saying the prayers of the Mass. He is happy now. He stands aghast as she tells him what she wants. Incensed at his refusal of her proposal, she lashes him with her riding crop.

That is the beginning of her redemption. Remorse for what she did makes her examine her past life. She makes her peace with God and finds peace.

It is the time of the great religious controversies in France when so often the muskets and pikes of the soldiery give weight to theological arguments. Huguenot soldiers take prisoner all in the town who will not deny their faith. Michel and Louise are also taken. All in the prison preparing themselves for death wish just once more to hear Mass. But there is no priest, no altar, no host, no wine. So Michel does the next best thing. For the people he chants the prayers of the Mass that were written in his heart. And lo! at the prayers of the Consecration Louise and the little children and the towns-people all see not Michel in his worn and wrinkled habit with his maimed and mangled hands, but Christ clothed in shining vestments raising aloft the Host.

The characters in the book are well drawn, the writing beautiful. The author understands the working of grace in a tortured soul. His treatment of suffering is inspiring.

Commendation should be given also to the illustrator, Beatrice Bradshaw Brown, for her fine pencil sketches.

S.C.



HITCH-HIKING.

It was spring. I knew it the moment I woke up. For days it had been coming, now it was really here. In a flash the window was wide open and I stuck my tousled head out. Yes! the violets were up, and . . . oh! the lilies of the valley were almost ready to ring their pearly bells. And the grass! why, it looked as if it just had a fresh coat of green paint. Every nerve in my body tingled and I fairly flew into my clothes. Grabbing my light-weight coat, I flung it across my shoulders, paused in my dash out of the house to scribble: Gone walking. Mum would understand, I knew.

Yes, I had the spring fever, but oh! how wonderful! The fragrant south wind blew merrily through my hair, and as if in keeping with its tune, my heart sang Browning's immortal:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn',
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearly;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

It was wonderful to be alive, happy, young. On and on I walked, oblivious of my destination. It was spring and everything seemed to send me a special invitation. There were the magnolia blossoms to smell, a robin red-breast to admire and the nestling violets to pick. Then there was an oriole's nest, the budding trees, and the growing tulips.

Noon! and I was miles from home—miles. And then I did what I've been told a million times not to do. I stuck up a red-tipped thumb, pointing homewards. The cars passed like streamlined bullets, now and then appeared a rickety Ford crawling like a tortoise. Everyone was intent on their own business. There I stood not a little disillusioned. Finally a



MAIN GATEWAY, ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

1940 Chev. pulled up to the curb and "Where to, lady?" A rather terrifying looking gentleman stuck his head out.

"Where to, lady?" he yelled again in a rather coarse voice.

"King's Row and Mayflower Streets," I timidly answered.

"Sorry," he countered, and away he whizzed, seeming not to care about his tires and heedless of Uncle Sam's admonitions and advice.

I stared into space and wondered, and kept wondering—until a friendly woman's voice recalled me from my reverie.

"Kings Row and Mayflower Streets," I murmured automatically.

"Hop in, dearie."

I opened the door, and there were children, children and more children. It seemed as if I had caught an elementary school bus, but no, they were all going to see "The Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey's latest acts. Mrs. Cheerfulness dropped me off down town, and once again, up went my thumb.

"Hi ya Cookie, where's ya roost?"

"Park your carcass, Sister, that's my route."

In I climbed, and I do mean climbed, for the door of the roofless 'jalopy' was permanently stuck. 'Joe College' kept up the conversation right to the front door, punctuating it now and then with a puff from his all important cigarette. Just as I was about to enter the house after a polite thank you, he yelled,

"See ya tamarra night, Cookie."

This was certainly spring, and *what* a hitch-hike. Fun, don't you think?

Maureen Keenaghan.

WRITTEN IN GRADUATION YEAR—'42.

Many years shall have passed, like drops trickling from a mountain crag, or like a broad, swift river flowing,
And your face shall have turned at last to the joy of that final attainment which beckoned you onward always as you were going—

Recasting all things in the light of Eternal Beauty, sometimes lost sight of perhaps, but then clear in the rapture of knowing.

Yet, when those days shall have come, look back, and remember the friend that in these times has loved you.

Keep, in the midst of your travel that straightness of vision that sees Christ on the pathway leading,

Eye steadfast, heart unfaltering, foot firm and ever proceeding,
Live as He teaches you to live; as I have watched you learning,
and still shall watch and rejoice at the times of succeeding,

Like one who in the midst of battle sees his comrade fighting
courageously and is given strength and exaltation exceeding:

You have given me joy in these times, therefore remember—
I shall still be in times to come, the friend that has loved you.

Mary F. M. Kelly.

SICK HEART RIVER.

By JOHN BUCHAN (1875-1940)

Sick Heart River (published under the name of "Mountain Meadow" in the States) is the final volume in the series of romances centering about Richard Haxnay and his friends. It is the story of the last adventure of Sir Edward Leithen—his search while he is dying of tuberculosis for Francis Galiard, a French American millionaire lost in the Canadian wilderness.

In "Memory—Hold the Door." John Buchan tells how, as he lay ill during the early months of the 'World War' he invented a young South American called Richard Haxnay, who had traits copied from many friends, and amused himself considering what he would do in various emergencies. He gave Haxnay certain companions, and the escapes, the hurried journeys, the high adventures of these men gradually spread to fill many thrilling romances. Buchan makes Haxnay, the South African engineer, the leading character of the whole "Greenmantle" series—the most famous of which are "Thirty-nine steps" and "Greenmantle."

It is in 1907 or 1908 that we first meet Edward Leithen, then a promising lawyer. In the thirty years that follow we see Leithen on many occasions as the man of action; yet, of all Buchan's characters he is the most sensitive to the presence of things unseen and to the end that awaits all men.

In this last of Buchan's series of adventures "Sick Heart River," Leithen, an English Attorney-General as well as a member of Parliament plays the leading role. It is June in the year 1938. Sir Edward Leithen has just been informed by his doctor, Acton Coke, that he is slowly dying—that he has one year to live at the most, and then the end. He is

suffering from advanced tuberculosis, a retarded consequence of his gas-poisoning—such is the verdict. Leithen accepted it without question, almost cheerfully. There is a grim satisfaction in knowing the worst.

When he comes to reckon with himself, he makes up his mind that he must not sink to self-pity for Fortune has been exceedingly kind to him. He makes a vigorous resolve, that whatever is to happen, he will not sit down and twiddle his thumbs and await death! "He would die standing, as Vespasian said an emperor should."

The very next morning, Blinkiron, a former American client, brings Leithen the chance to die standing. He is asked to find a certain Galliard, who in the midst of overwhelming success, financial and social, has suddenly walked out, left his wife and friends, and gone back to his home, in Canada. Without hesitation Leithen accepts the offer and goes to New York immediately. There he gathers what information he can from Galliard's wife, friends and business acquaintances. None can in any way account for his sudden disappearance over the horizon.

With a few clues at hand, Leithen goes to Galliard's French-Canadian birth-place, Clairefontaine, and there obtained a reliable Indian guide—Johnny Frezel. It is Leithen's opinion that Galliard along with Johnnie's brother-in-law, Lew Frezel, have treked it into the far Arctic regions, for some reason which Leithen can hardly explain to himself at this point. Nevertheless, so strongly is he convinced of this, that he determines to make his pursuit in that direction. Then follows a long hunt into the unknown North with Leithen gambling his failing strength of body against wind and weather across the Manitoba lakes, Great Slave Lake to Ghost River inside the Circle, until he looks on the Arctic Ocean. The bitter trail is beaten on to the Sick Heart River across the Yukon watershed—There Leithen finds Galliard and Lew and brings them out of the dreadful abyss. Then follows weeks spent in the cruel cold of the northern Arctic during which Leithen's health began to improve and Galliard recovered physically but not morally. When on their way out of the region, they came upon a settlement of Hare Indians, who were suffering from a state of depression, an accidie which came upon them every now and then, and which proved fatal to many. Leithen set to work and aided their chaplain, Father Duplessis, in restoring them to a healthy state of mind. But this strain proved too much for

Leithen's slowly returning strength. At the end of April he died without pain.

In "Sick Heart River," however, it is not the adventurers themselves which make the book notable, but rather the men and the scenes in which they move.

In Lew Frezel, the half-breed guide, we find a man urged with an obsession to reach the Sick Heart River, never before explored by white men, with the notion that it was a sort of Garden of Eden. There his sins would be washed away and he could live happily for eternity. Then came Galliard, who suffered from an intellectual obsession (p. 314) which made it impossible to go on with life in New York.

Yet he failed to find peace of soul in the Arctic watershed. He fell into a "malaise"—a fear of the North and a fear of life.

It remained for Leithen with his grim fortitude to cure him of his weakness. Galliard learned to defy the North and not to submit to it—and to win from it a blessing—he had conquered his ancestral fear. At Father Duplessis' camp, he learned to forget his own troubles, in the concern for the Hares. He and Lew had found their Sick Heart River at this Hare camp.

In Leithen, we have a glimpse into the spiritual evolution of a man who has been given his death-sentence. Leithen's character is best illustrated from the journal of Father Duplessis—which Buchan fits into his story. His grim stoicism is first shaken by his intense physical effort and suffering in the pursuit of Galliard and Frezel, then by a steadily growing sense of God's nearness in the beauty of the frozen solitudes. Finally he becomes penetrated with a conviction of the immense mercy and love of God. It is the revelation that urges him give up the hope of recovering his health and devote himself to the salvation of the Hares. His last days are marked by a growing humility and simplicity, a sense of fellowship with his lowly neighbors. He loves to slip into the church during Mass, and to follow the Latin prayers, to thus share in a corporate worship. At the same time he feels an intense natural happiness from his contact with unspoiled nature.

The New York Times says:

"The old Buchan is here throughout, conjuring up, with his inimitable prose, unforgettable pictures of an Arctic Canada few have seen, blending the mystic with the actual; building up, without intending it, the self-portrait of a very

great and very humble man. Aside from its intrinsic fictional distinction, 'Mt. Meadow' has the unique value attached to the deliberate pronouncement of an exceptional man on the brink of Eternity."

Clare Havey, '44.

Editor's Note: The above review was given by Claire Havey at the closing meeting of the Literary Society. Space did not permit us to publish it in the June issue.

TO MY FRIENDS.

Those were such happy years; in merriment
I watched you as you laughed and joked and played;
I sorrowed at your going, and I stayed
And followed with my eyes the way you went.
The hours slipped past rejoicing which you spent
With ready laugh and quick exchange of wit;
The time was fleet with wings you gave to it;
"These are my friends," I felt, and was content.
And though these days are happy in the main,
There is behind them something of regret,—
A wish that time had never had to move.
Sometimes I dream those days are back again,
And listen, thinking I can hear them yet,—
The voices of the laughing friends I love.

Mary Kelly, 4T2.

SUMMERTIME.

The birds, the trees and the flowers—
Who could deny there is a God?
Who could doubt immortality
And resurrection from the sod.

Robertta Francis.





Graduation. On May 19th the sun shone for the first time in weeks to gladden the hearts of the 1942 Graduates of St. Joseph's College School. Again Convocation Hall was the scene of the Graduation Exercises which held all the charm and beauty of former Graduations in spite of the fact that many of the "frills" had been eliminated owing to the war.

The Graduates, lovely in their long, white gowns and striking a patriotic note by carrying their diplomas tied with red and blue bows instead of the customary roses, were rivalled by the massed choir of uniformed students whose splendid rendition of Arcadelt's "Ave Maria," followed by "O Little One Sweet" of Bach, gave promise of the splendid programme to follow. Need we say that the ever-loved "Hail to Thee, Joseph," was the opening number? How many of us "old girls" are carried back to our own choral and graduation days by those strains!

After the conferring of honours on the Graduates a lighter note was introduced by the choir singing that sweet Elizabethan love song, "Greensleeves," "Twilight" and the rollicking "Keeper," to end with the solemn, dignified tones of Mendelssohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" and "Jerusalem."

Margaret Pape, in her valedictory, sounded a note of earnest sincerity well in keeping with the spirit of the times, a note echoed by His Excellency, the Most Reverend James C. McGuigan, D.D., who congratulated the girls and their parents and teachers and urged the Graduates to follow the example and instruction they had been given.

Benediction in the Convent Chapel brought to a close that day of days which ushered thirty-eight Graduates from the ranks of the school girls into new Alumnae.

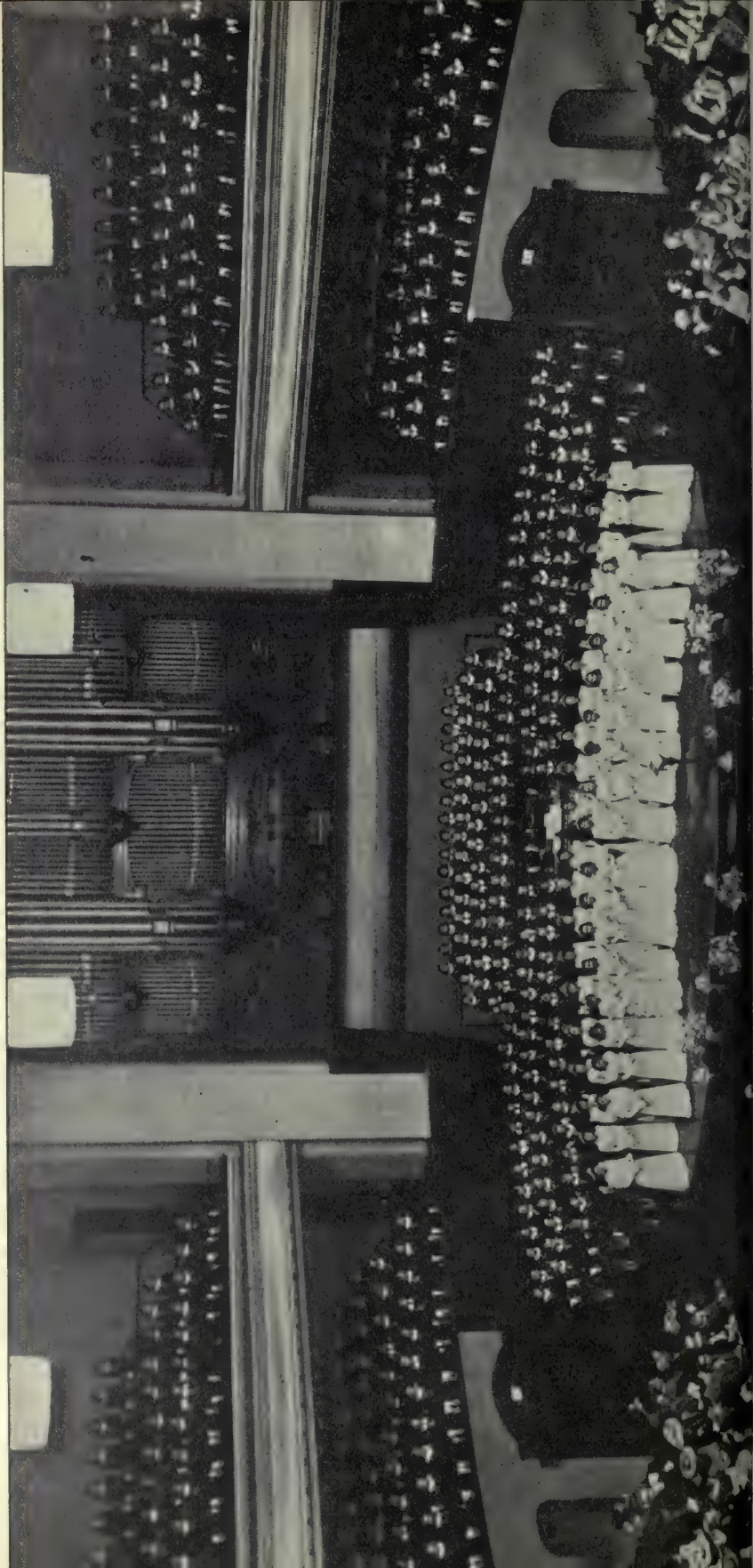
Valedictory. About to leave our dear Alma Mater, to launch into the sea of life, unlike the graduates of former years to whom the future seemed so bright and calm, we realize that ours is a troubled sea where dangers lurk in the

St. Joseph's
College School
Graduation

held in

Convocation Hall

University of
Toronto



depths and on every side—and the way is uncertain. To us, then, more than to the others, graduation day has a serious significance. To face the war-torn world, we have greater need of those virtues which, under the guidance of our dear Sisters, we have endeavoured to acquire during our school life.

How strong must be our faith to see the hand of God tracing the lines of sorrow and distress that men may find their way back to Him; how bright must be our hope to keep our eyes fixed on that better life—a peace founded on justice and truth; how warm must be our charity to see in all our fellow-men the likeness of Christ—though marred by sin and hatred—and to use our influence to restore that perfect image.

Hence, although the joy and splendour of graduation may seem out of harmony with the world's distress, we need an occasion such as this where we may pause to recall the lessons of bygone years—to muster all our courage and determination before venturing into the hazardous future.

Graduation Day is essentially happy but there is a note of sadness as we realize that we must leave those halls, those companions that have become so much a part of our carefree and sheltered lives. As we reluctantly take our leave, we would express our undying gratitude, first to our dear Christian parents who, by their love and sacrifice, have made our education possible, and then to the dear Sisters, who, while giving us an academic training, have aimed to make us, first of all, true Christians. As Christians strong in our Faith, we must be mindful of our duty of loyalty to King and country and be stirred by patriotism to take our share of the burden now oppressing our homes, our country, and our rulers.

Through the years of our school-life we pictured a graduation day set in an ideal world, but since it has been arranged otherwise, we, the privileged class of nineteen forty-two, secure in the training that has prepared us to meet all emergencies, are resolved to go forth courageously and endeavour to reflect credit on our school by contributing our small efforts towards a sure and tranquil future.

Wins Conservatory Scholarship. Colleen Sadler, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sadler, St. Catharines, and resident pupil of our College School, has recently been notified that she has

been awarded one of the four annual "Toronto Conservatory of Music Scholarships," which are open to competition throughout Canada, and are of the value of \$250 each.

Colleen is truly a St. Joseph's girl, having received her entire musical training at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Catharines, where she began lessons nine years ago, and at St.

Joseph's College School, Toronto, where she came as a resident pupil in 1938 to continue both her academic and musical studies.

Prior to coming to Toronto, Colleen was well known at the Niagara Falls Music Festival, in which she competed for four successive years, winning twelve medals and a scholarship.

In June of this year, besides completing her Junior Matriculation Course, she tried the "Solo Performer's A.T. C.M. Piano Examination" and obtained First Class Honour standing, with the unusually high mark of 88. We quote



*Colleen Sadler, Winner of
Scholarship.*

from her examiner's report, "I find no criticism other than a newspaper might by comparison with one of the great celebrities heard in Carnegie Hall or such place."

St. Joseph's is indeed justly proud of Colleen, and her many friends here, as well as those in her home town, join in extending congratulations and best wishes for a successful and brilliant career.

Our Red Cross Effort. by the Music Club and the Choir of St. Joseph's College School fulfilled the two-fold object of pleasing a delightfully appreciative audience by a brilliant and varied programme, and at the same time raising over

\$200 for War Funds. The evident enjoyment of the performers in the work increased the pleasure of their guests who had a feast of beauty to delight the eye as well as the ear. The brilliancy and polish of the programme has been well summed up in the following extracts:

"St. Joseph's College School staged a luxurious war-benefit concert last night in the auditorium of the school. Several pianists, the choir of 200, two solo-singers, a number of accompanists and Quentin MacLean, organist, did the programme.

"The choir, conducted by Albert Whitehead, opened with three numbers—'Hope and Glory,' 'Jesu Joy' and 'Lift Thine Eyes.' Angela Spadoni played Schumann's 'Scenes from Childhood.' Lorine Graham played a ballade by Mistowski. Shirley Barnett sang arias by Puccini and Delibes, with Anne Golden at the piano.

"Colleen Sadler presented the grandeur of the 'Ballade in F Major' by Chopin, and did it with a degree of massive brilliance, followed by Bridge's more fantastic 'Fireflies.' Anne Golden fairly well conquered a difficult scherzo by Brahms, which is a tricky combination of themes, bravura technique and ornamental decorations. Angela Spadoni and Patricia Morrison two-piano'd 'March Joyeuse' by Chabrier, a precarious work for two pianos because its march rhythm is furbelowed with so much modern 'floritura.'

"The choir, densely built up on a gallery that filled all the stage except the pianos on the front, sang with fine choral vitality 'Twilight' by Anderson, with organ accompaniment; German's zipping 'Shepherds' Dance' to piano, with resonant unison, and Cecil Sharp's arrangement of a folksong called 'The Keeper,' which was a real feat of sonorous tone and incisive diction.

"Four girls did a hazardous piano ensemble of Chabrier's 'Espana,' in which they cleverly displayed the rhythmic themes against a difficult sequence of harmonies. Kathleen Williams, accompanied by Ann Golden, sang 'Depuis le Jour' from the opera 'Louise,' with clear vitality of tone which was at times a trifle too tight and strenuous for so fluently gentle a song. She was much better in the brilliant 'Gentle Lark' by Bishop, to which MacLean faked a flute obligato on the organ. Patricia Morrison was brilliantly impressive in Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude Militaire,' with considerable atmospheric quality in Ravel's 'Jeux d'Eau,' which if Debussy had written it would have been half as long. Gertrude Gagnon deserves much credit for having made Liszt's over-romantic 'Polonaise'

so intelligible and in spite of Liszt's decorative verbiage keeping it not too different from Chopin's great polontises.

"The Reuben Sisters capped the pianistic climaxes with their magnificently barbaric 'Polovetsian Dances' by Borodin and an alluring Spanish dance by De Falla. These girls have a real flair for spectacular romances at the piano. They encored with an exhilarating Brazilian dance by Milhaud." (By Augustus Bridle in the *Toronto Daily Star*).

"The War Benefit Concert given by St. Joseph's College School last night, and sponsored by St. Joseph's Music Club and St. Joseph's College School Choir—given for the Evening Telegram British War Victims' Fund, from which at least \$200 was realized for the fund—was a very fine event indeed. There was some beautifully polished work from the music students and some charming effects gained by the choir under Albert W. Whitehead's direction, and with Quentin MacLean playing the principal accompaniments upon the organ, these supplemented by Nan Shaw's piano accompaniments. The two Reuben sisters (Muriel and Lucile) returned to their alma mater, and as a piano duo gave a spirited display.

"In addition to the solo work, vocal and piano, the programme included a number of excellently-done performances on the piano with two, four and eight hands. There was, for instance, the Chabrier-Chevillard Espana played on two pianos by Gertrude Gagnon, Angela Spadoni, Patricia Morrison and Anne Golden. Their playing was distinguished by an accurate sense of time, a most interesting sensibility in regard to the problems of contrasting and blending tonal color; was altogether a remarkably fine piece of work and certainly exacting enough.

"The performers were also heard in solos. Of these, quite one of the loveliest was Patricia Morrison's discerning and clearly radiant Ravel *Jeux d'Eau*. Gertrude Gagnon, however, did the more massive Liszt Polonaise (*E Major*) with firmness and handsome tone. Colleen Sadler's Chopin, too, had excellent quality. Anne Golden played Brahms with understanding and artistry and Angela Spadoni and Patricia Morrison gave a felicitous performance of Chabrier's *Marche Joyeuse*.

"The reviewer regretted being unable to hear Miss Spadoni's solo performance, which must, judging from her work with others, have been well worth listening to.

"Of the singers, the writer heard but one, Kathleen Williams, who had for accompanist Anne Golden, Quentin Mac-

Lean very happily substituting for the flute on the organ in the 'Lo! Here the Gentle Lark' obligato. Miss Williams has a very sweet voice, translucent and well controlled, her coloratura passages are charmingly fluent. She also sang with charm the Charpentier aria, 'Depuis le Jour.' Miss Williams' voice promised beautifully, is not fully developed yet. Earlier there was Shirley Barnett singing Puccini and Delibes (with Anne Golden as accompanist); Lorine Graham played Mistowski's Ballade.

"The choir sang with firmness of tone, the clearest enunciation, and altogether very pleasurably, part songs—the Mendelssohn motet, 'Lift Thine Eyes,' folk songs for which they seem to have a nice aptitude, and finally Parry's 'Jerusalem,' so appropriate to the times and done with taste by the large choral group under Mr. Whitehead's direction.

"The Reuben Sisters' principal presentation, the Borodin Polovetsian Dances, arranged for two pianos by McMullen, was played with a quite remarkable orchestral feeling. The whole difficult thing was expressed with fine clarity and with dramatic feeling. Their deFalla, too, had warmth and precision, as did their South American dance, an encore."

R. MacDonald.

Gold Medalist. Mary Neff secured first place in three senior piano classes at the Lincoln County Musical Festival in April, this year, winning three gold medals, the H. J. Carmichael Cup and the senior scholarship.

At Niagara Falls Festival in May, Mary won first place in two classes—the Senior Ear Test Class (with 98 marks), receiving the gold medal, and in an open Piano Class, the prize for which is a silver medal.

* * *

Ruthanne Tobin has been notified by the Toronto Conservatory of Music that she will be awarded the Silver Medal for highest standing in Grade IV Piano Examination in the Province of Ontario. We heartily congratulate you, Ruthanne!

* * *

At the Niagara Falls Festival held in May of this year, Gertrude Gagnon competed in the Open Class Piano Solo and won the Silver Medal.

**MUSICAL RECITAL GIVEN MAY 22nd BY THE ADVANCED
STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE SCHOOL.**

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Scarf Dance	Chaminade
	Alicia Balzac.
Troika	Tschaikowski
	Esme Rosenback.
Valse in A flat	Moszkowsky
	Joan O'Grady.
Hark! Hark! the Lark	Schubert-Lizst
	Shiela McLaughlin.
Rondo - Alla Turca	Mozart—R. Kosakoff
	Agnes Conlin.
	Rosemary Conlin.
On Wings of Song	Mendelssohn
	Orrena Buchner.
	Accompanist—Anne Golden.
Valse Mignonne	Palmgren
	Bessie Sinton.
Air de Ballet	Chaminade
	Rose Winterberry.
Ala Bien Aimee	Schuett
	Lucy and Elaine Hopkins.
Serenata	Tosti
	Irene Reeves.
	Accompanist—Anne Golden.
Impromptu	Schubert
	Agnes Conlin.
Procession de Carnival	Lecuona
	Elsa Escallon Villa.
Lyric	Colin Taylor
Poppinjay	Colin Taylor
	Mary Duffy.
	Dorothy Spitzig.
Pilgrim's Song	Tschaikowsky
	Inez Parri.
	Accompanist—Patricia Morrison.
Arabesque in G major	Debussy
	Lenore McConkey.
Nocturne in F minor	Chopin
	Nancy Anne Featherstone.
Le Petit Anne Blanc	Ibert
	Teresa Sheahan.
March of the Dwarfs	Grieg
	Elizabeth Foley.
	Patricia Morrison.
Solvej's Song	Grieg
	Mary Golden.
	Accompanist—Anne Golden.
Intermezzo	Schumann
	Mary Duffy.
Sonata Op. 90	Beethoven
	Elizabeth Foley.

Polonaise C sharp minor	Chopin
Mildred Mills.	
Pastoral	Scarlatti-Tausig
Island Spell	Ireland
Mary Neff.	
Rhapsody in G' minor Op. 79.....	Brahms
Margaret Lobraico.	

**MUSICAL RECITAL GIVEN MAY 29th BY THE INTERMEDIATE
STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE SCHOOL.**

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Ballet in White	Lehman
Helen Vaillancourt.	
Gipsy Rondo	Lichner
Helen Jennings.	
Sonatina Op. 55, No. 4	Kuhlau
Ann Reid.	
Valse Caprice	Adams
Doris Charette.	
Prelude	Pachulski
Minuet	Schubert
Patricia Phelan.	
Valse Miniature	Dunhill
Frances Conlin.	
Adagio in B minor	Franck
Grasshoppers	Aulbach
Shirley Ann Heit.	
Joy of Spring	Kohlmann
Doris Charette.	
Helen Vaillancourt.	
Dance of the Sunflowers	MacClymont
Winnifred Byrne.	
Rondo	Kuhlau
Eileen Hamilton.	
Scherzo in B flat	Schubert
Rita Lynch.	
The Pines	Matthews
Barbara Gallivan.	
Spanish March	Schytte
Bernadette McGarity.	
Enchantment	Duncan
Nysta Zachanko.	
Danza	Sandoval
Helene Lagonterie.	
Yellow Sands	Markham-Lee
Josephine Conlin.	
Life's Balcony	Helen Taylor
Mary O'Boyle.	
Accompanist—Anne Golden.	
Coasting	Burleigh Anson
Marion Klersy.	
Mary Teresa Morrison.	

Nuit d'Ete	Inez Parri.	Binet
Bolero	Elizabeth Wey.	Kiel
Idylle	Mary Kelly.	Merkel
Danse Andalouse	Audrey Schooley.	MacDowell
Valse in A flat major	Joan O'Grady.	Moszkowski
Playera	Mary Teresa Morrison.	Granados
Valcik	Marion Klersy.	Mokreij
Marche Hongroise	Rita, Mildred and Marie Mills.	Kowalski

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1942.

Piano.

A.T.C.M.—Solo Performer's:

1. Colleen Sadler, First Class Honours.
2. Anne Golden, Pass.

A.T.C.M.—Solo Performer's and Teacher's:

1. Angela Spadoni, Honours.

A.T.C.M.—Dem. Lesson and Ped. Routine:

1. Patricia Morrison, Honours.

Grade X:

1. Mary Neff, Honours;
2. Elizabeth Foley, Pass;
3. Margaret Lobraico, Pass.

Grade IX:

1. Elizabeth Sinton, Pass.
2. Rose Winterberry, Pass.

Grade VIII:

1. Marion Klersey, Pass.
2. Mary Teresa Morrison, Pass.
3. Audrey Schooley, Pass.

Grade VI:

1. John Carter, First Class Honours.
2. Shirley Ann Heit, Honours.

Grade V:

1. Helen Boehler, Honours.
2. Mary Claire Lebine, Honours.
3. Marie Mills, Pass.

Grade IV:

1. Ruthanne Tobin, First Class Honours.
2. Patricia Ryan, First Class Honours.
3. Paula Hopkins, First Class Honours.
4. Marie Mills, Honours.

Grade III:

1. Margaret Pickett, First Class Honours.
2. Claire Marie O'Hagan, Honours.

Grade II:

1. Joan Doran, Honours.

Grade I:

1. Nancy LeBel, First Class Honours.

THEORY.

A.T.C.M. Teacher's—written:

1. Patricia Morrison, Honours.
2. Angela Spadoni, Honours.

Grade V Harmony:

1. Mary Neff, Pass.

Grade V History:

1. Anne Golden, First Class Honours.
2. Mary Neff, Pass.
3. Colleen Sadler, Pass.

Grade V Counterpoint:

1. Mary Neff, Honours.
2. Anne Golden, Pass.

Grade V Form:

1. Mary Neff, Honours.
2. Rose Mary Weiler, Honours.
3. Anne Golden, Pass.

Grade III History:

1. Peggy Lumb, Honours.
2. Margaret Lobralco, Pass.
3. Elizabeth Foley, Pass.

Grade III Harmony:

1. Dorothy Spitzig, First Class Honours.
2. Mary Duffy, Honours.
3. Peggy Lumb, Pass.

Grade II Rudiments:

1. Peggy Lumb, First Class Honours.
2. Elsa Escallon, First Class Honours.
3. Inez Pari, First Class Honours.
4. Audrey Schooley, First Class Honours.
5. Rose Winterberry, Honours.
6. Mildred Mills, Pass.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

It is always Spring time
For souls who see God's plan:

It is always Summer
When with love God's will we scan.

It is never Autumn
When our hearts are gay:

And Winter's icy blasts
Can't coax our love astray.

S. A. Rosar, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's College School.

MY FIRST GOLF GAME.

When my tenth birthday arrived, a brand new shining set of golf clubs arrived also. The family had decided it was time to start teaching me golf. As my father and two brothers were all good golfers, I did not have to go far to get a teacher.

I waited patiently for the first nice day to appear until finally, on one sunny afternoon my father agreed after much persuasion, to give me my initial lesson in the game. I was not at all worried about learning, as I had caddied for my brother many times, I thought that all there was to the game was to place the ball on the ground, take your club and hit it straight down the fairway, but my illusions were soon to be shattered.

The first thing Claude taught me was the difference between the clubs, and how and when to use them. This was something I had never thought of before. I knew there were many different kinds of clubs but I thought you could use any of them at any time. I was surprised to learn that at no cost could a "driver," a "two iron" or a "five iron" he used on a putting green, the putter was the only club for such a shot.

After many different tries I finally managed the correct grip on the club. Although it wasn't the most comfortable one, Claude insisted on me cultivating it, while he tried patiently to explain that such a grip gave you the most control over your club.

I then teed up a ball and was shown the correct standing position. I swung the club back slowly, all the time Claude giving me a hundred and one instructions, "don't bend your right knee, don't let it touch your shoulder, keep your left arm straight, keep your club straight and most of all keep your head down and your eyes on the ball.

The last instruction was the hardest of all, for as I swung and missed eight or nine times, I asked Claude for an explanation and he told me once more to keep my eye on the ball.

These preliminary lessons went on for about a week and I never did get past the first hole but after continual practice I gradually got the knack and by keeping my eye on the ball I could play a decent game of golf.

It is now time for my younger brother to get his golf clubs but Claude refused to take on any more pupils, so I have been appointed teacher, I hope I can remember all the pointers Claude drilled into me so patiently, many years ago.

Mary Morrison, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

TRUTH BEST

"Now," said Mr. Snippet, after the finish of a rather strenuous game of ball in the neighbourhood vacant lot, "what do you say to an hour at the pool? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital," said Thomas Gigglesworth, a fond lover of swimming.

"Marvellous," ejaculated Ophelia, the youngest of the group.

"You swim, of course, Penelope," queried Gigglesworth.

"Why—I—um—ah—used—to—that is—ah—I—uh—haven't had much practice lately."

"Oh *do* swim, Penelope," urged Ophelia, "It will be wonderful to watch your graceful body cut through the waters."

"Yes, *do*!" encouraged Mr. Snippet.

Mr. Gigglesworth expressed his opinion that her diving was *so* graceful; *so* swanlike.

"I should be very pleased to do so, I'm sure," said Penelope, the colour running to her face, "but—ah—you see—I—uh—what I mean is—ah—I haven't any suit."

"Why, Penelope, dear, I can easily lend you one. I have two." Ophelia had overruled the objection.

Mr. Snippet suggested that the party go to Ophelia's home for the suit, and then drive to the indoor swimming pool at the club.

A few minutes later, everyone happy but Penelope, stepped into the waiting auto, and rode to the club.

Ophelia helped Penelope into the slightly too-small bathing suit, whispered words of encouragement, and hurried out of the dressing-room to the pool, where the rest of the group were assembled.

Thomas Gigglesworth was in the middle of a jack-knife dive when Penelope, with features scarlet, and dressed appropriately for the sport, entered.

Choruses of approval went up, as Mr. Snippet ran to greet the centre of attraction.

"O Penelope," said he, "I have been trying for years to do the swan-dive, but no one will teach me. Will *you*, Penelope, *will* you?"

"Well—ah—you see—um—I mean—ah—that is—uh—what particular dive do you mean? At least—um—"

"Penelope, you know how! The dive when you spread out your arms like wings, and somersault," said Ophelia.

"I see—arms spread out—somersault—" murmured poor Penelope, her knees knocking.

"Come," said Gigglesworth, who had just climbed from the water, "I will escort you to the spring board."

Anne McGinn, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE SEASONS.

Sweet Spring, with its mantle of green,
Comes early to cheer the dark scene.

Summer and its brother, the Sun,
Brings us swimming and lots of fun,

And Autumn is gay to behold,
With its touches of red and gold.

Then Winter in the year comes last,
To make us wish Spring would come fast.

But all the seasons are God's own,
In which He gives time to atone.

Arlette Wunsch, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's College School.

THIS COLLEGE SCHOOL OF OURS.

I.

'Though other girls may praise their schools
 And their glory loudly claim,
 We know our school's the best of all,
 For St. Joseph's is her name.
 We boast no marble swimming pools,
 Or royal palace towers,
 No other school in Canada
 Can match this school of ours.
 This boarding school,
 This convent school,
 This college school of ours.

II.

We love the saints of olden days,
 Who held the faith torch high.
 But we love St. Joseph best of all
 And to be like him, we try.
 He's the foster-father of Our Lord
 Who shows His mighty powers
 By sending blessings, night and day,
 Down on this school of ours.
 This boarding school,
 This convent school,
 This college school of ours.

III.

We boast of girls from many lands
 Existing across the sea,
 They came from there to be our girls
 And soon young ladies be.
 So let the brown and gold fly high
 Above the school towers,
 To tell the whole world about
 This marvellous school of ours,
 This boarding school,
 This convent school,
 This college school of ours.

Anne McGinn, Grade 8,
 St. Joseph's College School.

MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

O Mary, Queen of May,
 I offer thee this day
 My prayers, the whole day through,
 As my May bouquet to you.
 These flowers which will forever last
 At thy feet I daily cast.
 Please accept this gift so true
 And give me grace to work with you.

M. Hogg,
 St. Joseph's College School.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Although I am not superstitious I am interested in the different superstitions and their origins. Superstitions arise from the germ of fear and they have grown on man's mind ever since the primitive days. Most of these superstitions have the idea of warding off danger. Witches and witch-doctors practised very human types of magic but these have greatly diminished. Certain charms, spells and curses originate from omens or legends. Superstitions at one time even practised the offering of human sacrifices!

The good-luck omen of the lucky horseshoe has many fascinating legends attached to it but some authorities regard it as a lucky sign because it resembles the crescent moon. Other sources say that the horse was in the stable where Christ was born and that the horseshoe was given magical power. Almost every country has a different legend or omen concerning this tradition. The four-leaved clover is supposed to signify fortune and happiness. The old legend is that Eve took the four-leaved clover with her after being ejected from the Garden of Paradise, thus many people believe it to be lucky when it is found in their own gardens.

One of the favourite bad-luck omens is the number thirteen and the most popular legend is that there were thirteen persons at the Last Supper, Judas being represented as the thirteenth guest. This legend is not offered as truthful by the authorities.

The black cat is an unlucky omen because of its association with the witches. The broken mirror legend which is supposed to invite death or seven years of bad-luck signified by the will of the gods that none should be able to see into the future. If a mirror was broken accidentally this meant that the gods did not wish that person to see into the future. These are a few of the more common superstitions still existing to-day.

Mary Megaffin, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE GREAT CRUSADE.

The deafening applause had died down and Msgr. Sheen arose, his hands in his pockets, and walked forward to address an inter-denominational assembly of Torontonians.

"We are fighting for a cause nobler than we know, nobler than we deserve," and by these words was opened a speech so historically correct, so marvellously adept, so dramatically impelling, and so absolutely unique that it would be almost impossible to try to repeat it.

Msgr. Sheen had come from the United States to be a guest speaker at a meeting which was called "The Great Crusade." It was a meeting which had been held in different cities across Canada, a meeting which had roused the people of Canada to the realization that it is not only for king and country that we are fighting, but for God and for religious freedom, for the freedom to live on in a true democracy.

Msgr. Sheen was not the only one on the platform that evening but so forceful were his words and so vibrant his personality that even those very excellent speakers were eclipsed.

St. Joseph's College School.

TORONTO SKATING CLUB CARNIVAL.

This year was the thirty-fifth annual carnival of the Toronto Skating Club whose proceeds of about eighteen thousand dollars went to the Canadian Red Cross.

The feature attractions for this year were two men, one a comedian from the United States Army Air Corps, played the part of "Little Old Lady," and "Diana of the Moonbeams," and the other man, the world's champion figure skater in 1937, from the Royal Air Force.

The whole Carnival consisted of many beautiful and lively courts, solos and pairs. The opening scene was very beautiful with the ivory coloured ice surface with large silver trees and a fountain in the centre. The most interesting court, given by the Juniors, was called "Easter Fantasy." The children were dressed as roosters, chickens, daffodils, tulips, blue bells, lilies and bunnies. It is very enjoyable to see these children skate, for some of them are really very good.

The last court on the programme was "Freedom." The Canadian Senior Men's Champion represented "Spirit of Youth," accompanied by his helpers, while there was "Evil" also accompanied by vultures and helpers. This court showed that "Freedom and Peace" is the stronger and formed a fitting Finale to a splendid programme.

Ann Reid, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

BUYING A HAT.

With the image of a small, close-fitting, green turban firmly fixed in my mind, I entered the millinery department of my favourite store, and explained my needs to a salesgirl. She claimed to understand my wishes perfectly and then disappeared. After what seemed an interminable wait, she returned, carrying two hats.

I started towards her eagerly, then stopped in surprise. In one hand she held a cone-shaped affair encircled by a long, drooping feather. And the hat was a loud crimson. Her other offering was the required green, but gazing at its enormous brim, I could not help but think of the huge, broad-brimmed sun-bonnets I had worn when about eight years old. It even occurred to me, momentarily, that I might be in the children's department. A glance at the other shoppers reassured me. To the left a fat, red-faced woman was trying on a creation similar to the first one my sales-girl had offered me. The sales-girl insisted upon my trying each hat on, and appeared to admire me whole-heartedly in either one. Over the crimson especially, she went into ecstasies. It was supposed to resemble the headgear of Robin Hood, but in it, I felt like anything but a famous brigand. When I explained this to the enthusiastic sales-girl she seemed less disappointed than surprised. In fact, her haughty stare accused me of having very poor taste. Feeling unequal to refusing her, I hastily accepted the less startling of the two. I was so grateful at coming through the ordeal unscathed, that I was almost pleased with my purchase.

Dorothy Daly, S.J.C.S.

A DIVE.

Reluctantly Penelope followed the fat man to the deep end of the pool, where he walked to the end of the diving-board, paused dramatically and catapulted himself into the air, landing with a splash in the water below.

"Come on," he yelled.

"Yes and remember the swan-dive," cried Mr. Snippet.

The poor girl walked shakily to the end of the board, grasped her nose in one hand, took a big—ah!—and plunged forward into the shimmering water beneath.

A full minute later, bubbles began arising to the surface, and it suddenly dawned on Ophelia that Penelope hadn't come up from under the water. Looking down through twenty feet of crystal depths, the younger girl beheld the elder one slowly rising with her nose bleeding.

"Help! Help! Mr. Snippet! Penelope's killed! Mr. Gigglesworth, save her! Oh, help! She's drowning."

The two men, in a frantic attempt to be heroic, jumped in and knocked their heads together. A considerable length of time had elapsed before Penelope, unconscious, was brought from the pool.

After two hours of artificial respiration Penelope finally opened her eyes, gazed at the group surrounding her, muttered a faint, "Where am I?" and dropped off to sleep.

The next day her friends wrung an explanation from her, which when down to brass tacks, pointed to one fact. "I don't know how to swim."

Anne McGinn,
St. Joseph's College School.

DAY-DREAMING.

People who indulge in this "hobby" are usually classified as being lazy or uninteresting. But let us get down to "brass tacks" concerning this condition of the mind. What is day-dreaming? If we inquired about this from any psychiatrist he would probably refer to it by some long Latin name or by describing it as a human weakness. But I consider it a rest for the mind from daily toil and strife, and, by what we call day-dreaming the imagination is allowed to run riot.

How does this pleasant lapse occur? Well, let us think together how it usually commences. Sometimes perhaps you have been present at a boring lecture and your eye is caught by some simple thing, for example, the graceful movement of leaves in the wind through an open window. Then perhaps you remember some past happy occasion that was as joyous and light as that movement. Usually you picture the thing you desire most and your imagination enlarges upon it, converting it into a real impossibility. There is always some benefit to be derived from this pastime, however, as it puts into motion cells of the brain which are otherwise very rarely exercised. I hope you have enjoyed this short day-dream with me.

Lex Jones, 3-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

AN ADVENTURE.

In a lonely garden in the silence of midnight paced a dark figure. I was afraid, but I thought if I were very quiet I could sneak downstairs and warn the gardener. I tiptoed down the stairs where was a window at the side and the light from the moon reflected on the stairs. Every step I took I could see my shadow, which made me more afraid. At last I reached the gardener's room, roused him after repeated knockings. In a few minutes, which seemed hours to me, he appeared with a broomstick in one hand and a shovel in the other. We went out into the garden and hid behind a clump of bushes. Soon the figure passed near us. It was dark on this side of the house; we sprang out. While the gardener tackled the man, I hit him on the head with the shovel. At once he fell unconscious and we dragged him into the house, and turned on the light. We stood stunned—for the prowler was my father.

At breakfast he appeared with a large lump on his head, but he never knew what happened, for we felt it might create an unpleasant explanation. Father simply said he was wakeful during the night, and took a walk in the garden. He still believes that he walked into a tree or a door.

Gloria Slade, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's College School.

USEFUL LESSONS.

Last summer on one very warm afternoon at camp several of us girls decided to go for a swim.

"Oh," said my friend, May, "How about having a race across the bay?" Her suggestion was unanimously approved.

A few minutes later a girl who had come to camp for the first time, boldly announced that she had won a medal for her long distance swimming and could probably show us a thing or two if she had her bathing suit unpacked. This excuse was quickly overruled by my friend's very kind offer of her extra bathing suit.

Half an hour later found us all ready and "rarin' to go" for the great tournament. After we had walked out past the sandbar, our newly-found friend cried, "Pat, won't you please, help me a little at first? I nev-er s-wam here be-fore!" I gave her aid but after a few minutes I had to leave her to the mercy of the water or I would have gone under.

Suddenly a loud call for help was heard. When I arrived on the scene our medalist was being dragged ashore, but after that no sympathy was lost on her.

"Go and take that bathing suit off," cried I. (You may think this rude, but I was so disgusted). 'I expected to see marvellous speed, and then I find nothing but a boaster.'

"Oh," she cried, "I had just started."

"Go!" I said, and she went.

That night after supper, I saw her moping around. When she approached me I was still hot, so I said, 'You've a hypocrite; or, if you wish me to use plain language, you're a fake.'

With that off my mind, I turned and rejoined my friends, but the next morning I had to apologize for my rudeness to a new-

comer before I got back my good-conduct badge which had been removed from my middy during the night.

After a talk with the camp directress and several prayers I approached the weeping Sally.

"I am sorry, Sally, I was so mean last night, but if you had the teacher I had all year you wouldn't lie, but be ready to prove your statement, and you'd never be sneaky either."

"I am sorry, but I wanted to make the girls think I was more important than they. I'll never boast, nor complain about any of the girls again if you forgive me."

"I do forgive you, but don't try it again."

Patricia McGarity, Grade 8,
St. Joseph's College School.

DEW.

Resting in a field of blue,
Lacy cobwebs white as snow,
And now and then a tint or hue,
Of pink or gold or mauve, hung low.

Fragile blossoms, dainty, light,
Floating through the clear blue sky,
Disdaining even thought of night,
With ne'er a fear, regret or sigh;

But night does come, and all too soon,
The sorrowing clouds then disappear,
Giving way to stars and moon,
But not without a parting tear.

And that is why, in summer time,
When cheery light is gone alas,
(This secret, fairy-told, is mine),
You find the dew upon the grass.

Mary Richardson,
Room 4, S.J.C.S.

VACATION SONG.

This school-room lies on a meadow wide
Where under the clover, the sunbeams hide,
While the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars.

The lessons were written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers but the breeze,
That something blows from a secret place,
A stray little blossom into my face.

My school-mates they are the birds and bees,
The saucy squirrel more dull than these,
For all he learned in all these weeks
Is how many nuts would fill his cheeks.

Patricia La Crosse, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School

THE MOON AND THE TWINKLING STARS.

"Oh, where are the twinkling stars to-night?
 And where is the great big moon?
 And why do you sound so cross, old wind,
 And howl that sorrowful tune?"

"The moon and the twinkling stars," he said,
 "Have gone to the Land of Dreams,
 When anyone's bad they have to go,
 They can't stay here, it seems."

"I'm awfully sorry, Wind," I cried,
 "Oh, please bring them back, old man."
 "You hop off to bed," the old wind said,
 "I'll fetch them if I can."

And later I looked again, and there,
 As far as the eye could see,
 The sky was quite full of twinkling stars,
 As bright as bright could be.

The wind as he hurried by laughed loud,
 The big, shining moon laughed too,
 The stars as they twinkled and shone called out,
 "We've all come back to you!"

Alice Chapman, Grade IX,
 St. Joseph's High School.

TIME.

Spring, summer,
 Winter, fall.
 Seasons passing
 One and all.

Days and weeks
 And months and years
 Bringing laughter,
 Sobs and fears.

Carmel O'Hara, Grade IX,
 St. Joseph's High School.

MY DOG.

Beneath the pine where stood our house,
 I laid my pet to rest,
 That husky dog who was my friend,
 A companion of the best.

I covered him with cold soil,
 In the shallow frozen ground,
 His mates they howled the funeral dirge,
 As they crowded round the mound.

Olive Ennis, Grade IX,
 St. Joseph's High School.

THE THRESHING.

The wagons rumbled up the drive,
It's threshing time on Dry Creek farm,
The neighbours are beginning to arrive,
And the thresher roars behind the barn.
The first wagon starts down the lane
As the noise of the thresher is growing dim,
They have gone to a field of golden grain
And driving the horses is little Jim.
Oh threshing time is a time of joy,
When you see the result of work well done,
Although you worked hard to get the best from the soil,
You had the help of the rain and the sun
Now the thresher rumbles away from the barn,
For the sun is setting on Dry Creek Farm.

Kathleen Carey, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

THY WILL IS DONE.

At Cana in Galilee
Your smile, your pleading look
Once pleased a happy bride
With water newly sweetened
For the marriage feast.
One look, one word
To thy beloved Son,
The water changed,
Thy will is done.

So when I die again, renew
The Caanan miracle
And guide thy child
Safely to partake
Of the heavenly Banquet;
One look, one word
To thy beloved Son,
Thy servant shall be saved,
Thy will is done.

Audrey Smith, Grade IX,
St. Joseph's High School.

DREAM LAND.

Fairies singing by a brook,
Stop and listen, do,
Listen to their voices sweet,
As they sing for you.

Fairies dancing in the roses,
Twinkling eyes and merry voices,
Happy faces, oh so bright,
Shining in this world of light.

Rita Holland,
St. Joseph's High School.

EDUCATION.

Modern education is baffling. Its fields are so extensive and so varied that there is a place for everyone, big or small, wise or stupid. Courses of every kind can be followed, from farming to dressmaking, from aeronautical engineering to public speaking.

The need for education to-day can hardly be over-stressed, for we need trained men to plot courses, to supervise manufacturing and to work in laboratories. Never has it been so easy to obtain higher education. No one nowadays needs to be barred from an education. And have you remarked, we no longer hear the expression, "Ignorance is bliss?"

To obtain desirable occupation, it is necessary to have at least junior matriculation—mainly, I think, because an employer expects his employee to advance in his service, and therefore wishes to employ a person who holds out promise of being able later on to assume responsibilities.

An education, though, is not only meant to be the means of securing employment, but also to help us to utilize profitably our free time. Due to the improvement in machinery, it is said that probably in the future our working hours will be reduced to four. In that case, the educated man can become interested in many ways that will be totally unknown to an uneducated person.

So my advice is, if you want to get anywhere in this old world, go out and get all the education you possibly can.

Alex. Gray, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

CANADA'S WARNING.

While the early streaks of dawn were flooding a tropical sky, murderous death took grim toll of the lives of helpless people. Out of the misty morning sky, dive bombers sent deadly missiles earthward, and heavier bombers left destruction in their wake. While buildings tottered, and people died in their wreckage, while mothers searched frantically for their children in the debris, unprepared defenders tried heroically to drive off the relentless foe. Such was Pearl Harbour that fateful Sunday morning.

This, Canadians, is a warning—a stern warning—that these scenes can be repeated in Canada. Canadian cities can also be bombed and Canadian mothers too, may search in the wreckage for loved ones. But even we, unable to be in the front line, can prevent this disaster to our homes and country. We can supply our fighting men with tools—tanks, guns and aeroplanes.

The daring heroism of our soldiers, sailors and airmen echo from the Dunkerque beaches to the hills of Hong Kong, from the burning sands of Libya to the icy shores of Greenland. Shall we let them down, these brave and courageous men who are fighting for the freedom of the world?

If we were in Germany, we would be compelled to surrender our car, our jewellery and our money to assist in making more mechanized monsters for the Nazi hordes. How different it is in Canada. Our money is not taken from us—we lend it. We lend as much or as little as we so desire. But let us, everyone—do

his duty. We have a priceless freedom to uphold and no sacrifice is too great. So—before it is too late, come on Canadians—Buy Victory Bonds!

Terrence Allen, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

THE SKY—A CONTRAST.

Dome of azure—brilliant, showing
Sky of cloudless hue;
Sunbeam-breasted, beauty-crested,
Clear, immense and blue

Storms are brewing, gloom portending,
Winds in foam-clouds rack;
Thunder-vested, rain-molested,
Sky. intense and black.

Fern Beauchamp, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

SALT LAKES, PRINCE RUPERT.

Across the harbour of Prince Rupert lies the entrance to Salt Lakes. Cabins, shaded by huge trees, dot the shoreline. In the middle of the entrance lies a small, rocky island, on which is a huge rock shaped like a horse's head. Someone had painted a red tongue on it and Nature had helped by growing grass on its rocky neck, making it look like a horse's mane. This "Horse's Head" is the land-mark of the Lakes.

The winding walk to the Lakes is beautiful. On one side the tall trees slope to the water's edge and are mirrored in the water. A streak of blue, a Kingfisher, darts into the water after a silver gleam. On the other side of the walk is a wild tangle of trees, bush and wild flowers.

Beyond this are the "Stepping Stones," not stones but three little stumps. It is a custom not to go on to the Lakes until you have walked over these "stones." We turn one more corner and we come in view of the Salt Lakes. The lake looks as if it were blue glass set in among the trees. Diving platforms and floats invite swimmers.

The lake is calm and the air is silent save for the gentle rustle of the wind through the trees and the occasional caw of the crows.

Kay O'Neill, Commercial,
Prince Rupert.





Chuckles

Sign in window of second-hand car store: "Who will drive this car away for \$50?"

A passer-by stopped, read the sign, thought for a moment, then, entering the store, said: "I'll take a chance. Where's the money?"

* * *

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well, yes. It meant the same thing."

"Ah! What was the exact word?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow."

* * *

The collector approached a parishioner and held out the box.

"I never give to missions," whispered the parishioner."

"Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen!"

* * *

A little boy was balancing himself on his head. An old lady who knew him came by.

"Aren't you too young to do that?" You are only six," she said.

"It's all right, missis," replied the boy. "I'm nine while I'm upside down."

* * *

Bill Muffet said

His car couldn't skid;

This monument shows:

That it could, and did.

* * *

The absent-minded professor called his biology class to order shortly after the lunch hour.

"Our special work this afternoon," he said, "will be inspecting the inside of a frog. I have in my pocket a frog to be used as a specimen."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper bag, shook its contents on the table, and out rolled a sandwich. He looked at it, perplexed, scratched his head and muttered:

"That's strange; I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

* * *

Pupils of the Fourth Grade were asked to write an essay on "Pins."

Asked by the teacher the next day to read his essay to the class, Johnny began:

"Pins has saved the lives of many men."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" queried the teacher. "How have pins saved lives?"

"By not swallowing them," replied Johnny.

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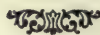
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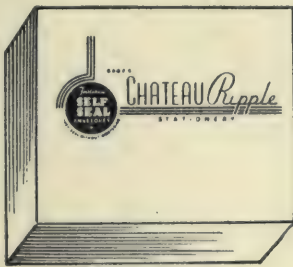
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 Toronto



Juan de las Roelas.

Adoration of the Shepherds

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXI. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1942

No. 4

EDITORIAL

OUR picture brings to mind a beautiful and charming story that thrilled us as children when we first heard it and still thrills us each year when it is again told. The story of the first Christmas is an old story, but it is ever new. In the silence of midnight, in the little village of Bethlehem the angel first told this charming story to the lowly shepherds. "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." A multitude of angels then joined him, singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

The tidings of great joy were for all the people. The Saviour of the world, the God-man had come as a Babe to share not only our humanity but even our infirmity. The hardest hearted of men has no fear in approaching this helpless Babe. And even the approach will soften his hard heart with love that he will become a man of good will and eligible to share in the great blessings of Christmas. God's path to man—coming as a Babe was hard, so that man's path to God would be easy.

We could extend no better Christmas greeting to our readers than the greeting of the angels,

"Peace on earth to men of good will."

“PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL.” Luke II, 14.

MORE than nineteen hundred years ago the song of the angels broke the midnight silence on the hillside of an obscure Roman province. Their song, “Peace to men of good will,” rang out on the hillside of a peaceful country in a peaceful world. At that moment the whole world was at peace. For centuries before a succession of wars had disturbed the peace somewhere in the Roman world. But now the temple of Janus was closed; there was peace over the entire earth. The prophet Isaias had foretold that Christ would come as the Prince of Peace. The coming of Christ was the coming of peace.

Christ came back to His apostles after His death and greeted them with a new greeting. “Peace be to you” was the greeting which was repeated on this occasion. Eight days later when Thomas was present Christ again appeared and greeted them with the same greeting, “Peace be to you.” He had already instructed the apostles in the way of spreading the gospel,—they were to be messengers of peace. “And when you come in to the house, salute it, saying: Peace be to this house. And if that house be worthy, your peace shall come upon it.” Matt. X-12. The priest in bringing Holy Communion to the sick at home, or in preparing the faithful for extreme unction follows the injunction of Christ and first repeats the greeting, “Peace be to this house.” Christ not only instructed His apostles to bring peace, but also gave peace to many of the people who lived at that time. When He had healed the sick and pardoned the sinner, His last word was, “Go in peace.” At different times He had cause to rebuke His apostles for not showing enough love of peace. John and James had wished one day to call fire from heaven upon the city of Samaria, but He quickly silenced them, saying, “You know not of what spirit you are. The son of man came not to destroy souls but to save.” Luke IX-55. The apostles learned their lesson well. How well we know from their writings which usually begin with greetings of peace.

The song of peace at the beginning, the greetings of peace

at the end, and the emphasis on peace throughout the life of Christ show the importance that He placed on peace. Christ certainly meant to offer to man everything that was good. He could offer nothing better than peace, for without peace man cannot be happy. This peace which Christ knows is so precious to man is a unity, harmony, and charity among individuals or nations that have been at war. There is a three-fold peace which Christ offers us: (1) Peace between the individual and God. (2) Peace between the individual and his neighbor. (3) Peace between nations.

PEACE OF SOUL.

The first of these, peace of the soul with God, is a priceless inheritance which Christ has brought to us. It means that God dwells in the soul of man. This peace consists in the contentment of the heart, the repose of the soul. It is exclusively interior; it cannot be brought by anything exterior, such as riches, pleasures or honors. Only God can grant such a peace which He does through sanctifying grace. With such a peace no matter what storms may rage without, no matter what the turmoil without, within the heart remains quiet and tranquil. The wicked can never possess this peace. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord." *Isaias XLVIII, 22.* This peace of the soul with God is what Christ meant when He said to His apostles, "Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you." *John XIV, 27.* It is the peace that St. Paul extends to the Philippians. "And the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus." *Phil. IV, 7.*

PEACE WITH OUR NEIGHBOUR.

The second peace is peace with our neighbour. In a world of peculiar neighbours where the tempers, tastes and backgrounds of individuals are so diversified, it is difficult to have peace. Hatred, envy, jealousy, anger, revenge, in a word all unruly desires, passions and inclinations destroy peace with

our neighbour. Christ has given us a special commandment in order to preserve peace with our neighbour. "Love thy neighbour as thyself." The fulfillment of this commandment will bring peace with our neighbour. The control of our unruly emotions, and their subjection to reason will preserve our peace with God even though we are not on the very best terms with our neighbour. St. Paul, with a deep insight into human nature, must have known the conditions in which we sometimes find ourselves. He exhorts us to do our utmost to preserve peace with all mankind. "If it be possible as much as is in you have peace with all men." Rom. XII, 18. Peace with our neighbour presupposes the virtue of meekness and a willingness to sacrifice our own will for the sake of peace. This peace is the fruit of victory, and victory is the fruit of noble struggles to conquer our unruly desires and inclinations.

PEACE BETWEEN NATIONS.

The third peace is the peace among nations. The hearts of men yearn for peace, but the hands of men are engaged in war. War is the antithesis of peace. When the individual in his relations with God and his fellowman does not act according to the laws of God, he rebels against God and this rebellion against God is the root and cause of all wars. Likewise when nations do not act according to the laws of God, which are the laws of justice, there is war. When God engraved His commandments on stone, these grooves formed the standards of action for nations as well as individuals. The observance of the commandments brings about justice, the boon companion of peace. Peace is the fruit of justice; they are so intimately allied that Holy Scripture says, "Justice and peace have kissed." Ps. LXXXIV-II. One can easily trace the cause of wars to racial, political, social and economic injustices. Without justice communities or states or nations cannot exist peaceably; the laws of God given to promote justice give way to brutal force and violence.

Peace with justice seems an impossible dream when we

view current events in the cold light of reason. But if we would view current events in the warm light of faith, we know that God can do all things—that the mission of Christ was a mission of peace. He can bring about peace with justice among nations in answer to our prayers. The last holy father of glorious memory, Pius XI, was incessant in his appeals to the faithful to pray for peace. He must have had some foreboding of the present war. In his Christmas address to the College of Cardinals in 1933 he told them a little story to illustrate his incessant appeals to pray for peace. "Once Napoleon was asked what was the first and greatest necessity for making war. He replied 'Money.' His hearers insisted on questioning him further and asked, 'What is the second thing?' Again the reply was 'Money.' And the third reply to the third necessity was again 'Money.' Beloved Brethren, we also have a word which we can repeat, not three times but as many times as we may be asked. 'What should be done by all those who have desires for the good, peace, general concord and general welfare of the whole Christian family. Our word is this: they should firstly, pray, secondly, pray, and thirdly, continue to pray." Prayer is a means to bring peace to Christian families; it is also a means to bring peace with justice to nations.

There are many beautiful prayers for peace, but the most beautiful, the most powerful and the most eloquent prayer for peace is sometimes overlooked.

This superlative prayer for peace offered by the priest and the people is the holy sacrifice of the Mass. This prayer is offered many times every day from the rising to the setting of the sun. In the holy sacrifice of the Mass there are prayers for peace woven into the prayers of the most solemn part of the Mass, the canon. Very near to the consecration the priest prays "to dispose our days in peace." At the end of the "Our Father" he prays "grant peace to our days." When the priest makes the sign of the cross with a consecrated particle of the host over the chalice he prays "The peace of the Lord be ever with you." At the Agnus Dei the

priest prays, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace." Just before the communion the priest with the consecrated host in his hand prays, "O Lord, Jesus Christ Who said to Thy Apostles, Peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you, look not upon my sins but upon the faith of Thy Church, and give her that peace which Thou dost love to see among her children." Although the prayers for peace in the holy sacrifice of the Mass refer primarily to that basic peace, the peace of the soul with God, they are most effective in disposing God to grant peace with justice to warring nations.

If we would move heaven to bring peace to earth we must pray and pray and pray. The opportunity of offering the most sublime prayer for peace, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, is a daily opportunity for many Catholics. The strong desire for peace, and the realization that the holy sacrifice of the Mass is the most powerful means for bringing out peace should encourage attendance even at daily Mass.

When the Catholic world will gather around the altar of Christ daily and perseveringly, united in offering the great sacrifice of peace, God will raise up great leaders of nations,—men of good will who will outlaw all ungodly acts from every deliberation, greed—revenge—hatred—deceit—whatever is against the law of God, then may be laid the corner-stone of a lasting superstructure of peace with justice. The prayers for peace of the Catholic world will merit a very special reward, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Matt. V, 9.

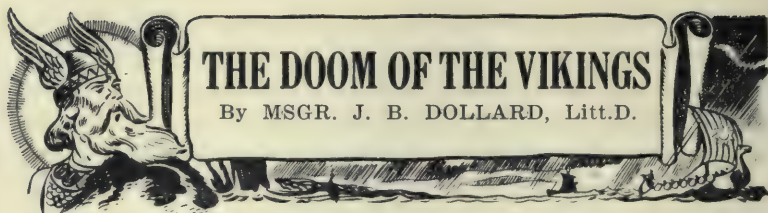
WORLD ACHIEVEMENT.

NO human agency could bring it into being; none could have preserved it during nineteen hundred years. No merely human power could have achieved what it has accomplished; no human power can destroy it.

Christ came to our earth to offer redemption to mankind.

Christ founded a Church that was a visible society. He intended that this Church which He founded should last till the end of time and He promised to watch over and preserve this Church through all the ages of the world. Christ founded one Church, and only one. He gave to that one Church one constitution, and that most definite and exclusive. He appointed one single head on earth to that Church, one "magistracy" that would be carried down through all the generations and the centuries. He established one, single deposit of faith, one body of beliefs, one single and immutable doctrine. The custodian of this one doctrine of Christ is the one Church that derives directly from Him, the Catholic Church in obedience to the Pope. There are not two churches or two hundred churches of Christ. There is but one Church of Christ. There are not many interpretations of Christ's teachings; there is only one legitimate interpretation, and that is the interpretation of the Catholic Church. There are not many varieties of religious truth; truth is single, and unchangeable. Truth hurts. Truth is a sharp sword that cuts clean and deep. Truth is fatal to vain illusions and to fanciful aspirations. Truth is hostile to vague thinking and to illogical reasoning.

The Catholic Church alone has religious truth; it alone has all religious truth, and it alone has none but religious truth. It cannot compromise on one single doctrine expressed in that religious truth, though the world fall thereby. It cannot change any one single doctrine revealed by God and handed down by tradition. It cannot retract its belief of the past; it cannot modify that belief to fit the modern world. It cannot barter with other religious beliefs nor can it pool its differences. If the Catholic Church should relinquish one solitary dogma of her deposit, one dogma that she has ever taught as revealed by Christ and as defined by her; if the Catholic Church ever modified or retracted such a dogma, then I for one would cease to pay allegiance to that Church or to accept its claims, for if it was mistaken in one instance I would have no guarantee that it was not mistaken in a hundred other instances.



THEY sailed from out the hidden fiord
When night-shades hovered dim!
The sea-wind shook them in its might,
And stretched their crackling pennants tight,
And on their prows the Northern Light
Flamed fitfully and grim.

They swept from out the sheltered fiord,
And pious vows they made,
To Freyja, goddess of the air,
And Odin in his heavens, where,
With Aesir he doth feast prepare,
For heroes unafraid.

They called upon the Valkyries,
The Choosers of the Slain,
And prayed for hearts 'gainst panic steeled,
And souls that would not quail or yield,
When Death strode o'er the trampled field,
And War eclipsed the plain!

Their swift ships spurned the ocean wave
From North Cape's buttress tall,
To Faroe's stark and savage shore,
And Iceland's glaciers gleaming hoar,
And Greenland's coasts where mad seas roar,
Lashing the black cliff-wall!

All night, like hungry hunting wolves
The winds howled in the stays,
And giant forms of fear and dread,
And faces of their foes, long dead,
Gleamed in the deep sea-troughs ahead,
Enwreathed in ghostly sprays.

High in the evil-brooding clouds
The shivering watch saw clear
The Norns, who shuttled webs of doom,
And their own fyljgar in the gloom,
Gray with the mildew of the tomb,
Shook them with nameless fear.

All day the boisterous billows tossed,
The drunken spars rolled free,
And the weird dragons on each prow
Glared up into the welkin now,
Then, with a mad, fantastic bow,
Plunged down into the sea!

The threatening drifts hung black and vast,
Across the waste close-drawn,
By wind and rain and sleet-storm lashed,
Into the green their slant bows crashed,
As the huge, oak-ribbed galleys dashed,
West through the mist-veiled dawn.

PART II.

The storm-birds whirled round about
With raucous cries and shrieks,
Their red-rimmed eyes of cruel gray,
Shone like the Vikings' eyes that day,
When straight into an English Bay,
Were swung the galleys' peaks.

And woe befell that English town
When hell broke loose around
Those quiet streets,—and smoke and flame
Enwrapt their roofs! For Odin's name,
Gave sanction unto deeds of shame,
And murderous scene and sound!

The babes were tossed on Norman spears,
The children hacked and slain;
Nor youth, nor age exempted was,
And the gray sire that wailed his loss,
They nailed against a bloody cross,
And left to writhe in pain.

Then northward straight the Vikings sailed,
Rounding the Orkney Isles,
And on a starry night and fine
They burned Iona's sacred shrine,
When the dark seas, like Spanish wine,
Shone, redly tinged for miles!

By Jura's share and Colonsay
They joined Earl Sigurd's fleet;
And many a Viking Chief was there,
With stalwart form and ruddy hair,
And arms and armour burnisht fair,
Eager the foe to meet.

For well 'twas known throughout that host,—
As skalds prophetic told—
That Brian, Eire's King, should die,
And all his Irish clansmen fly,
If on Good Friday drawing nigh
They gave him battle bold.

Part false, part true, this augur's tale
That led them to their doom,
As, ringed with shields for ready war,
They passed the Northern Channel's bar,
Their long-ships sweeping proud and far,
Making a wide sea-room.

Swift course they laid for Dublin Bay,
And entered like a wedge,
Solid and vast; a sight I ween,
That ne'er, before, the Isle of Green
In all its troublous years had seen,
Of direful war the pledge.

They landed where by Tolka's banks
Clontarf's low ridges swell,
A fierce and glittering train to see,
With Raven banners billowing free,
While Ocean, booming mournfully,
Bade them a last farewell!

PART III.

King Sitrick's forces, on the right,
In chain-mail gleaming far,
And Sigurd, Earl of Orkney Isles,
And Anrud, lord of rough defiles,
And Brodar of the treacherous wiles,
Dared Eire's hosts to war.

Nor long did Brian's ranks delay
That challenge to accept;
For, like dread thunder-clouds that go
With stately march o'er Aherlow,
From Galty's heights,—portentous, slow,
They to the onset swept!

Murrough and Donal led them on
 (Chiefs of the House of Brian),
Dalcassians and Eugenians brave,
And Desmond's troops from Cliodna's Wave,
And lithe-limbed kerne whose arrows drave
 Dense on the Danish line!

Full thrice against the Viking left
 Tall Murrough hewed his way,
Trampling upon the heathen crew,
To where the Raven standard flew,
And each time he the bearer slew,
 Gleeful, as if at play!

And a note of death sang keen and high,
 Where eldritch war-pipes blew,
For, as that Gaelic plaint did swell,
The splintering axes rose and fell,
Like Thor's great hammer wielded well,
 Crashing a dread road through!

Then the Irish hero, Kerthial,
 Viewing with half-shut eyes
A blinding shimmer of Danish mail,
Bade all his pipers skirl and wail,
And rouse the golden-bannered Gael,
 To deeds of great emprise.

And, waging a last combat, he,
 Swung his huge axe on high;
Then, as the din of war did swell,
His blows of death, resistless fell,
As many a Viking's dying yell,
 Rose to the ruthless sky!

Heimdal of Atlan first he slew,
And Starkad of the Yews,
And Vidar of the golden locks,
And Eyjwolf of the castled rocks,
And Loki of the battle-shocks,
And Gymir of the Meuse.

And Thangbrand, out of Helsingfors,
Who burned the Virgin's shrine;
And Hrapp that pillaged Wexford Town
And Beld, a Baresark of renown,
And Thorkell of the evil frown,
He split from crown to chine.

Out to the Raven Standard's foot
He cleft a gory lane;
Then, as the Flag of Odin fell,
Rose up an agonizing yell,
From the lost Danes—like souls in hell,
That drink the dregs of pain!

The Kerthiel raised the victory cry,
The call of his ancient line,
And, left and right, and all about,
Answered his clansmen's rending shout,
As, roaring over the Norsemen's rout,
Thundered the troops of Brian!

* * * * *

Valhalla's Halls can scarce contain
The thronging warrior souls!
Slow Tolka's stream is choked with dead,
Ten thousand Scanian corpses spread,
Where on its margins, foaming red,
The frightened ocean rolls!

.
.
*Gone are the Vikings from the wave,
The Boreal Lights weird glow,
On night-raid ne'er again shall dance,
On brazen helm and glinting lance,
While the grim dragons seaward prance,
And blood-red moons sink low!*

*Gone are the Vikings from the tide
Their Raven flag unfurled,
Shall flaunt no more 'neath Northern skies,
Where the dark island summits rise,
Or Southward swoop for prey or prize
And frighten half a world!*

*Gone are the Vikings from the wave,
But for their wild souls' rest,
The surges sullen and sad that go,
Under thy wolf-toothed crags, Faroe,
Still chant a requiem hoarse and low,
When night-clouds pall the west!*



EUROPE AND THE UNRECOGNIZED SPIRITUAL

By ALAN POLMAISE.

"The main hope of saving civilization rests on the reorganization of the Christian Church, the world acknowledgment of a spiritual authority."

Lord Stanley Baldwin, Falconer Lectures, Toronto University, 1939. Baldwin's last public utterance.

Corruptio optimi pessima.

Thomistic axiom.

THERE arose nineteen centuries ago an institution round which the story of Europe has turned. Within a lifetime of its founding the greatest of historians had branded it "The enemy of the human race." It grew yearly in numbers, in strength, in the vivid definition of its own personality which it proclaimed divine. It challenged the general society around it, suffered the intense hostility thereof but overcame and absorbed it. Against domestic rebellion and foreign assault it maintained itself, loved, hated, seemingly invincible, poisoned, disrupted from within by the Manichean, the Arian; assieged and pressed hard from without by the hordes in arms. From the north the barbarian broke against it for five hundred years; from the east and the south Moslem fanaticism of the desert swept forward intent upon its destruction, mastered half its territories. At one moment the Albigenses bid fair to break it, the orthodox forces won; and the result made the Western world safe for two further centuries.

The break-up of the united West with the coming of the sixteenth century was by far the most important thing in history since the foundation of the Church fifteen hundred years before. Men of foresight perceived at the time that if the catastrophe were allowed to consummate itself Europe would certainly be imperilled and possibly, in the long run, des-

troyed. Hilaire Belloc points out that is indeed what has happened: "Europe with all its culture is now seriously imperilled and stands no small chance of being destroyed by its own internal disruption; and all this is ultimately the fruit of the great religious revolution which began four hundred years ago. That being so, the Reformation being of this importance, it ought to form the chief object of historical study in modern times, and its nature should be clearly understood even if only in outline."

Until the sixteenth century the civilization of Europe was one Christian thing. Revolt came in 1517. It was wild and indeterminate in character. There was bound to come a reaction against it on the part of the forces of order. Europe would have regained its religious unity and spiritual vitality but for the emergence of two extraordinary men—Wolsey, in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth, Richelieu.

First came Nicolo Machiavelli—the Florentine monk.

A little, very thin man, scanty of hair, and that hair very flat upon his head. He was dark, abstemious, spare, with brilliant, piercing eyes; a light weight in Italian politics; hardly (to look at) a strong thinker, but with the reputation of cynical subtlety beyond any other. When he wrote "*The Prince*" it was seen his advice would run counter to Europe's universal spiritual tradition. This was the mighty instrument which was to change all—to which to-day Hitler and Stalin avowedly subscribe and which Mussolini styles "the statesman's *vade mecum*." Before Machiavelli, with whatever quarrels, there had been an entity, Christendom. After Machiavelli, Europe was dissolving into the chaos of conflicting members without a common culture or peace. "*The Prince*" asserted the omnipotent state and made vocal Europe's present sinister fallacy of authority having its basis not in moral right but on material force. Which is a lie.

It is demonstrably clear that it is the rational and spiritual elements in a culture that determine its creative activity. Writes Christopher Dawson: "Behind every civilization there is a spiritual vision—a vision which may be the unconscious

fruit of ages of common thought and action, or which may have sprung from the sudden illumination of a great prophet or thinker. The experience of Mohammed in the cave of Mount Hira, when he saw human life as transitory as the beat of a gnat's wing in comparison with the splendor and power of the Divine Unity, has shaped the existence of a great part of the human race ever since." Back of Europe was the *Christian vision* of Paul, the *Civitas Dei* of Augustine—a theory of man whereby, as Leopold van Ranke put it, "man derived the spiritual element wherein he could become self-sustaining, free, personally invincible." Europe was the achievement of this vision; in dereliction to its spiritual mandate Wolsey and Richelieu consummated Europe's tragedy.

We fully recognize the greatness of Wolsey; nothing we say can dim it; his one black fault was his turning to Machiavelli, his blind imperception of the spiritual. His personal genius towering over Leo X (the Medicean whom Carlyle, unfairly, called "that elegant pagan pope") and the weighted grandeur of Charles V, Francis I and Henry VIII, this man of the Renaissance gave himself entirely to the material world. He notoriously estranged himself from the spiritual; to Wolsey, the Cardinal, the theory of man of Paul and Augustine was an anachronism, the *Civitas Dei* thin and unsubstantial. And what a consequence! All Europe followed his orientation.

No misliker of Wolsey, Mandell Creighton, scholarly Anglican bishop of London, writing his biography in 1889—long before the day of Winston Churchill—gives this revealing paragraph: "If we consider his actual achievements, we are bound to admit that Thomas Wolsey was probably the greatest *political* genius whom England ever produced. At a great crisis of European history he impressed England with a sense of her own importance, and assured for her a leading position in European affairs, which since his days has seemed her natural right. *Wolsey lived for the world* as few men have ever done; not for the larger world of intellectual thought or spiritual aspiration, but for the actual, immediate world of affairs. *He limited himself to its problems.*" When he died his work

was accomplished, his great scheme fulfilled, yet he sensed his vast frustration and muttered, wistfully, gravely: "Had I served the spiritual as I have the material my conscience would be at rest." By far the greatest man of his age, he had lost direction, and in spite of his genius, he had seen Christendom go down. He died of the shame.

Came Richelieu. It is no exaggeration to say that, until Hitler, no country has ever had a ruler who so completely controlled her life and being as did Richelieu with France. Bernini's bust of him in the Louvre renders him well. In the vigour of his gesture, the fire of his glance, his stoney impassability, his astute calculation, his pitiless violence, this mighty statesman, without shadow of compunction, reveals himself openly and frankly as Machiavelli's most unscrupulous pupil. His favorite phrase: "If the lion's skin will not do, eke it our with the fox's," is actually taken verbatim from the text of "*The Prince*."

Greatest authority on the Seventeenth Century is Ludwig Von Pastor, historian of the popes. His analysis of Richelieu summarises thusly: "In his person one of the most ominous figures of modern history makes its appearance on the stage of the world. In his ardent patriotism and insatiable ambition Richelieu shrank from no means if thereby he might make of France the leading European Power in place of the House of Hapsburg. The circumstance that his action threatened for centuries to come the unity of the Catholic world essential to the restoration of Christendom troubled him as little as the fact that his purpose could only be achieved with the help of the Protestant Powers. *The Machiavellian guide of France's fortunes, who rejected no means however reprehensible, was determined to sacrifice the highest interests of Christendom to the momentary advantages of France.*"

From its inception the Christian objective has aimed at nothing less than the spiritual integration of humanity, its deliverance from the tyranny of material force and the dominion of selfish aims, and its reconstitution in spiritual unity. Wolsey and Richelieu inaugurated a new age; man's spiritual needs

are none the less strong for being unrecognized, and if they are denied their satisfaction, we have seen in the come and go since the sixteenth century that they will find compensation in blood, ruin and tears. It was Napoleon who wrote: "*Il n'y a que deux puissances dans ce monde, le sabre et l'esprit. A la longue le sabre est toujours vaincu par l'esprit.*" He knew. Machiavellian Hitler will learn.

"If we were to argue the question as to whether we should resort to arms, pillage the citizen's houses, sack the churches, I should agree with those who say we must think twice about that, and perhaps I should really agree with those who prefer poverty with safety to the mere chance of improvement, which involves taking a great risk. But as we have taken up arms, and the evil is already done, it seems to me we must consider whether we should lay down our arms and how we can secure ourselves against punishment for the ills we have already done. And I think here we must be guided by plain necessity. You all can see that the city is full of hatred and fury against us, the citizens have collected together, the Signory is in session with the Magistrates. They are getting the fetters ready for our limbs and collecting new forces to overthrow us. We must aim at two objects, first to avoid being punished for what we have done, and secondly to be able to live with more freedom and happiness than in the past. Now, I think if we are to be pardoned for our recent crimes, we must commit fresh ones, and worse, redoubling the ill we do, multiplying our crimes of pillaging and burning, and trying to involve as many as possible with us. For where many sin, few are punished; small crimes are dealt with, but very serious ones are compounded. When many are injured, few think of revenging themselves, for widespread injuries are borne more patiently than those suffered by the few. If we increase the damages we do, we shall be more readily pardoned and in that way we shall lay open the path to freedom.

"It seems to me we are on safe ground, for those who oppose us are divided amongst themselves, and they are rich. Their divisions will give us victory, and their riches will guarantee our position when we have seized them for ourselves.

"Do not be afraid of those who will blame you, talking about the claims of blood and station. All men have the

same origin, all come from equally old families, nature has made them all alike. Strip them naked, you will see they are made like us. Take off their fine clothes and put ours on them, and it will be we who will look like nobles, and they will look like artisans. The only inequality is between riches and poverty.

"I am sorry to see some of you regret, because your consciences smite you, the things you have done, and that you do not want to commit fresh atrocities. You are not the men I took you for, or no conscientious scruples could deter you. Those who win, no matter what methods they employed to secure their victory, are never disgraced thereby. We need not trouble about moral consequences, for where, as with us, we have to face starvation and imprisonment, we need not bother about a future hell. If you look at the way men behave you will see that all those who have won wealth and power have done so by force or fraud, and afterwards, to hide the methods they have used they talk of 'honourable gains.' Those who, through timidity or stupidity, will not use these means, always stagnate in poverty. Faithful servants are always servants. To escape from servitude one must be bold and treacherous, to escape from poverty one must be grasping and dishonest. Thus men devour each other, and their state simply changes for better or worse. One must use force when the chance comes."

Niccolo Machiavelli.

"The vademecum of the modern statesman" is what Mussolini terms Machiavelli. The above extract reveals why the Axis leaders held him as an exemplar.

"This man manifestly had no belief in any righteousness at all, no belief in a God ruling over the world, or in a God in men's hearts, no understanding of the power of conscience in men. Not for him were Utopian visions of world-wide human order, or attempts to realize the 'City of God.' Such things he did not want."

H. G. Wells (please note), *Outline of History*.

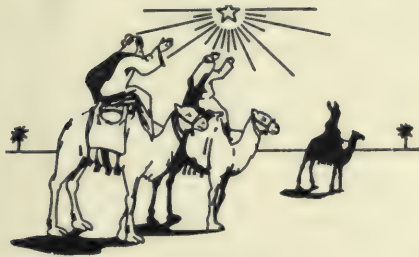


WHEN CASPAR CAME HOME

By NORA NI CHATHAIN

SLOWLY the drifting gold of the skies paled into amber, while the dim amethyst of the evening hills grew purple as night crept down. A little sighing wind sprang up and stirred the dusky cedars. Shy stars gleamed above the hush of the world. And shadows lay deep beneath the gloomy

“moon - pierced olives” when the three wise men rode back across the Judean plains.



Their snowy camels were gorgeously caparisoned; fringed, richly-coloured, their trappings shone with gold. The

riders, themselves, were noble and dignified of mien; magnificently attired in garments of silk and wool, exquisitely embroidered as befitted kings. Caspar, the clever young ruler of Tarsus, led the way, his mantle flung back, his eager ruddy face aglow. Balthasar, swarthy and bearded, from Saba, the “land of spices,” rode sedately alongside the aged and venerable Arabian, Melchoir. For the most part, they travelled in silence, each pondering, in his own heart, on the marvels which he, all unworthy, had been privileged to behold.

Meditatively, then, they rode, recalling their long and learned comradeship; for although each one of them represented a different nation and race, the kingdoms over which they ruled bordered on one another. Skilled in the lore of the heavens, it had been their custom to meet and leisurely to discuss their astronomical discoveries. They had long been aware that the world was awaiting its Redeemer; that the prophecies in the ancient Jewish manuscripts foretold that

a new star should arise out of Jacob. And so for many months, they had watched and studied the skies until a wondrously luminous star had, at length, appeared in the east.

Immediately they had hastened to meet, to marvel and rejoice. They would follow the star and let it lead them to the Messiah. They would offer Him their homage, their adoration, their love; they would bring gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Their decision had been received with incredulous dismay. Their families, their friends, their subjects even had striven to dissuade them; no good, it had been put forward, could come out of such a quest. The young wife of Caspar had bitterly opposed them, reasoning adroitly and with an amazing grasp of facts. Their kingdoms, she pointed out, would suffer sorely in their absence; the people, too, who relied on them for guidance. Clearly, it was their duty to sacrifice this dream. . . . But Caspar had shaken his head, holding fast to his resolution. They must follow the star, he had explained, at any cost. Reluctantly, then, she had withdrawn her disapproval whereupon the young king had joined his comrades on their long, weary journey.

Clad in royal robes, they set out from Babylon, bearing their treasures, the gifts for the new-born king. They had reached, in due course, the City of Jerusalem and had been sadly perplexed by the consternation they caused.

"Where is He," they had courteously asked, "that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east and are come to adore Him."

None there had been to give them the information they sought. People eyed them suspiciously and hurried about their business; or crossed the ill-paved street to avoid them. There was, they had soon perceived, an undercurrent of excitement; strange, uneasy, extraordinarily disturbing. Bewildered by their reception, they had made their way to Herod.

They were all unaware that the news of their arrival

and of their errand had preceded them to the palace; that Herod, greatly troubled, had summoned his chief priests and scribes who had told him, in answer to his urgent, imperious questions, that the Christ should be born in Bethlehem of Judea. . . . Simple and sincere, then, they had presented their credentials, accepting the apparently cordial welcome of Herod and his court as the due of their kingship, their culture and renown. Without the slightest shadow of hesitation, they related all they knew of the star; they assumed that Herod's interest was genuine as their own. They had been, at length, directed to Bethlehem wherein, they had been told, they could scarcely fail to find the Messiah.

"And when you have found Him," the wily Herod had concluded, "bring me word again that I also may come and adore Him."

As they rode slowly homewards now under the silent stars; they recalled each event of that memorable night. They had been somewhat surprised but not in the least discouraged when they set out again on their further journey to Bethlehem. Their guiding star had waned, as they had neared Jerusalem and, for a little space, had vanished altogether. But when they had taken leave of Herod and his court, it re-appeared and shone in the east more brilliantly than before. Its splendour increased with every mile traversed until the light of the moon grew dim. Each hill and field around Bethlehem had stood out with startling distinctness. And the little town, itself, had seemed strangely shadowless.

The three wise men had listened in vain for the sound of trumpet and cymbal; the glad, proud music proclaiming the Birth of the King of Kings. They had scanned the town below them for the outlines of a palace; had taken counsel together with growing concern, until the keen eyes of Bal-
thasar had suddenly perceived that the star had halted in its course and was standing still in the skies. Beholding which they had "rejoiced with exceeding great joy" and hurried to the lowly cave on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

They had found a poor, rough stable wherein an ox and an ass were housed, a chill, damp shelter roofed and walled with natural rock; an icy blast penetrating its countless crevices, straw strewn over a rude, uneven floor. Yet even now the hearts of the Magi thrilled at the recollection of their first eager glimpse of Him Who was the Light of the World. . . .

There had been no cradle of gold, no blankets of soft, fleecy wool, no comfort or warmth such as might have been expected. Instead, they had beheld a little, helpless Child, wrapped in coarse linen swaddling clothes, lying in the manger. His young Mother knelt beside Him in tender worship and Joseph, His humble foster-father, stood protectingly near. . . . But Melchior had advanced and laid his sceptre down and Caspar and Balthasar had knelt with Him to adore their Lord. Then they had offered the treasures they had brought; their rich gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Mary had thanked them quietly; had answered their halting questions. All their garnered wisdom seemed as nothing in His Presence; humbly, reverently, they waited on His Mother's words. She had given them permission to kiss His little hand and the aged Melchior had gone on his knees again. Joyously his comrades had followed his example and all three had vowed eternal allegiance to their King. Then Caspar had impulsively begged some small remembrance; a scrap of the homespun linen folded about His head. Tentatively the others had echoed the request and Mary had smiled and acceded graciously. . . .

Reluctantly, at last, they had departed from Bethlehem, wondrously happy because they had followed their star. Originally they had intended returning by Jerusalem but, having been warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they had altered their first plans and chosen another way. Their sense of spiritual exaltation had lasted all the journey; they would never as long as they lived, forget that little Child and His Mother. Sometimes they conversed in low, rapt tones of the goodness of God and their humble gratitude

towards Him. But silence, they felt, was best; silence and contemplation. . . . And so they sat absorbed in quiet, holy joy as their camels padded softly through the starlit night.

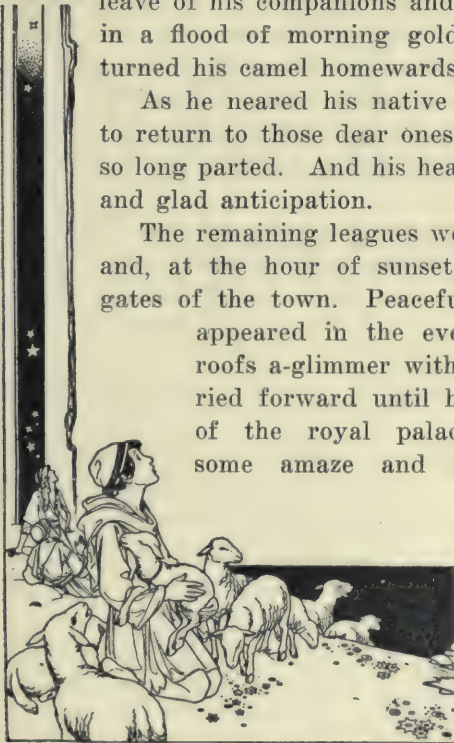
The tiny rustling sounds of the hours of darkness sank into the breathless hush that precedes the grey glimmer of dawn. In the chill of awakening day, the three wise men drew rein, having reached, at last, the parting of the ways. The road that Caspar would have to take now branched off from the main track; they would be separating presently after all their long months together and, oddly enough, there still was much to say. There was a long, long pause. Each strove to utter the thoughts that were in his heart and each, failing, smiled a little wistfully. They planned to meet again, to communicate with each other. Solemnly, then, Caspar took leave of his companions and watched them disappear in a flood of morning gold. Then he sighed and turned his camel homewards.

As he neared his native city, his thoughts began to return to those dear ones from whom he had been so long parted. And his heart yearned with affection and glad anticipation.

The remaining leagues were traversed in due time and, at the hour of sunset, he passed through the gates of the town. Peaceful and very lovely it all appeared in the evening light, its low, flat roofs a-glimmer with reflected gold. He hurried forward until he reached the courtyard of the royal palace. Then he paused in some amaze and glanced about him; for

no servant ran out to take the bridle of his camel nor was there friendly hand stretched forth to help him dismount.

He hesitated, surveying the deserted scene;



wondering why there was no sign of welcome for him. Gradually a strange foreboding descended upon him; a terror, unreasoning, seemed to grip and hold him, until a wild and sorrowful wailing clove the evening air. . . .

Caspar leaped from his saddle and hurried into his palace, rushing down the gloomed and stone-floored passages. As he hastened, the cries of grief and despair grew louder. Huddled together near the entrance of one room, he found the mourners; veiled women raising a traditional lament, wringing their hands and smiting their foreheads as they wailed. The young king pushed past them, tearing aside the heavy silken hangings that concealed the interior of the chamber from their gaze.

White to the lips, he paused an instant on the threshold; then strode across to a couch half-hidden in the shadows, by which his young wife watched with anguished eyes. Thereon, he perceived, his eldest little son was lying, still and spent and exhausted after hours of delirium. The bright little face he remembered was pale and drawn; the features were pinched and sharp, the breath came unevenly. Clearly, the boy was dying.

He glanced imploringly at his wife, but she would not meet his eyes. Her countenance, he realized with a pang, was hard and bitter. She would never forgive him for having journeyed so far away. . . . Presently she spoke and her voice was icy and remote.

"Caspar, thou hast come in time to witness the death of thy first-born."

He had fallen on his knees and now he bowed his head in silence, entirely unable to trust himself to speak. Dimly he was aware that she was bending over the child, moistening the dry, cracked lips with something cool and refreshing. Compassion for her greater agony surged up in a heart already overcharged with woe. She spoke again, reproachfully.

"Thou shouldst not have left thy country and thy children to follow a star. Hadst thou not gone, this sorrow, perchance, had never fallen upon us."

But Caspar had taken the hand of his little son and the act had, somehow, reminded him of that glorious night in Bethlehem; the night he had been allowed to kiss the hand of his Lord. The memory gave him courage and strength, even renewed hope. Unflinching, therefore, he raised his head and made answer.

"Sorely grieved indeed am I to find our son sick unto death; nevertheless, I repent not that I followed the star."

In her eyes, he fancied, he beheld a faint gleam of interest ere she turned aside again to minister to her child. She seemed to hesitate, then put an incredulous question:

"Thine errand, then, hath borne fruit? Thou didst, in truth, find the Messiah?"

He answered her as the wailing of the women outside died away and the purple of the dusk gathered solemnly in. And his voice sounded awed and reverent and, despite his sorrow, exultant.

"Yea, we found Him Whom we sought, in a stable with Mary, His Mother."

He neither saw nor heeded the growing contempt of his spouse as, rapt and absorbed, he related all that had come to pass.

"And," he concluded, "we fell on our knees and adored Him, offering Him our gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh."

"Verily three wise men ye were," her proud voice was tinged with scorn, "kneeling in a stable to worship some peasant's child!" She flung impatiently away from him with a parting taunt: "Thinkst thou this Messiah of thine could restore thy son to health?"

Caspar rose to his feet, a new light in his eyes. He had suddenly remembered the precious scrap of linen. He drew it from his bosom and offered it to his wife.

"See, beloved, see what His Mother gave me; linen from that which enfolded the head of the Babe Divine. Let me lay it now on the head of our little son and . . ."

"Nay, thou shalt not touch him," she was suddenly wild

with grief and resentment. "Thou shalt not touch my child whom thou didst so lightly leave. Begone, Caspar, begone and let him die in peace."

Angrily she struck away his outstretched hand. The linen fluttered from his grasp and fell on the head of the child. . . .

Even as they watched, the slender form of the dying boy seemed to stir beneath the embroidered silken covers. A long shuddering sigh ran through the little body. And then the dear eyes opened and their little son smiled.

Caspar fell on his knees, hiding his face in his hands; overcome by the miracle that had been wrought under his roof. But not until the child had sunk into sweet, refreshing slumber, did his mother give way to her contrite gratitude. Her eyes were dim with tears when she touched her husband's shoulder.

"Caspar," she breathed, "wilt thou not seek forgiveness for me—from Him, the Messiah, Who hath brought joy untold to our house?"

The young ruler smiled and, taking her hand, drew her to her knees.

"Seek it, thyself, beloved," he gently counselled, "and offer Him thy thanks, thy adoration, thy love."

"Whatsoever thou dost command, I will strive to fulfil," she said humbly, "for, Caspar, hadst thou not followed the star, our little son had died." And she bowed her head in prayer beside the little couch.

But Caspar's thoughts had strayed back again to far-off Bethlehem where, in a lowly stable, chilled by the piercing wintry winds, a Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, was lying in a manger. . . .



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO

SISTER M. ST. MAURUS, C.S.J.

THE recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Michael's Hospital suggests the story of an institution which from a very modest beginning, with increasing efficiency has served the city for half a century.

The founding of a Catholic Hospital in the city of Toronto fifty years ago may have appeared a bold, even a rash undertaking but on looking back we see God's Providence showing Catholic teaching in action, whose motive power was derived from Christ's words "What you do unto these My least, you do unto Me."

The foundation of the hospital took place in a time of great suffering hence, its work was blessed from the beginning. In the last century the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto had cared for the plague stricken, even at the sacrifice of some of their lives so when in the winter of 1891-92 another epidemic raged and nurses were not available for the Isolation Hospital the Medical authorities turned to the Sisters for assistance. They responded generously. Dr. Norman Allen, then Medical Officer of Health, observing the courageous devoted charity of the Sisters determined to benefit by their continued services and proposed to them that they open a general hospital in Toronto. Fully realizing the difficulties of the proposal—opposition, lack of funds and equipment, yet viewing greater scope for their usefulness to their neighbour the Sisters turned to prayer for guidance. Then human prudence was seemingly cast aside and with an unbounded trust in the help of God the Sisters accepted Dr. Allen's proposal. He in his turn lent every possible assistance in the work, and remained a loyal friend of the hospital and a member of its staff until his death.

In a building on Bond Street the hospital placed thirty beds at the disposal of the Medical authorities, and under

the protection of God's Holy Mother the first patient was admitted on her feast of the Visitation, July 2nd, 1892. On September 29th of the same year the formal opening took place and St. Michael, the Patron of the Archdiocese, was chosen patron of the new hospital. Though hospitals were not in favor with the sick of those days, in about a year it became necessary to enlarge the building, and a wing was added providing wards and an emergency department. Here also, above the main entrance door hovered the Angel of Charity bearing a scroll with the words "Quod minimis mihi fecisti" and these became the watchword of the Institution.

St. Michael's was situated in the "down-town" section of the city and many accident and emergency cases were admitted. The surgical treatment required for these taxed the accommodation so that soon again it became necessary to build. But buildings cost money and the Sisters had none so they prayed as they had done before and as they have so often since. The answer came in due time. Wealthy Catholics were not numerous around Toronto but many generous Catholics were keenly interested in the good works of the Sisters and one of these was the late Mr. Hugh Ryan whose generosity brought about the building and equipment of a surgical wing providing private and ward beds and an operating room furnished with every device known in hospital construction at that time.

In an institution of about one hundred and fifty beds the work went on. Gradually, as prejudice against hospitals died out, more and more patients applied for admission and treatment, and gradually down the years as the need became pressing, new departments, more modern equipment, and necessarily, larger buildings replaced the first foundation. In 1937 when a large administrative unit replaced the last part of the original structure, the institution had grown to a 700-bed hospital.

In the early days to meet the needs of those not ill enough for hospitalization an Out Patient Clinic was organized to which the doctors gave generous support, giving their time



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL



L, TORONTO

and services freely. This is still one of the most important departments in the hospital, one where the sick poor receive the benefit of modern medical treatments and it is attended by several hundreds each week day.

In no like period of time has the science of Medicine and Surgery made such phenomenal strides as during the life time of St. Michael's Hospital. Especially is this true of the last quarter century. Intense research has revolutionized the treatment of the sick—by making possible surgical procedures that were not dreamed of fifty or even thirty years ago—by the discovery of new remedies to combat many of the dreaded diseases which afflict mankind—and by the invention of instruments and equipment fitted for delicate and complicated treatments. With all these improvements St. Michael's has kept pace. It has been to similar institutions a model of progress, a pioneer in every worth-while enterprise of treatment or education and an inspiring influence in every phase of hospital work. One of the first Canadian hospitals to receive the coveted stamp of approval of the American College of Surgeons and one of the first Members of the Catholic Hospitals Association of the United States and Canada, St. Michael's, under the able direction of Dr. George Wilson and his capable colleagues, has striven to maintain the standards set up by those authorities. Through the affiliation with the Department of Medicine of the University of Toronto which honoured St. Michael's early in this century it has become a centre of training for hundreds of young doctors who have there been brought into contact with Catholic ideals incident to their profession.

Early in 1895 a young doctor—Robert J. Dwyer, joined the hospital staff. Highly talented, with unbounded zeal and enthusiasm for his profession and for the welfare of the hospital he soon became resident Medical Superintendent and when the affiliation with the University of Toronto came about—largely through his efforts—he was appointed first Chief of Medical Services which post he held until his death in 1921. Around him gathered a group of devoted doctors

whose names are still held in veneration by all who have been, or are connected with the hospital. The spirit of loyalty and devotion to duty which Dr. Dwyer fostered in the early staff has become a tradition and the same high standards which he required of his helpers have been maintained by his friend and successor in office, Dr. J. D. Loudon. The staffs of the various departments are keenly interested in every new development of their profession and have been leaders in conducting clinical meetings, post graduate courses and the dissemination of the knowledge acquired in the course of their daily work in a teaching hospital so that St. Michael's name as a source of education and information has been spread far and wide.

The need for trained helpers for the sick induced the Sisters to open a training school for nurses early in the history of the hospital. From its classes a steady stream of nurses have gone abroad imbued with a spirit of service and devotion worthy of their great profession. It is the boast of this school that a member of its first graduating class is still a member of its Alumnae Association. In co-operation with the approved Nursing schools every effort has been made to keep abreast of improved methods in nurse training so that the school enjoys an excellent reputation across the Continent. Numbers of its graduates have given distinguished service in Canadian and American hospitals and in the military hospitals of this and of the last world war.

St. Michael's Hospital has been fortunate in having the best of human means towards its development. The devoted people who watched over its beginnings, fostered its growth and led it on to its present proud position, succeeded because they worked for God. The result could never have been attained only by human methods. Time and time again, in most striking manner the assistance and protection of God have been manifested in the history of St. Michael's. When means to carry on the work were lacking, when seemingly insurmountable obstacles presented themselves, prayer was

an unfailing weapon. Of the spiritual favors granted to workers and patients alike there is no record outside of heaven.

On viewing the present St. Michael's Hospital and glancing back over the years it would appear a very different hospital from that which began so modestly fifty years ago. What numerous buildings, what elaborate, intricate equipment! Has it not been caught up in the whirlwind of speed and so called efficiency which creep in to modern institutions? Outwardly there is a difference we cannot deny but the notable feature of the early days remains the same. In the centre of the Hospital is the Chapel where in the lowly tabernacle resides the Master of the House. He is the confidant of the difficulties, trials, cares and troubles which invade a large institution—from Him emanates a spirit of peace and hope and courage which make the daily tasks "a yoke which is sweet and a burden which is light."

THE VISION OF THE KING

"But you and all the kind of Christ
Are ignorant and brave,
And you have wars you hardly win
And souls you hardly save.

"I tell you nought for your comfort,
Yea, nought for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet,
And the sea rises higher.

"Night shall be thrice night over you,
And heaven an iron cope.
Do you have joy without a cause,
Yea, faith without a hope?"

G. K. Chesterton, *Ballad of the White Horse*.

AS THE MORNING RISING

Twenty-One Years of Victory March

By PATRICK O'CONNOR,
Missionary of St. Columban.

FORMULA:

Take the fighting spirit of a Notre Dame foot-ball team.

Then take the sense of nearness to unearthly power, as you feel it amid the busy tranquillity of Lourdes.

Add the painstaking exactness of keen hunters on alert business men.

Flavor it all with the simple sweetness of the family rosary.

And the result will be . . . something like what you find when you get inside the Legion of Mary!



TWENTY-ONE years ago the Legion began its march. The starting point was the top back room of a house in a poor section of Dublin. There, on September 7, 1921, eve of the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, seventeen people gathered. They included one priest, one layman and fifteen women, most of them young, of various occupations. The house was the headquarters of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in that neighborhood. The members of this group had already been active in doing good among the poor. Now, at the suggestion of the

layman, Frank Duff, a civil servant during office hours, and indefatigable St. Vincent de Paul member in his free time, they were forming themselves into a little association to do spiritual works of mercy. Their immediate program was to visit the sick poor in the wards of a large hospital. Their ideal was to be lay apostles as the servants, as the very instruments of the Blessed Virgin. They took the name of the Association of Our Lady of Mercy. Three years later they modified it to the shorter, more militant title: The Legion of Mary.

They had all read Blessed Grignon de Montfort's *Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin* and had been captivated by it. From it they, and the thousands who were to join them later, took their distinctive spirit.

Realizing that God had chosen to give Himself to mankind through Mary, they believed that He wished to bestow His gifts through her.

Realizing that Jesus came into the world as the fruit of Mary, they believed that He will live and grow in every soul as the fruit of Mary.

Realizing that she is truly His Mother, they realized also that she must be the Mother of His Mystical Body, the Church, and of all its members.

Seeing in Mary the first and most intimate cooperator in the divine work of Redemption, and its greatest beneficiary, they knew that it was still given to her, before all other creatures, to crush the serpent's head.

So they went out into the hospital wards, into the tenements, into the city streets, into the wide world—not just to work for souls with Mary's help, but to help to do Mary's work for souls.

That is the secret of the Legion, of its amazing advance, of its incredible conquests. It is the powerful mediation of Mary taking effect upon souls. Her Divine Son will never have her to be anything but Our Lady of Victories. Her legionaries know that now from experience, as twenty-one years ago they knew it from inner conviction.

ACROSS THE WORLD.

Just how far has the Legion of Mary gone in its twenty-one years on the march?

In 1927, with thirteen units in Dublin, it made its first foundation outside Dublin, in Waterford, Ireland. Now watch its progress:

1928 to Scotland.

1929 to England.

1931 to the United States and India.

1932 to Canada and Australia.

1933 to New Zealand, Africa, West Indies.

1937 to China and Burma.

1938 to Costa Rica.

1939 to Malta.

1940 to France.

1941 to the Philippines.

Just what kind of work does the Legion do? Every kind that helps to bring people nearer to God. That means any people, good, bad and middling; it means fallen-aways and falling-aways, non-Catholics, agnostics, pagans, prisoners, invalids, children, hoboes, gypsies and the fellow who works at the desk or the machine next to yours.

NEVER GIVES UP.

The Legion specializes in tackling hopeless cases and it never gives up. In one city the legionaries used to visit a tenement house where a certain door never opened to their knock. But for years they kept coming—and knocking! Always, before leaving, they pushed a Catholic booklet under the door. Some of the neighbors said that the dweller in the locked room was not a Catholic; others said that he was a Catholic who had been away from the sacraments for at least thirty years. One day the optimistic legionaries pushed under his door a card announcing a one-day retreat in the Legion retreat house for workingmen. When the retreat opened, a man was present whom nobody could remember having previously seen or interviewed. He made a good retreat and—yes, he was the man from behind the locked door!

In practice, the Legion work may be making friendly calls to discover newly-arrived Catholics and welcome them to the parish, to unearth fallen-aways, or to break the ice that may later thaw in a conversion. It may be selling Catholic literature from a push-cart in the city streets. The Legion sold 6,500 Catholic booklets in a year in the streets of Glasgow. A Legion booth in the Canadian National

Exhibition in Toronto in 1939 brought eleven people to sign up for instruction and thirty-nine to leave their names for further contact.

Cooking and scrubbing in a shelter for the down-and-out, collecting for the missions, conducting a study club, tactfully helping to have an invalid marriage rectified, rounding up neglected children to prepare for confession and First Holy Communion; all of these and a thousand more are Legion work. Only one activity is barred; giving material relief!

In everything the Legion is subject to ecclesiastical authority and does its work only as an auxiliary to the priests.

It is not competing with any sodality or devotion. It wins members for sodalities and brings people to devotions. It is the realization of that magnificent ideal, so glorious that some people are too timid to aim at it, so stirring that some can only talk about it: *Every Catholic an apostle*. Indeed, the Apostolic Delegate to Missionary Africa, Archbishop Riberi, has said of the Legion of Mary: "It is the nearest approach to the ideal of Catholic Action as fostered by the Holy Father."

WHO ARE THEY?

Who are the members of the Legion? Frank Duff, the founder, answers: "Not special souls or unusual types, but ordinary Catholics living the every-day life of the world. Its membership comprises the learned and the unlearned, laborers and leisured, the unemployed, widely different classes, colors, races, including not a few whom the world would category as primitive or depressed. In a word, it represents typical Catholicism."

It includes boys and girls in junior units. I know of one where they enroll others for catechism, take care of little children while parents are at Sunday Mass, distribute mission literature and mimeograph the parish bulletin.

Many of the legionaries are women but it is emphatically a movement of men, likewise. Two Legion groups that I can never forget are of men. One is composed of Dublin

laborers, meeting in a hall long associated with a militant labor movement. After their day's work on the docks or in the yards, they come from their tenement homes—lean-jawed, hard-bitten realists—to plan their battles for Mary and to pray around her statue.

The other group is in St. Columban's missions, China, where Father Hogan started the Legion in 1937. Plain poor men of Hanyang city, laborers, peddlers, fishermen, they say in Chinese the same prayers that the Legion says everywhere and wage among their fellow-Chinese the apostolic campaigns that the Legion wages around the world.

The prayers of the Legion of Mary have been printed in some forty languages and dialects. The active membership now includes the following: Americans (White and Colored), Africans, Australians, Burmese, Chinese, East Indians, Europeans, Filipinos, Indians of North America, soldiers of the United States army, soldiers of the Irish army, soldiers of the British army, soldiers of the Polish forces now in Scotland.

In the Irish army the members (including officers and men) lead the daily public recitation of the rosary, distribute Catholic literature, visit the sick in army hospitals and help to organize army sodalities and the annual spiritual retreats for the army men.

One of the units in Malta is composed of soldiers. It was founded by an Irish soldier-legionary.

SAYS FATHER BROWN.

G. K. Chesterton's "Father Brown" (Monsignor John O'Connor) has praised the Legion, as a working system, for "combining mobility with stability." It owes something to two masterpieces of organization—the ancient Roman legion and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. From the imperial army of the Caesars it takes the name of its unit, *praesidium*, and some of its other terms. Like the legion of old, it calls for loyalty, courage, discipline and order. From the St. Vincent de Paul Society it takes its simplicity and adapta-

bility. The fraternal spirit, the visiting in pairs, the weekly meeting, the report on work done, the secret-bag collection (the only revenue, apart from special donations); all these are in the tradition of the world-wide St. Vincent de Paul Society founded by Frederick Ozanam more than a century ago.

A Legion meeting always includes the rosary. Halfway through the business of the meeting a halt is called. All stand and then, like a flourish of trumpets, like sunlight on banners, comes the antiphon, recited in unison:

“Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array?”

This is followed by the Magnificat and the prayer for the feast of Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces.

In all his activities the first objective is the sanctification of the Legionary himself. The Legion of Mary has no illusions about the prime duty of every Catholic or the prime requisite for every apostle. The Legion handbook is a little encyclopedia of practical spirituality and a guide for apostolic harvesters.

IN U.S.A.

In 1931 Father Joseph P. Donovan, C.M., introduced the Legion of Mary to the United States in an article published in the *Ecclesiastical Review*. The first American praesidium was formed soon after, in Raton, N. Mex. Later on, envoys were requested to come to organize the Legion in American dioceses. Two of these envoys, Mary Duffy and John Murray, are still in the United States and are quietly doing an astonishing amount of solid work. The Legion of Mary is now established in about eighty-five dioceses and in approximately 1,000 parishes of the United States.

It is estimated that the Legion is increasing throughout the world at the rate of seven new praesidia a week. It publishes a quarterly, *Maria Legionis* (P.O. Box 43, Jamaica, N.Y.). The central governing body is the Concilium of nine, a priest, three laymen, five women, in Dublin.

LEGION OF MARY HISTORY is full of marvels. Take, for instance, the beginnings in France.

Of all the years possible it was in 1940 that the Legion of Mary began in France! An Irish girl, Louise O'Brien, teaching in Angers, went to Paris about three weeks before its surrender. There she succeeded in launching a praesidium among the Polish refugees. One of its fruits is the praesidium of Polish airmen now in Scotland.

Paris fell, and then France. Miss O'Brien, a refugee from the capital, went to Nevers, where St. Bernadette was once a Sister and where the bishop to-day is the Most Reverend Monseigneur Patrice Flynn! The Sisters of Bernadette's community gave Miss O'Brien shelter and encouragement. In that very month of the fall of France she set about launching the Legion of Mary—relying on the aid of St. Bernadette. Before the end of the year the diocese of Nevers had six praesidia. To-day it has twenty-seven.

THE LEGION IN THE MISSIONS.

Most impressive is the story of the Legion of Mary in mission lands. It is a practical proof that baptism and confirmation equip every Catholic for the lay apostolate.

Africa was the first mission-field in which the Legion of Mary took root. To Monsignor Moynagh of St. Patrick's Missionary Society belongs the merit of boldly implanting it. He formed the first praesidium in 1933 in Nigeria—of native men. Many of the members were unable to read, but all could pray and work. And they did. Four conversions, thirty fallen-aways brought back and eleven marriages rectified, were some of the gains reported in a short time by these new legionaries battling in the midst of strongly entrenched paganism. To-day West, Central, East and South Africa is dotted with Legion praesidia. Monsignor Moynagh's goal for his territory of Calabar is: every practical Catholic an active or an auxiliary member of the Legion. Already Calabar has sixty praesidia. In Nairobi, East Africa, one praesi-

dium brought in 1,000 catechumens (candidates for baptism) in one year.

In India the Legion is also deeply rooted. In Ceylon the men legionaries far outnumber the women. In Burma the Legion was established in Rangoon, Taungoo, Mandalay and Maymo. Father Way of St. Columban's introduced it in China.

From the beginning the Penitent Thief has been a favorite of Our Lord and His Mother. . . In a convict settlement on the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, where all the prisoners are murderers doing life sentences, a Legion of Mary praesidium has been founded.

One of the most interesting missionary activities of the Legion of Mary is its Overseas Club for Asiatic and African students attending the universities and colleges in Dublin. Here Hindus, Moslems, Buddhists, Parsees and various kinds of Protestants have a chance, in attractive surroundings, to become acquainted with Catholic life and thought. Discussions take place regularly. At one of these a Mohammedan student was heard supporting sovietism. A listener felt that here, at least, was a very unlikely convert. The student has since become a Catholic.

ON THE EVENING of September 7, 1921, if the first seventeen legionaries looked out the window of that top back room on Francis Street, they would have seen only the autumn twilight falling over the roofs and steeples of old Dublin. But if they had the gift of prophetic vision, they would have seen far vistas of many cities and many lands. And they would have seen not the shadows of twilight but a great splendor, as of the morning rising.



FIRST CHRISTMASES IN AMERICA

By JUAN GONZALES

IN the *madrugada*, the black hours between midnight and dawn, the little fleet of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea was beating along the coast of Haiti, in the teeth of a growing storm. In his bunk, Colon lay asleep, wearied with pondering the riddle; if the great island to the northward were the Cipango of the ancients, was the dark coast off the beam, the shore of fabled Cathay? Perhaps the helmsman nodded, holding course in uncharted waters; the *Santa Maria* veered toward shore, split her stout sides on a wave-crowned rock. At dawn the flagship sank, her bedraggled company watching from the beach. It was Christmas morning, 1492.

IN THE WEST INDIES

From salvaged timbers and guns, a fort was erected on the shore, near the present settlement of Port au Paix. Ten days later the Admiral returned to Spain, in the tiny caravel *La Nina*, undecked, a fragile cockleshell to bear the most momentous tidings since the Passion. Diego de Aranha with forty men remained in Haiti to garrison the fort, named *La Navidad*: Christmas. This settlement and its garrison were lost in an Indian uprising, like the later English settlement of Roanoke Island; no trace remains of the first European stronghold in the Americas.

The second Christmas in America was that of Colon's second voyage, in 1493. This was also spent in Haiti, but in somewhat different circumstances. The Admiral, returning with seventeen vessels, had found his settlement burned and his men dead, but accepted in good faith the story of the neighboring *cacique* that the disaster was the work of a hostile tribe. Finding the neighborhood unhealthy because of the extensive swamps, he proceeded along the coast to a point

between *Monté-Christi* and Puerto de la Plata, where he undertook the construction of a town, the first in the Indies, to which he gave the name Isabela, for his Queen and patroness. The fleet's personnel were fatigued from the long and confining



WRECK OF THE SANTA MARIA ON THE COAST OF HAITI
IN 1492.

voyage, weakened by unaccustomed toil as stonemasons under blazing tropic suns. Malaria added its scourge. The second Christmas was celebrated amid the foundations and unfinished walls of the settlement, while the celebrants shook with ague and burned with fever. Four were buried that day. Colon's third Christmas was also spent in Haiti, then *Hispaniola* or

Espanola, returning from a voyage of discovery through the West Indies.

The first Christmas in Cuba was celebrated in 1511, in the presence of the *Adelantado* Diego Velasquez and two Jeronimite Fathers who accompanied his expedition, but no details record the observance. Bartolome de las Casas, later Bishop of Chiapa and author of a controversial *Historia de las Indias*, who was also present, makes no mention of the ceremonies. Jamaica was settled in 1509 and Tierra Firme (Panama) in 1514, and as the Church accompanied the temporal power in Spanish explorations, these years mark the commencement of Yuletide observances in the cited colonies.

IN MEXICO

In Mexico, the two earliest recorded expeditions (for Pinzon may have landed in 1506 on the Caribbean coast of Yucatan and the survivors of Valdivia's shipwreck in the same vicinity had spent eight years in captivity among the aborigines), those of Hernandez de Cordoba and Juan de Grijalva, respectively, were not on the mainland at Christmas time. Hernan Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, reached the native holy island of Cozumel, off Yucatan, in the last days of February, 1519, and San Juan de Ulua, near Vera Cruz, on Holy Thursday, April 21st. In July Cortés destroyed his fleet, to make the decision irrevocable, giving to all languages a new phrase illustrative of deliberate courage and self-disciplined leadership. Christmas, 1519, was spent in Tenochtitlan, now the site of Mexico City, in the palace of the Aztec Emperor, Moctezuma. The forlorn hope had triumphed and although the *Noche Triste* and other perils lay ahead, the little Spanish army had fought its way through massed Aztec hordes, defeated the Spartans of Mexico, the Tlascalans, and made them allies, escaped the ambush at Cholula and by sheer cool courage had marched into the capital of a monarch who commanded a million warriors, and imprisoned him! The Aztec retained only the forms of his hitherto absolute power; to approach his presence, his subjects must pass through the Spanish guard.

Father Olmedo, chaplain of the expedition, celebrated the Nativity at an altar set up in a courtyard of the Aztec palace. In such alien surroundings, with many of the auditors homesick suddenly for Spain, the observance of Christmas came to Mexico.

IN CENTRAL AMERICA

The principal lieutenant of Cortés, Pedro de Alvarado, became in his own right the discoverer and conqueror of Guatemala and El Salvador, peopled by Indian nations as warlike but further advanced in scientific attainment than the Aztecs. In December, 1523, the conquest of Mexico was an accomplished fact, the son of Badajoz had proven himself one of the Great Captains of all time. Hernan Cortés, Marquis of the Valley, sent his principal subordinate to open a way southward toward Soconusco, "which latter is on the coast of the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), near where Pedrarias Davila is Your Highnesses' Governor (Panama)" as the Conquistador wrote the Emperor Charles V. Alvarado left Mexico City on December 6th, 1523. By this time Spanish customs were firmly established, settlers were arriving to supplant the troops, mission schools had been opened and zealous brethren of the Cloth had translated the Gospels into the Indian tongues. The Nativity was a major feast, to which the color of Mexico had been added. The gentle God who asked no human sacrifice was taken to the hearts of the converted.

Pedro de Alvarado and his little force (80 horse, 200 foot) spent the Christmas of 1523 in the Province of Tehuantepec, on the isthmus of that name, and early in January crossed the Suchiate River to enter the Kingdoms of the Quiche, Tzutuhil and Catchiquel peoples. By July 25th, 1524, the first Spanish capital of Central America was established at Iximche. The Christmas of that year was spent in the field, in the furiously disputed campaign against the Pokomans, whose headquarters at Mixco, in the upper Motagua Valley, was as near impregnable as any aboriginal fortress assaulted by Spanish arms in the Americas. Christmas of

1525 was passed in the temporary capital of Xepau, in the mountains of Guatemala, and for the first time ceremony entered the Spartan regime of Alvarado's men, for the Guatemalan campaigns were marked by constant Indian surprises and ambushes. In the following year, Alvarado attended Christmas Mass in Mexico City, as guest of Cortés, as he made preparation to sail to Spain to report on the conquest of Guatemala.

IN SOUTH AMERICA

The earliest anniversaries of the Natal Day of the Redeemer among the Spanish explorers were in periods of tribulation and danger. En route to his deathless fame in Peru, Francisco Pizarro established his first camp on the coast of Ecuador. Christmas, 1524, was spent amid conditions of appalling hunger, while disease took great toll of the soldiers. Pizarro was inspiration, provider, nurse and consoler of the dying. In the continuous rain, the Cross erected on the beach shone in the tropical daylight, while the physically fit carried their companions who were ill to hear their leader recite the tribulations of Him Whose standard they bore, together with the Yoke and Arrows of Spain. Five more Christmas Days in desolate or dangerous surroundings followed before the Captain General of Peru stood before the Emperor to receive Royal approval of his conquests and further plans. On Christmas of 1529 Pizarro was outfitting his expedition in Sevilla; the following year saw him in Panama, taking time out for devotions from his feud with Pedrarias Davila, Governor of Tierra Firme. Two years later the Christmas Day found the Inca usurper, Atahualpa, defeated, and Pizarro master of Peru.

IN THE UNITED STATES

The first Nativity observances in the territory of what is today the United States of America were those of the Spanish explorers and settlers of Florida, Texas and New Mexico. A half-century later the first English expeditions wintered on American shores. Disregarding the coasting

voyages of Denis de Honfleur, the Cabots and others who charted the coast but did not proceed inland or form settlements, the first Christmas observance in Anglo-America was



PIZARRO ON THE COAST OF ECUADOR IN 1526.

that of the Raleigh-Lane settlement on Roanoke Island, in 1585. The French and English colonists also found their first Christmas Day in America one of privation and suffering; in place of rain, heat and pestilence, they endured unprecedented cold, scurvy and near starvation. After nearly a year on

Roanoke Island, Ralph Lane and his companions in adventure were hungry and nigh to desperation when rescued by Francis Drake, returning from a freebooting expedition in the Caribbean. Two years later Sir Walter Raleigh sent out another expedition, under Governor John White, which also wintered on Roanoke Island. This group disappeared, leaving behind a log carved with the word "Croatan," the subject of innumerable legends and conjecture. In 1607 Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of England, sponsored an expedition which landed at the mouth of the Kennebec River in Maine, where they spent a miserable Christmas in the deep snow about their inadequate cabins. The settlers abandoned the project in February, 1608, and returned to England. The story of the founding of Jamestown, in 1607, is well known. The Puritans came ashore at Plymouth, a site marked by Captain John Smith, six years previously, one week before Christmas in 1620. The winter was a terrible one; fifty-one of the hundred colonists died before a friendly Indian gave the survivors a remedy for scurvy.

IN CANADA

The first Canadian celebration of Christmas Day was that of Jacques Cartier and his men, on his second voyage in 1635 when he visited the site of Montreal. The French explorer returned to his base camp at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and found an antagonist with whom all his skill could not cope—the Canadian winter. Snow covered the French huts and sheathed their ships in ice. Twenty-five of his one hundred and ten men died before spring permitted a homeward voyage to St. Malo. In such circumstances: enduring hunger and constant danger, the pioneers of England, France and Spain passed their first Christmases on these western shores, no doubt meditating on the sufferings of Him in Whose Name each of their expeditions had been blessed and wished Godspeed.

A SIGN UNTO YOU

By PAUL KAY

RITA SMYTHE was a walking challenge to the inadequacy of the English language. The French, no doubt, would have "beaucouped" her to the skies; The Germans might have stolidly murmured "hubsch" and in futility let her go at that; the dwellers 'neath blue Italian skies could have "bella bella'd" superlatively; The Greeks certainly had a word for her;—but those unfortunates whose only vehicle for the conveyance of thought was good old common sense English, well, they just looked at Rita and began treading clouds in dumb helplessness. Poor unfortunates! They didn't have the words, but then, they had Rita Smythe.

Rita gladdened the hearts of those who sought their livelihood in the offices and chambers of Madison avenue in Manhattan, for Rita worked there. She sent the locals of Shreveport, New Jersey into raptures, for that was where Heaven had destined Rita to dwell.

.

The twenty-fourth of December. On the darkest of all the dark nights of a dimmed out year, two men kept vigil on Main Street between Crestview and First Place in Jersey's happy hollow of the hills, Shreveport. One was Aloysius Prentiss MacGinty, Aloysius from the Saint of the same name; Prentiss from a lone Protestant forbear, and MacGinty because it was his name. None of which mattered since his trade name was Slug. Like all slugs this one would not work in any machine that was on an honest basis; but any easy dollars that were to be had for an occasional "job" always found Slug among the takers. By desire, if by nothing else, Slug belonged to the class of rich and uneasy. His companion of the evening was Finn Gallup, who was called Short, since he was so physically and usually, financially.

Whether his first name denoted ancestry or a slang exchange for five greenbacks of the realm was not clear. These were the watchers of the night, not eight o'clock twilight or 10 o'clock evening, but twelve o'clock night.

.

In no way intruding on the kitchen, not in the least seeking culinary communiqué, someone at this point might raise the question. What's cookin'?

Slug and Short were hungry. There's only one thing worse than being hungry, and they were that too. They were flat broke. The care free spirit of Christmas-tide, the excitement of Christmas buying, the love of man that is re-born every Christmas were things not unknown to Slug and Short. Not that these things awakened any sentiments in their manly bosoms; no, these things merely convinced them that now was the time for easy pickings. People grew careless at this season of the year; they did not lock windows, they left valuables in available positions, they slept the heavy sleep of the just worn out.

.

Slug bent a few of his six feet and over down to the acquaintance of his bosom and muttered.

"Now, get this. I'll jimmy the window. You ease in and unlatch that door. If you value your physical welfare you'll make no mistakes. They might be unnecessarily fatal."

Slug, you can see, spoke like a gentleman. His associates sometimes had difficulty understanding him. Short gathered in the general harvest of his remarks and siloed them for future consumption. He shook his head.

"What window?" he asked.

.

A street lamp intruded on the privacy of the room in which Rita Smythe slept the sleep of the good and beautiful. The rude light fell upon blonde locks, like unminted gold,

that covered with richness her shapely head. The sounds of heavy feet caused her to move restless upon her bed. More sounds as of far-off revelry and Rita opened her eyes. She listened. Those noises were not far off. They were in this very house.

She got up quietly, put on her slippers, wrapped a robe about her and made her way to the head of the stairs. There she paused and listened. With a shrug of her shoulders she began to walk quietly downstairs.

.

One glance was all she needed. Quickly, yet noiselessly, she flew up the steps, glided to her room, and in nervous haste sought paper and pencil. In the street lamp reflection she began to write, feverishly.

Slug and Short had heartily sampled the provender of a generous ice-box and found it to their liking. Now, with the warmth of full stomachs, they eased out of the house, loaded down with valuables which they estimated rather indefinitely as a good haul. Slug closed the door behind him, the true professional touch, and as he did so he heard a hollow thud and saw Short, two feet in front of him, hit the ground. An ebony paper-weight lay beside Short as he sat on the turf and more in anger than in pain massaged a sizeable lump that had sprung up on his dome. Slug picked up the paperweight, noticing as he did so, a wrinkled piece of paper that had apparently encased the missile. A window, suspiciously open, gaped at both of them from above.

.

One hour later Slug and company strode into a Hamburger shop that catered to the all night trade. Slug still clutched in his angry hand a small wrinkled piece of paper. Now he noticed for the first time that there was writing on it. Sleepily he let his eyes wander over the scarcely legible lines.

"I saw you. You didn't know it. I work in New York

City with other girls. There is a big store and we are Angels. Mr. Cohen is the boss. He says we help the trade. What does that mean? I live with my Aunt Rose. I know you. You are Santa Claus helpers. Please tell him to bring back my daddy. My daddy is fighting the war. I am five years old. My Aunt Rose says I know too much for my age. What does that mean? My name is Rita."

.

It took some persuading but Slug finally got Short back to that house in Shreveport. That Slug put what had been a good haul back inside the door does not seem so important. But the look that was in their eyes, as they glanced up at that open window, seemed to say that this was for Slug and Short a truly Merry Christmas.

"Out of the mouth of the Mother of God
Like a little word come I;
For I go gathering Christian men
From sunken paving and ford and fen,
To die in a battle, God knows when,
By God, but I know why.

"And this is the word of Mary,
The word of the world's desire:
'No more of comfort shall ye get,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher.'"

G.K.C., *Ballad of the White Horse.*

POWER — THE NOTRE DAME MYSTERY

By "NOSTRODAMUS."

"Symbol or energy, the Virgin has acted as the greatest force the Western world has ever felt, and has drawn man's activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural.

"All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres."

Henry Adams (The Education of H.A.)

IT IS the business of both science and authentic humanism to follow the track of an energy; to find where it comes from and where it goes; its complex source and shifting channels; its values, equivalents, conversions. As a mathematical problem of influence on human affairs, what strange, occult power in the dark ages swept thirteen million men across mediaeval Europe chanting the "Salve Regina" as they battled with this battle-hymn to the very grave of Christ? By action on man all known force may be measured: how then perplexingly account for the weird dynamic that, with barbarian hands, raised throughout all Europe the vast stone orchestrations known as the cathedrals of Notre Dame? What is the answer to Joan of Arc and her triumphant standard of the Ghesu-Marie? To that answer de Gaulle and Fighting France has committed, under the cross of Lorraine, the aspirations of their stricken cause. What force led Christopher Columbus across uncharted wastes in the little frail caravel *Santa Maria*? What instinct led Maisonneuve to build, in the midst of the Iroquois, his brave little *Ville Marie*; and Breboeuf to raise in the gloom of the savage forest little Fort *Ste. Marie*, historic heart of heroic Huronia? Ask Dr. Alexis Carrel the significance, to the scientific mind, of Lourdes. Could it be that the great university of Indiana had something even more subtle than the ethos of Knute Rockne in its victorious swing across America? What strange fire characterises the Hounds of Notre Dame at Wilcox (R.C.A.F. authorities at Ottawa are reported to have felt at first the title "undignified")

for the cadet unit; they were forthrightly put "straight")? Most of us recall the slightly reluctant tribute made years ago by John Ruskin to the *mystifying* power working within the Catholic Church:

"I am persuaded that the veneration of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or fallacy of the idea; I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of, the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies, we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name.'"

Human language could scarcely articulate reality more beautifully than the two well-known verses:

"And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood
So mild, so merciful, so strong, loving, pure—
This was enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world has known before."

—Longfellow.

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified—
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

—Wordsworth.

Recently "Fortune"—the leading great secular review—instituted an investigation of the supreme influence of Mary over mankind. We propose to submit, in the next issue of the "Lilies" the altogether remarkable account of their findings.

A.D. 1095

THE AUTHENTIC BATTLE HYMN
OF THE CRUSADERS

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy,
our life, our sweetness and our hope!
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve,
to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Turn, then, O most gracious Advocate,
thine eyes of mercy towards us,
and after this our exile,
show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb.



A.D. 1145

In launching the Second Crusade Bernard of Clairvaux added to the battle hymn the words:

O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary!

TO BROTHER ANDRÉ EVERY DAY WAS CHRISTMAS

By ARNOLD E. TONER

WELL I remember the joyful sensation it always gave me as its twinkling candle light guided my approach to the old homestead where I would join my dear ones for Christmas. What joy as I stepped on the veranda and gripped the knob of the door that, to me, was the door of Heaven! Who wouldn't say, on such an occasion: "Too bad Christmas can't come every day!"

This year, especially, many a son and daughter will not be able to join the family for that Feast of feasts, called Christmas. Far from their homeland, they will think of home; in spirit they will drift off to the home window lights, the drifting snow, the dear faces and places; they will hear your jokes, your Christmas tales, both serious and hilarious and would just love to tell you a Christmas story that would add a note to your Christmas joy.

The writer belongs to the ranks of those who must accept being absent from home on Christmas. So, in the name of all the absent ones, he would like to relate a Christmas tale, hoping to cheer every home where there is a missing son or daughter on Christmas Day.

The story concerns a benefactor of humanity: Brother André, whom our people christened "The Miracle Man of Montreal." You have all heard of him. Maybe you met him during a visit to his world-famed Shrine. Interesting things could be said about him, but for the moment we are simply interested with the question: "What was Christmas to Brother André?"

I once asked that question of a gentleman who had known the Brother very intimately, and here is what he told me: "I never noticed anything very unusual in the way Brother André observed Christmas. I do remember, though,

that Christmas was the only time he used to wear a surplice. After the Crypt was built, he always followed his spiritual exercises behind the altar, where no one but his own confreres could see him. But at Midnight Mass, all the Religious used to march to the foot of the altar to receive Holy Communion; Brother André then took his rank with the others, and on this occasion, he always wore a surplice. That I remember well, for we were all so anxious to see him march out into view."

There was nothing very unusual in the way Brother André observed Christmas. To him, Christmas was, above all, Christ's Mass; and nobody ever realized more perfectly than he, that Christ's Mass is offered in some part of the world at every instant of every day. Hence Brother André's was a perpetual Christmas.

No doubt, Brother André loved Saint Joseph, in whom he found a powerful friend, but he possessed a far greater friend in the Person of Jesus of the Blessed Sacrament. It is quite natural that the laity would be unaware of his love for the Blessed Eucharist, for he always remained behind the altar to receive Holy Communion. But his fellow Religious knew that he intensely loved the Blessed Sacrament. Every morning, at 5.30, the Brother would find his way to the same pew behind the altar. Routine never caused him to become indifferent, for every day brought Christmas; Christ's Mass and Banquet where André's greatest Friend would come to greet him. And on these occasions, even Saint Joseph stood aside lest he intrude on what transpired between Brother André and his Divine Guest. After Holy Communion, the old Brother would kneel there for hours; with his head in his arms, he remained absolutely still.

While chatting with a priest whom Brother André used to visit every summer, I was quite astonished to hear him ask me: "Did I ever tell you how Brother André inaugurated the weekly Holy Hour in my parish?" "Do tell me about it, Father, for I can hardly believe it," said I, and, on hearing this remark my delightful guest began:

"Brother André used to come to my home every summer. The story has to do with Brother André's first visit to my home. My church and home are rather oddly situated on a hill much higher than the surrounding regions. Brother and I arrived by car on a beautiful summer evening. We parked the car at the foot of the path that winds up the hill, and then started to walk to the church. The old Brother seemed very jolly, and we were chatting and enjoying ourselves immensely, when all of a sudden he stopped very abruptly.

"'Father, at what time do you have your devotions in the church to-night?' asked Brother André. I got kind of fidgety, but managed to stammer: 'What devotions?'—Aren't you going to have any devotions in your Church tonight?'—'Brother André', said I, 'this is a week day; we never have anything special on week days.'

"His face grew rather sad, but I could still detect a little smile in the corner of his eye as he added: 'Father, aren't you going to light up God's House tonight?' And without waiting for my answer, he turned quickly and fixed his gaze on the valley below, where rows of houses nestled close to the mountain.

"A light could be seen shining in every window, and no doubt a stray beam penetrated the old Brother's eye, for he sure got a brilliant idea: 'Father, look at all the homes down there; they are all lit up. Those people like to chat among themselves and receive their friends; that is why they light up their homes. Don't you think they might like to come up and visit God's Home? I bet they would, if you would only light up your church. Do you ever have a Holy Hour for your people?'—'Oh yes, Brother, we do have one on the first Thursday of every month.'

"I was glad to be able to tell him that much, and he seemed rather pleased to hear it, for he continued: 'Almighty God is very glad of that, but He is not satisfied. He wants you to have a Holy Hour every week'. I was convinced it would be impossible, so it was my turn to take the lead in the conversation: 'Brother, there is not a parish in the dio-

cese that has a weekly Holy Hour. We have all we can do to get the people here on Sundays and Holy Days. Do you think I am going to play the idiot and be laughed at by the whole country?"

"Maybe he didn't know enough English to follow my eloquence. In any case, he didn't fight me on my own grounds for he was as cunning as a fox. 'Father,' said he, if you don't mind, we shall amuse ourselves right here, on this part, tonight; we shall have a good time; for I refuse to take another step until you promise me you are going to preach a weekly Holy Hour to your people'

"I brought out all the arguments I could think of, but he didn't even hear them. I finally became desperate and promised that I would begin the weekly Holy Hour.

"Brother André had won out; but, as a conqueror, he suddenly became very condescending as he told me how Almighty God was going to bless my effort—I was going to please God, and God was going to please me. Since then I have often thought that while the old Brother worked that promise from me, he also made some important arrangements with Saint Joseph. For, really, the Holy Hour was the cause of a beautiful renovation of faith throughout my parish. To my great surprise, the church was packed every Thursday night. Not only did my parishioners come, but hundreds came from the surrounding parishes. Before we started this devotion, only one-fourth of my people used to frequent the Sacraments. Today, more than nine-tenths of the people are weekly communicants, and many of these receive daily."

This story shows clearly that Brother André was pre-occupied with making the Blessed Eucharist better known and loved.

Brother André used to leave his office about 5.30 p.m., so as to have time for his spiritual exercises before supper. Supper over, he then left to visit the sick. Rarely did he get home without meeting friends and every Friday night, those friends were invited to the Shrine, where they would accompany him in his Holy Hour. The Brother chose Friday, for

his love for the Eucharist was impregnated with a love for the sufferings of the Master.

It will always be Christmas as long as Christ says His Mass; there will always be a Christmas dinner as long as Christ finishes His Mass by inviting His guests to His Banquet Table. Mothers and Fathers, should your Christmas be saddened by the absence of a loving son or daughter, why not ask God to have your child meet you at the Holy Table. No space can separate us there; there you may meet your absent one every day of your lives if only you go to meet each other. At that Banquet, you will feel intimately united and partake of unearthly Food far sweeter than the dainties Mother makes. With Brother André, learn that it is always Christmas, for Christ is always saying Mass and throwing Banquets.

IN MEMORIAM

Canada's War Dead.

. . . . "all the wide town o'er,
Each home that sent its master far away
 From Hellas' shore
Feels the keen thrill of heart, the pang of loss, to-day.
 For, truth to say,
The touch of bitter death is manifold!
Familiar was each face, and dear as life,
 That went into the war,
But thither, whence a warrior went of old,
 Doth nought return—
Only a spear and sword, and ashes in an urn!"

—Aeschylus.

BOMBS OVER MALTA*

By SPIRIDION GRECH.

MALTA, island of prime importance in the history of Europe since before the birth of Christ, is now, as it has ever been, a vital point in the war-torn Mediterranean



R.A.F. airmen admire Malta's famous memorial to the 1913 Eucharistic Congress.

area. Malta, guardian of the channel between Sicily and Tunisia, is in a position to control to a great extent the traffic between the eastern and western halves of the Mediterranean Sea. Malta, pillar of Christianity, though conquered times without number, has been almost wholly Roman Catholic since its inhabitants were first converted to the Faith by Saint Paul, who was shipwrecked on the island in the year 62 A.D. Malta, home of courageous but peaceful men, is once again under siege; this time, however, a new and more deadly kind

of siege—aerial bombardment.

In order to understand Malta's present role, a brief history of the island is in order. It was settled by the Phoenicians more than 1,000 years before the birth of Christ, and since then has been held by the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, and the Saracens. Each in turn left its monuments in the architecture of the island, and even now these stand

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as reminders of the joys and tragedies woven into the fabric of Malta's history.

In ancient times, Malta derived its importance from its position directly on the route from Syracuse to Tripoli, and for that reason was a controlling force in the commerce of the old world centred about Greece and Rome.

The Maltese have always found it necessary to make the most of what little they had at their disposal, and when recently they were first subjected to heavy bombing attacks, they set about converting the catacombs and other underground passages into extremely efficient and comfortable air-raid shelters. These have been constructed largely from passages that were hewn in the solid rock by the Knights of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, who were entrusted with the guardianship of Malta by Emperor Charles V. of Spain in the year 1530, and who defended it until the French, under Napoleon Bonaparte, occupied it in 1798.

The largest of these shelters is under the city of Valletta, and is so great in extent that it is, in actuality, an underground city. The original tunnels have been excavated and widened, and cubicles have been cut along the sides of the tunnels so that they now resemble hotel corridors of almost interminable length. The corridors are lined on both sides by grated doorways leading to the cubicles. Probably one of the smallest chapels in the world is conducted in one of these niches, for it is only large enough to hold a tiny altar and about three men.

All activities of a normal city are conducted in this city of safety, beneath Valletta, where bombs fall incessantly in air attacks. Births, baptisms, and marriages take place beneath its stone arches, and the city's inhabitants find comfort in prayer and simple forms of recreation. There the rites of the Church are celebrated during air-raids.

In peace time, Malta's life is a quaint mixture of the old and the new. The island's sporting life is a composite of American and British forms, some of the most popular games

being soccer, water polo, boat racing, cricket, golf, field hockey, tennis, boxing, and horse racing.

To pass the time during air-raids, many of the Maltese play various card games, and these aid tremendously in the building of civilian morale.

Although the inhabitants of this tiny spot in the Mediterranean retain in use the two-wheeled donkey-carts and gondola-like boats of their ancestors, the Maltese are not at all backward in music and the other arts. One of the most pleasant discoveries made by a visitor to the island is that an amazingly large percentage of the population is quite familiar with classical music. It is not at all unusual to hear snatches of opera or other forms of music sung or whistled in the streets of the cities.



*Maltese Lady wearing
Ghonnella or Faldetta.*

The Maltese women still wear a peculiar type of headdress. Known as the *ghonnella*, a sort of hybrid awning and sunbonnet, it consists of a semi-circle frame, supported by the head and shoulders, over which is draped a voluminous piece of silk that extends to the ground like a cape. The lower portion of the cloak is commonly held in one hand to prevent it from touching the ground. The color of the *ghonnella*, or *faldetta*, as it is sometimes called, is black on all parts of the island with the exception of the cities of Zabbar and Zeitun, where it is blue.

It is believed that Maltese women adopted this garment at the time of the Napoleonic invasion in an effort to hide their womanly charms from the eyes of the covetous French soldiers. Although the garment is still in common use, the younger generation is abandoning it in favor of the more modern dress.

New York creations will no doubt make their appearance shortly.

Religious life takes its place in Malta as one of the most important phases of existence. One of the largest domes on any church in the world was built by the Maltese on the church at Musta. It is of the classical style, built in the middle of the last century, and the size of the dome compares with those of St. Sophia, in Istanbul, and St. Peter's, in Rome. The dome is higher than that of the Roman Pantheon, and exceeds by sixteen feet the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's, in London.

On June 29, the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, the *Imnaria* races are run over a straight, hard, up-hill course to the great square of Notabile. Horses and donkeys vie for the banner of victory, which is handed down, from his box, by the Governor of Malta to the winning competitors. Great crowds of spectators watch the races from boxes which flank the Governor's. The long, narrow, vari-colored pieces of brocade, given as prizes, are taken back to the home village by the winners, and there used as altar cloths in the parish church.

During mid-Lent, the carnival festivals common to other Mediterranean places are enhanced by the special features that depict historical happenings on Malta. One of these is the *Parata* dance in the Palace Square, which symbolizes the capture of a Maltese bride by a Moslem corsair.

Despite the cosmopolitan history of the Maltese, they have held tenaciously to their ancient Semitic tongue. They have incorporated many foreign words into the language, but the structure of the ancient Phoenician remains, and in all practicality the spoken word is the same as that used by Dido and Hannibal.



LILIUM REGIS

O LILY of the King! low lies thy silver wing
And long has been the hour of thine unqueening;
And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,
Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.
O Lily of the King! I speak a heavy thing,
O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,
And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,
With the mercies of the King for thine awning;
And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,
Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.
When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark.
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters!

O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!
But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower that dawn-
winds shake,
And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.
O Lily of the King, remember then the thing
That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,
As they dance before His way sing there on the Day
What I sang when the Night was on the waters!

Francis Thompson.

BETHLEHEM

A LITTLE road, moon-silvered in the gloom,
A rocky cave, 'neath cold and wintry sky,
A dim interior, shadowed, faintly-lit,
Its silence broken by a Child's first cry.

And then — sweet sounds of viol, lute and harp
While Mary Mother kneels in tender awe;
Triumphal angel voices ringing clear
Above the Infant pillowed on the straw.

His little Hands chilled by the icy blast,
His Feet slow-warmed by the fragrant breath
Of kindly ox and ass; (my grief that I
Shall see them yet nail-pierced and pale in death!)

Joseph adores but Mary's mother eyes
Are wet; for that she, sorrowing, will know
One bitter day when the dear Head of gold
Must be thorn-crowned, blood-stained and bowed in woe.

A starry night, a little twisted road,
Moon-silvered and with jewelled frost agleam;
A rocky cave, 'neath cold and wintry sky,
Shrining the dear fulfilment of a dream.

Nora Ni Chathain.

SAINT JOSEPH AT THE CRIB

ETERNAL Son of God! O Child Divine!
Who hast selected me as Thy defence,
And to Thy Mother dost as guard assign,
As well as witness to her innocence;
As long as I shall here remain pilgrim,
The only joy I'll seek in my exile
Shall be to yield me to Thy every whim,
And to call forth Thy sweet and childlike smile.

Stretch forth Thy little hand, and on my soul
The impress of Thy child-like virtues leave,
So that when I shall reach my earthly goal,
The guerdon of my victory to receive,
The angels at my heavenly generation
May see in me a child of Thy salvation.

T. Hurley.

IMMACULATE

IMMACULATE! In strains of joy
We sing to Thee, Creation's best,
Forever free from sin's alloy,
Mother of God above all blest.

Immaculate! The stars that shine
From out the purple dome of night
Boast not a glory such as Thine—
Lustre of morning! Queen of light!

Immaculate! Sweet name of peace
That sweeps melodiously along,
With varied cadence to increase,
The raptures of angelic song.

Immaculate! We hail the day
When darkness fell before Thine eyes,
And hell and death have lost their sway—
True Eve! In all thy beauty rise!

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.





To write fittingly of Father Thomas F. Battle's prismatic career would require true versatility. Father Thomas F. Battle, after almost a quarter of a century of building up that genial and witty personality which is himself, was ordained priest and began a new and richer life of service and good-will. The celebration of the 25th anniversary of his ordination has given a long awaited opportunity to his many friends of offering their congratulations and their appreciation of his interest and kindness to them. Orator, writer, sportsman, organizer (could we not too say poet for his prose has an imaginative and rhythmical quality almost poetical and a style which is typically "Battalion") Father Battle is above all a priest. His work has shown the untiring zeal of a shepherd of souls and his heroic and selfless devotion to the stricken during the epidemic of '18 is indication of the apostolic spirit.

It is with a special pleasure that we offer our tribute to one whose lively wit and indefatigable pen have so often enriched the pages of our magazine and we join our prayers and good wishes to those who on his Silver Jubilee have wished him joy until the years bring his Golden Jubilee another occasion of happiness.

To celebrate the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of St. Michael's Hospital on October 4th, the Solemnity of the Feast of St. Michael, the good friends of St. Michael's Hospital and School of Nursing gathered around the altar in St. Michael's Cathedral, to offer grateful thanks to God for past blessings, and to petition Him for His loving Providence in the future.

Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan assisted by Right Reverend E. M. Brennan, D.P. The honorary deacons were Reverend M. F. Mogan, the present chaplain of the hospital, and Very Reverend F. V. Allen. The master of ceremonies was Reverend G. R. Quinlan; deacon, Reverend John Culnan; sub-deacon,

Reverend Bernard Cox, and cross-bearer, Reverend F. McKay. Reverend Father A. E. McQuillen, Rector of the Cathedral, preached an eloquent and interesting sermon, explaining the origin of Jubilee celebrations. He sketched the history of the Hospital, the earliest staff of Sisters, Doctors, Nurses and those generous benefactors who made possible the foundation of the hospital and whose names have an honoured place in its story.

The members of the Advisory Board and their wives, and St. Michael's Hospital Staff Doctors and their wives, the Alumnae, the Women's Auxiliary, the Interne and the Dietetic Staffs, and the Student Nurses of St. Michael's Hospital, were present at the Mass. Among the guests were members of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, of the City Council, of the Provincial and City Departments of Health, of the University of Toronto, of the Canadian Red Cross Society, of the city Hospital Staffs and Schools of Nursing, of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses Association, and of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

The Cathedral choir, under the direction of Reverend Dr. Ronan, rendered the "Mass of the Angels" and led in the singing of the hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," by hundreds of enthusiastic voices, which filled the Cathedral with the glorious paean.

Friends of St. Michael's thronged to the hospital after Mass, and passing through the Main entrance up into the foyer, were greeted by Rev. Mother Margaret, Mother General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Sister Superior and the Superintendent of the hospital and other members of the Staff. Lunch was served by the ladies of the Women's Auxiliary in the Assembly Hall. Interesting and numerous were the reminiscences of those whose connection with St. Michael's extended back over many years of its history. Undoubtedly the places of honor there belonged to the Hon. H. T. Kelly, K.C.S.G., who was a member of the first Advisory Board of the Hospital, and to Miss Elizabeth O'Leary, a member of the first class of Nurses to be graduated from its training school. The Members of the earliest staff of Sisters, Doctors and Nurses have all gone to their home in eternity, yet on that Jubilee day it did not seem that they were absent, so often were their names and work recalled. The Hospital building has changed completely since they left it but the same spirit of enthusiastic loyalty which they tried to instil in their associates was much in evidence on St. Michael's Golden

Anniversary. The long corridors of the new wing were enlivened for hours by happy groups of people making glad the day of Jubilee, as they visited various parts of the hospital escorted by Members of the Alumnae.

The ceremonies of the day closed with Solemn Benediction in the Hospital Chapel, Right Reverend M. Cline, D.P., being celebrant and Very Reverend H. Fleming, C.Ss.R., and Reverend L. Bondy, C.S.B., deacon and sub-deacon. Many bowed in thanksgiving before our Eucharistic Lord, thought again of those whose self-sacrifice and labour had made possible the realization of their dream, the present St. Michael's with its beautiful chapel around which the manifold works of the hospital converge.

Archbishop Duke, of Vancouver, visited us recently, renewing acquaintance with the numerous Sisters who have laboured in his diocese. These experienced a genuine pleasure in the re-union with one to whose fatherly guidance and able support, they owed so much in their efforts for the Church in the Far West.

In answer to the many inquiries, His Excellency gave the most recent news of the diocese, located for interested teachers, their former pupils—many of whom are in seminaries, or convents, or in War Departments,—and described the work of other Religious Congregations who are united to our Sisters by an inexplainable bond. Inexplainable, for, to quote the Very Rev. Joseph McDonagh, who accompanied His Excellency, "it is difficult to make our friends understand the vast difference between the settled East and the struggling West." Incidentally, Archbishop Duke is a strong force in eliminating that difference.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

On October fourteenth the Knights of Columbus gave their annual treat at the House of Providence. At 2.30 p.m. our Archbishop, the Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan, Rev. Father Allen, Rev. Father Bagnasco, Grand Knight Mr. Gleason Smith, Past Grand Knight Mr. T. Creighton, Mr. W. O'Brien, Dr. O'Connor, with forty-five Knights, assembled in the Women's Hall for an enjoyable entertainment, followed by the distribution of presents—a box of candy for each lady, pipes, tobacco or cigarettes for the men. A chicken dinner with all accessories followed.



DELEGATIO APOSTOLICA

OTTAWA (CANADA) October 1, 1942.
520 Driveway

N. 2756/42

Rev. Mother,

I have been told that St. Michael's Hospital is celebrating its golden jubilee.

The annals of this Institution show that the good Sisters of St. Joseph have accomplished a meritorious work during half a century in assisting the suffering members of Society in a spirit of christian charity and of human brotherhood.

It is therefore my pleasant duty to extend to the Direction of the Hospital the sentiments of warm appreciation for what has already been done, with the fervent wishes that the christian ideal of charity will always inspire all those concerned with the charitable Institution.

In the name of the Holy Father I send to the Sisters, staff and patients of St. Michael's Hospital a particular blessing.

Rev. Mother Superior of
St. Michael's Hospital,
Toronto, Ontario.

+ *Alvando Antonetti*
for Archbishop of Symrna
Apost. Delegate

At seven in the evening there was a repetition of the afternoon concert given in the Men's Hall. The Magician, Mr. Giordmaine; the Scotch comedian, Mr. Hamilton; the Irish comedian, Mr. David, gave hearty laughs and keen enjoyment to a large audience.

The picture, featuring Dianna Durbin, "It Started With Eve," arranged for by Dr. Harold Murphy, was appreciated too. Cigars were given to each man as he left the hall.

The chairman, Mr. Vincent Reid and his assistant, Mr. Wall, proved themselves capable of handling a successful day.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

In October of this year the annual retreat for the pupils of St. Joseph's High School was held for two and one-half days in St. Mary's Chapel and was given by the Reverend Father Monaghan.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

At a Sodality meeting held on September 18th, the election of officers took place:

President	Miss Emelia Longo
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss Eleanora Izzo
1st Vice-President	Miss Helen Yeo
2nd Vice-President	Miss June Crampton
3rd Vice-President	Miss Monica Taylor
Sacristan	Miss Bernadette Burke

Since the installation of Miss Izzo in office, striking posters have been going up everywhere. There is one deserving special mention, placed near the way to the chapel, "Just a Minute! Let's make a visit to the Chapel." It gets results. At the meeting Rev. A. Clancy, our chaplain, gave a talk on the role of women in the world to-day. Dates were set for choir practice, for Retreat, an executive meeting, various committees chosen and the adoption of an army chaplain discussed. The latter the result of the attendance of the executive at the C.Y.O. Rally held at St. Joseph's Convent, when Father Lord addressed the group.

* * *

The annual closed Retreat, held Sept. 28th to Oct. 5th, was conducted by Rev. L. Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary. The music during the Retreat was by the Nurses' Choir and Father Ronan's New Jubilee Hymnal was used.

Another Sodality meeting was held on October ninth. Our Chaplain gave a talk on the Rosary, and Miss Crampton an account of Father Lord's address. The guest speaker was Rev. Father Sharkey of St. Francis Xavier Mission, who spoke on "The Difficulties of the Missionary." Plans were made for the Sodality Dance in November; and Friday was selected for attendance at Mass during November. Light refreshments were served.

* * *

Miss Verona Smith is taking a course this year at the University of Toronto.

* * *

The Hallowe'en Concert provided fun and amusement for all. The evening entertainment consisted of offerings from each Class with much good-natured rivalry. The Preliminary students were greatly applauded.

* * *

The Alumnae are holding a Bingo at Columbus Hall, the proceeds to be used for charitable purposes.

* * *

Our pet charities will profit from the Nurses' Sodality Dance to be held in Columbus Hall in November.

ST. CATHARINES.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT SCHOOL.

In honour of Our Lady of the Rosary the children of the Convent School gave a play on the Rosary. Rose Marie Morrison as Reader, Janet Clinton as St. Dominic, and Anne Brennan as the Blessed Virgin, took the leading parts among a cast of thirty-three.

* * *

The Radio broadcast every Friday is looked forward to by all. "Jean Mance" was the first lecture we heard.

* * *

Nurses, witches, clowns, gypsies, ghosts, pirates mingled with fairy tale characters at the Hallowe'en Party on October thirtieth and all enjoyed the parade, the games and the candy and cakes.

* * *

Annabelle Gooch sings at our school concerts and also at the meetings of the C.W.L. And Annabelle just five birth-days old, is already a prima donna.

ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL.

On October second the girls of Room Four gave a mission play, "Mission Lands Are Calling Us." The girls carried posters of the countries—foreign and home—singing a song for each. The aim was to encourage prayer and alms for the missions. All the pupils in the school were present and the result—a heavy mite box.

The following day the play was given in St. Joseph's Academy—result, more money for the missions. Half the proceeds of the mite box was left in the room visited.

* * *

Mr. Scanlon visited our school the last week in October.

* * *

Room Four gave a short mission play and a Victory Loan Sketch on October 30th. Prizes were given for the best costumes.

* * *

The Victory Loan Drive conducted during Victory Loan Week netted \$245.50.

ST. NICHOLAS' SCHOOL.

A joint Mission and Patriotic Meeting was held on Oct. 30th, President Tommy Edmondstone, acting as Chairman. The meeting was opened with the Crusade Hymn, followed by the recitation of the Crusade Pledge by all the pupils.

Secretary John Morrison read the minutes and correspondence. Ten dollars was contributed to the Catholic Women's League, for Red Cross purposes. Twenty dollars and seventy-six cents, being the Holy Childhood fees for the entire year, and fifteen dollars for the ransom of pagan children, was sent to Father Ralph Egan. Ten dollars was sent to Father Cassin for library books for his Hungarian parish, Welland.

Business over, Allan Sheehan recited "Re-Consecration," and Ralph Smeed's piano selections were appreciated. A play, "A Real Thanksgiving," was enjoyed especially, as the boys had to take the girls' parts.

John Corney reminded the audience of All Saints' Day. Tommy Edmondstone's guitar selections and Bobby Trumper's recitation on "A Hallowe'en Party" were well rendered.

After a playlet, "A Victory Picture," Very Rev. Dean Cullinane spoke on the necessity of buying Victory Bonds. Rev. Father Cassin thanked the children for their donation



ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1940 - 1942

Honorary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

President

Mrs. E. F. Ellard

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The first quarterly meeting of the present scholastic year is scheduled for Nov. 22nd.

Elections, postponed from last May, will then take place with the installation of the new president.

The annual ceremony of presenting the Alumnae scholarship will afford us an opportunity to congratulate the recipient, Miss Barbara Hood, and also her mother, Mrs. M. Blagdon Hood, whom many will remember as a graduate of our College School and of the University.

Another graduate of both our College School and of the University, Mrs. Clair Murphy Slyne, will be offered our felicitations on the brilliant success of her youthful daughter, who won two scholarships, one of which covers her full honor course at St. Joseph's College.

A short musical programme is planned to introduce Miss Colleen Sadler, the winner in a contest conducted by the Toronto University of Music, and Miss Dora Raccioppa, who has for some time been in attendance at our College School as a specialist in Vocal Music.

Sr. M. Josephine.

Dear Sister Leonarda, and other Alumnae:

Another Christmas rolls around and we sing once more a prayerful "Peace on Earth" with war still waging. It is almost too much to expect it to be over by Christmas but here's hoping anyway, and so from all of us alumnae to all of you at St. Joseph's and from all of you to all of us I say "Happy Christmas" and may "God bless us everyone."

There are a couple of changes in our own immediate family this year, as there must be in many homes everywhere. Both the boys are still in the army—(And thank God they are still in the army and alive); and Joan is living in Sudbury now, which leaves us with only Frank of the original cast, but this year the new cast includes besides a new daughter-in-love, a son-in-love too, and occupying the centre of the stage is a little grandson,—Larry's son,—so you see this will be a happy Christmas for us, and may it be the same to all S.J.C.'s daughters!

By the way, speaking of Sudbury—as I have done so often since Joan's going there—usually brings news of some others who are there. And from this day forward I am going to have a pencil in my bag to jot down all such news. To-night I can only think of a few of them but I will have more next time I write. To begin with there is Mrs. McKinnon, who was a Miss Mulligan, and has many dear friends at S.J.C., and her daughter Joan, who is now Mrs. Selmsier, wife of an American Naval officer and living now in Boston—and the Misses McKay, Aileen and Margaret I think—and the Shannon girls, all of whom are S.J.Cers, and although he is not one of our girls, I mention one Doctor Vincent Keenan because so many of our girls will remember him in his college days here, also Martin Story. Both of these boys are married and are fathers. Elizabeth (Story) Frank was visiting her brother up there lately. Her husband is Veronica Frank's brother Antony, you know. Veronica is in Kingston. Now all that news came out quite incidentally in Joan's letters, so you see there should be a "chapter," or something, of our

alumnae in Sudbury. Sudbury girls, take notice and think what a grand time you could have reminiscing.

Mrs. Isabel (Abbott) Mosteller has had two more songs published. One of them, "You Promised Me," is especially timely and tuneful and Isabel hopes to have Kate Smith sing it over the radio. As this is a very popular radio programme "requests" receive much consideration, so Isabel would appreciate requests to Kate Smith from her old friends. The song is worth requesting, too, we assure you.

Some years ago I mentioned in this page that I wished I could remember the words that accompanied a pantomime the school did once in my own day—words recited by Mary Mulcahy—now Mrs. Potvin of Toronto—and music played, I think, by Minnie Urlocker—and some days later I got the loveliest letter from a nun in California, believe it or not, with a typed copy of the words, telling me that they had done it the very same year in her school. That letter warmed the cockles of my heart, not so much because she had read my silly letter because the rest of the Lilies is so good she might have thought my part would be too, but because it was one of my nice memories and I liked to feel that someone as lovely as she had loved it too. And because I know many of you would appreciate it, I am going to ask Sister to publish it here, or perhaps somewhere else in this issue.

There was a little rhyme or poem in one of the very earliest of our readers, which I used to repeat almost daily, a request from my little girls, but which I had to make up in spots for lack of exact memory. It was about a little girl who "was dressed for the Christmas party in a robe of white and blue, with snowy ruffles and laces and snowy slippers, too"—well just lately a little lady, in school at S.J.C. now, recited it for her class, and her teacher almost gasped. The teacher was my daughter and she had never heard it anywhere else,—in fact I think she credited her mother with being its author. Isn't it queer how things crop up in unexpected places. I'll wager her mother used the same old "reader."

But news of this day is more to the point and there is quite a bit of it this time, too. There are all the weddings to begin with. So we offer all our best wishes for a happy future to all of our brides and their husbands:

To Mr. and Mrs. Svend Hammerich (Lillian May Pelling),
Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thos. Knott (Catharine Anne Ryan), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gormaly Rankin (Norah Maureen Costello of Goderich).

To Mr. and Mrs. James Paul McGarry (Loretto Marie Cairo of Toronto).

To Mr. and Mrs. Keith Henry Fox (Alice Evelyn Baechler) of Powassan.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Collins (Mary Hallinan), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alan Grant (Margaret Mary Seitz).

To Mr. and Mrs. Neil Morrison (Mary Shepherd), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Joseph Seitz (Margaret Mary Maloney), Toronto (daughter of Ann Downey).

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Ball (Joan Gertrude Thompson), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Murray Lee (Margaret Rosemary Lachapelle), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard Wm. Crawford (Lorne Marian Smith), (daughter of Anne Bourke, North Bay).

To Mr. and Mrs. James Simone (Rosalind Virginia Pelletier), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Tomlinson (Patricia Healy), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. John James Henry (Marie Agnes Lambe), Toronto.

Special congratulations to Miss Marian Darte, who has again been elected President of the Women's Law Association of Ontario.

And to Gerald McKenna (son of Margaret McNamara), who has been made Warrant Officer. No 2 of Prince Rupert, B.C.

And to Mr. Herbert L. Conlin—(father of our alumnae and pupils), on his election to the Board of Governors of Newman Hall, succeeding the late P. W. Cashman.

Then there are congratulations to the new parents:

Mr. and Mrs. George Coles (Rose Brown), a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Cuddy of Whitby (a daughter).

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Leonard (Pat Cushing), a son.

Mrs. Woods of Barrie (Gertrude Hayden), and Mrs. Fred. Mugele (Helen McGrath), had a get-together this summer. Gertrude has a boy of five and twin girls—nineteen months

old. While Gertrude does not get to S.J.C. very often, she thinks of us often and loves us in the same old way.

Irene O'Driscoll writes from Fort Erie and promises news of our girls in her town.

Mrs. J. C. Keenan, of Buffalo, was a guest in Toronto lately, much to the pleasure of all her Toronto friends.

Dr. and Mrs. William Apted and their little daughter, Carolan, have returned from New York and are now living on Wells Hill Ave. in Toronto.

Mrs. Wm. Hough (Winnie Elder) has a son in Loyola College this year.

Mrs. Brain, Oshawa (Daisy Callaghan) has a little girl starting school this year.

Miss Shirley Barnett has entered the Good Shepherd Convent in New York.

Miss Iona (Sunny) McLaughlin has entered the Sacred Heart Convent in New York state.

Miss Jane Neill has recently been appointed head of Personal Loans Dept. in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bay and Wellington.

There has come the most interesting letter, almost a diary I should think, from a Sister of St. Joseph who is a niece of one of our Sisters and who is stationed in Honolulu. It would be a pity to pick snatches of it for this page. It deserves a place of its own. It gives a picture of the effect of December the 7th last year on the lives of her community. Perhaps you will find it in "Community Notes."

But now I must say good-night and repeat once more, "May you all have a happy Christmas and a peaceful 1943!"

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

though merely

Gertrude Thompson.

Editor's Note: We regret that we cannot publish the above mentioned poem and letters in the December Lilies but we hope to do so in the near future.

Fort Erie North, Ontario,
November 15, 1942.

Dear Alumnae:

While having dinner the other evening my husband handed me a letter, and upon reading it, discovered it was from Sister M. Leonarda, urging me to drop whatever I was doing

and please write a letter for "Lilies," telling about my family and the town in which we live. Had I taken her literally at her word, the result might have been disastrous. However, Sister is to blame for my bursting forth in print.

Twenty years ago when we came to this part of the Niagara Peninsula to live, there were two small towns side by side, Bridgeburg and Fort Erie. We settled in Bridgeburg, so called because of the International R. R. Bridge which spans the Niagara River from Bridgeburg to Black Rock. About 700,000 freight cars pass over this bridge annually as well as numerous passenger trains, and by this route direct communication between Canada and Buffalo is kept up. In 1931 the two towns decided to amalgamate and the name Fort Erie was chosen due to its historical significance. Bridgeburg is now known as Fort Erie North.

Very little seems to be known by the people at large of this town. When you speak of it all most people know of it is, that it is across the river from Buffalo and that the horse races are held here once a year.

Though small, it has a rich historical background.

Situated on the banks of the beautiful and majestic Niagara River it was the scene of many of the engagements of the war of 1812-1814, of the rebellion of 1837 and of the Fenian Raids of 1866. The Old Fort (a relic of these wars) still stands a little to the south of the Peace Bridge. Niagara Parks Commission has restored the Old Fort and a beautiful park is formed around it. About three years ago the bodies of three British officers were dug up (during excavations for local improvements) and their remains were buried in the Soldiers' Plot in the local cemetery. From their uniforms it was judged they were officers of the Regiment now known as the York Rangers.

Where the Niagara River leaves Lake Erie at the south eastern part of the town, is the Peace Bridge built to commemorate 100 years of peace between Canada and the United States. The building of this had been contemplated in 1914 but due to the Great War, was delayed. It was completed in 1927 and was formally opened Sunday, Aug. 7, by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent who, walking to the centre of the bridge, met General Dawes, representing the United States, cut the ribbon and the bridge was thrown open to the public. It is for vehicles and pedestrians only and over 15,000 automobiles pass over it daily and tolls are collected at the entrances. The American end is close to the

business centre of Buffalo. The bridge has made Fort Erie so easily accessible to Buffalo citizens that scores of homes have been built along the river and Lake Shore by them. The Peace Bridge is 4,400 feet in length with a clearance of 100 feet above the water and supported by 5 concrete piers. The 100 feet clearance is to allow for canal and river traffic, as it spans the Blackrock Canal as well as the Niagara River.

At present Fort Erie has a population of 9,500, due to a great influx of workers to the Fleet Aircraft, now making Fairchild planes.

During the twenty years I have lived here I have known only five others who attended S.J.C., so there may be some missionary work to be done. Edna Hartnett (Mrs. T. E. Jones), Caroline Whittaker (Mrs. B. Gallagher), Mary Driscoll (Mrs. E. Schnihl), are living here now and Shirley Puncher of Kitchener (Mrs. K. Smith), lived here for three years while her husband was working as engineer at the Fleet. Anna Murphy (Mrs. O. C. Teal) attended S.J.C. at St. Catharines.

I have three children who keep me busy most of the time. Terry in 5th Form at St. Michael's College, Barbara in Form III at Fort Erie H.S., and Michael Paul in Entrance Class. I am enclosing some snaps.

Now I must exchange my pen for knitting needles, which must click fast and furiously if I am to finish my Aero Cap for the Town's Soldiers' Xmas Boxes. Our chapter of the I.O.D.E., Colonel Kerby Chapter, has promised 150 of them and this is my 4th.

Best wishes to all readers of "Lilies."

Irene Forestell,
(née O'Driscoll).

Nurses' Residence,
October 27, 1942.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

Last summer I had to face the problem that sooner or later, everyone must encounter—the decision as to my future. After reviewing the various courses one might take, I chose nursing, perhaps, because it was the most practical at the present time. Of course I met with a certain amount of opposition. A few people advised me against such a choice, warning me of hardships and deprivations I would endure.

Accordingly it was with a little apprehension that I entered the Nurses' Residence of St. Joseph's Hospital. If the rumours I had heard were true, I was now about to commence all sorts of strenuous tasks. I knew no one in the Probationary Class, and I felt just a little strange. That feeling, however, was soon overcome when I met the Residence Staff who soon make the nurses feel at home. One of my pleasant surprises was the meeting of my former class-mate, Peggy O'Neill, who was also a probationer. Our class included girls from the United States, Montreal, Kirkland Lake and various other cities of the Province.

Classes, interesting, even fascinating, commenced shortly after our arrival, and have continued during the past two months. We keenly anticipated working in the hospital itself, and finally our hopes were rewarded. To-day we have mastered any qualms we first might have felt at coming into actual contact with the sick and began to enjoy making a little more comfortable those who are suffering.

Included amongst the graduates of nineteen hundred and forty-three class are Amelia Longo, who is the President of the Sodality, Agnes Lamphier and Veronica Malone. They will don their white uniforms in June. After three years of manual dexterity these girls have reached success and will go forth into the world to promote health and help cure disease. Miss Lamphier and Miss Longo hope to join the Navy next year. Among those who are "striped" nurses from St. Joseph's College School are, Joan Donahue, Helen Grady, Eleanor Izzo and Joanne Mazimechuk. Eleanora is quite active in our Sodality.

The Nurses' Residence has many attractions—we have an excellent auditorium and many are the good times we have in the spacious recreation room. Just now we are having much fun practising for our Hallowe'en concert.

Daily, I am most thankful for the choice that I have made, and I believe the other girls feel the same. Our country is making such urgent pleas for nurses and we want to do our part. Many graduates are already serving with the Army, Navy and Air Force, and the civilian demand for graduate nurses is increasing. It is gratifying to contemplate that while learning a fine and noble profession, we are answering our country's appeal also.

Sincerely,

Betty McConvey

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

... What do you think of this for Football Background? Here is what I read in Notre Dame University Bulletin:

"Saturday at Notre Dame, even outside the football season happens to be Our Lady's Day. In the Fall, it happens to be the day a group of her sons run and kick a pigskin around in her honor. It also happens to be the day on which, for years, she has seen the N.D. student body hurry to the chapel to pray to her and her Son. She still wants to answer the prayers of all by protecting the players from injury and bringing victory.

"Before every game, away or at home, the members of the football team meet in Dillon Hall chapel to pray for protection from injury and for victory in honor of Our Lady. A blessed medal is given to each man and he wears it on his uniform or suspended from his neck during the game. Each game is dedicated to Christ, Our Blessed Lady or some saint. This year, the 100 birthday of Our Lady's school, all the games will be dedicated to Our Blessed Mother under one or other of her titles.

"After the medals are distributed at the pre-game meeting, the Captain of the team leads the squad in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. This is followed by three invocations to the heavenly protector or protectress to whom the game is dedicated. The players then go to the Communion rail where each one is blessed individually with a relic of the True Cross, and if there are injured parts of the body, these are touched with the relic. The player kisses the relic after he is blessed, in token of his devotion and confidence in Christ."

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Sister St. Com  , Mr. McDonald, Mrs. Kelly, Mr. Marmoreo, Mrs. Oakland, Mrs. Aubrey, Mr. A. A. Craig, Mr. Meehan, Mr. M. F. Angelo, Mrs. J. Riordan, Mrs. H. D. Morris, Mrs. McKendrick, Mr. Doyle, Mr. J. Goodwin, Mr. P. J. Tully, Mr. J. Blake, Mr. D. Mulligan, Mr. Ryan, Miss F. Mogan, Mr. Rigney, Mr. Watts, Mrs. E. Marchildon, Miss N. McGarry, Mr. E. Sheehan, Mr. McIver.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



Book Reviews



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY, adapted from the Latin of Rev. P. D. Meyard, O.P., by Father E. C. McEnery, O.P. College Book Company, Columbia, Ohio.

This is a book of meditations for each day of the year, adapted from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas with a definite appeal to the intellect rather than to the affections, and in this it serves a stronger meat for reflection than the majority of meditation books in the market. The subjects are well chosen and present sufficient variety for all tastes but in most cases the meditations are too long for practical purposes. One paragraph, even one sentence, of such weighty matter would suffice. Not knowing the original, it is difficult to pass judgment on the quality of the English translation, but it flows freely enough and the language is well chosen. We doubt if the book will prove very satisfactory as a common meditation book for Religious Communities owing to its profound matter, but individuals should find it helpful and apparently have done so, as this is the third printing.

Sr. St. John, C.S.J.

THE CATHOLIC WAY IN EDUCATION. Edited by Roy J. Deferrari, Paterson, N.J., St. Anthony Guild Press. Price \$4.50.

As an auxiliary for the salvation of immortal souls the Church has established her vast educational system throughout the world. As Father William McGucken points out, in his "The Catholic Way in Education," the Church's purpose in establishing schools, from the kindergarten to the university, "is not to teach fractions, logarithms, biology, or seismology, grammar or astronomy—these subjects are subordinate to her main purpose to inculcate the 'eminent knowledge and love of Jesus Christ our Lord'; a knowledge so intimate, a love so strong, that it will lead necessarily to a closer following of Christ. Over the door of every Catholic

school could be appropriately written, "My little children for whom I am again in labor till Christ be formed in you."

The world may wonder that the Church considers religion more important than the learning of geography or fractions (though these subjects are never neglected in the Catholic school system). The Christian logic of placing first things first has asserted itself in the past. It will in the future.

Vital problems of Catholic education in the United States are discussed in the present book, and all the contributors are prominent Catholic educators.

"Essays on Catholic Education in the United States" is an important contribution to our educational system. It furnishes ample proof that Catholic educators are abreast of the times, that they realize the need of refuting the prevalent pedagogical and philosophical errors rampant in the nation's secular school.

John J. McDonough.

VAGABOND IN VELVET. The story of Muguel de Cervantes, by Covelle Newcombe. Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$3.00.

Little invention is required to make of the story of the immortal creator of Don Quixote an enthralling tale of adventure. The facts are there all ready for the romancer, and the author has revised in his narrative all the colour and heroism of the last great days of Spain. The story of The Battle of Lepanto in which Cervantes won his spurs, dominated as it is by the romantic figure of Don John of Austria, and glowing with the last flame of crusading fervour, has some of the clash and brilliance of Chesterton's immortal Ode. The vicissitudes of Cervantes' life as a captive in Algiers, long-drawn-out though they are, will keep the youthful reader in suspense and the disappointments of the literary beginnings make a proper introduction to the immediate and universal success that greeted Don Quixote. The story of Cervantes leaves no delusions as to the reward of literary greatness, and perhaps it is as well.

The real success of Miguel de Cervantes was his life with its gentle closing—the dying vagabond in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis reading the Dedication of his last work: "Adios, graciates."

Sr. M. Bernard, C.S.J.



ST. MICHAEL'S DAY MASS. The annual Academic Mass for the men and women students of St. Michael's College was celebrated in St. Basil's Church on Sept. 29th. Rev. J. O'Donnell, C.S.B., was celebrant, with Rev. Father Denomy, C.S.B., and Father Klem, C.S.B., as Deacon and Sub-deacon.

Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, C.S.B., Superior of the College, addressed the assemblage of more than 300 students, making a special appeal to the women of the college. Deploring the practice of training women for actual war combat, Father McLaughlin said: "Serve your country, yes, but serve it by your works of charity, by assisting in every possible way all those who are the victims of man's brutality."

"Our Christian culture will perish unless the women of our nation are determined to save it," he said.

Speaking of the need for true university education, which, he said, has retreated before the onslaught of war, Father McLaughlin said: "When the last bomb has been dropped the world will sorely need really educated men and women who will be able to direct the public mind, purify the national taste, give true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aim to popular aspiration."

Father advised students to "use every day to build up the reserve of moral and intellectual energy which will stand you in need in the day of trial, whether it is in winning victories or in reconstructing the social order."

Beatrice Dobie.

OUR NEW CHAPLAIN.—After four years of fine service from our Franciscan Father Ignatius, this year we have had assigned to us a splendid young Benedictine as chaplain. Dom David King, a mid-western American from St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, is pursuing the regular courses in philosophy and in the related branches of mediaeval life and learning at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies. We have gained knowledge to the effect that Father David is doing outstanding work at the Institute; and we can readily

see, behind his celebration of the Mass, a painstaking and devout mind. Along with our constant pleasure in Dom David's liturgical excellence, we are in the near future to benefit by a series of talks from him on the nature of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Mary Mogan.

FALL MISSION TEA. The annual Fall Mission Tea took on a new guise this year under the able chairmanship of Carmella Luciani. The expression "Mission Tea," never popular with our Queen's Park neighbours, was converted into "Hallowe'en Hangover," and as such was a great success.

Amidst an atmosphere of cross-eyed pumpkins, black cats, and swirling black and orange crepe paper, our guests enjoyed the rustic fare of hot-dogs, relishes, cake and coffee. The credit of which all goes to one Rena Aimone, whose ingenuity in the kitchen was the cause of all the compliments heard wafting around the Common Room and Parlor.

The huge fire burning in the Common Room grate enchanted our guests immensely. An atmosphere of mellowness and camaraderie prevailed as Bill O'Brien, III, St. Michael's, led the guests through old and new songs alike, concluding, of course, with the good old "Blue and White."

And those whose vocal chords had given out either earlier in the singing or from too much talking before the singing commenced, could satisfy themselves by toasting marshmallows — which everyone probably ate except them — and singing in the good spirit that everywhere prevailed.

In conclusion, let me add that these teas are wonderful institutions. They accomplish their purpose and at the same time foster a school spirit that is ever growing.

INIITIATION. As I see it, initiation is a method of making a student acquainted with fellow-scholars and of introducing her to her new surroundings. It helps to put her at ease and make her feel at home. It should be accepted good-naturedly, in the spirit in which it was intended.

On Thursday, September 24th, the Freshettes of Saint Joseph's had their first taste of initiation. They each received a novel hair-do and comic cap and so proceeded to classes. Sophomores were carefully avoided and shunned, because Freshettes were required to pay them homage with deep knee bending and flourishing of arms. Dinner was a sad affair,

eaten while in a kneeling position. Dates were taboo, while compact and lipstick were nowhere in evidence. Anklets and high heels were the order of the day.

In the dead of night the Sophs had a special treat for their junior charges. At two a.m. reveille was sounded and the girls were forcefully ejected from their beds and led downstairs. The weird procession made its way down into the gloom of the lower floor, where many strange and unforeseen events occurred. The startled crowd were led past a ghostly figure and subjected to many terrifying operations. When the Sophomores had sufficiently amused themselves they allowed the weary Freshettes to crawl upstairs on hands and knees.

Other novel ideas were brought forth to the great dismay of the Freshettes. Some were required to push pennies down the floor a la nose and others to perform on the bandstand in the park. The masterpiece was the concert put on by the Freshettes and witnessed by the Sophomores.

Such were the trials of the Freshette in the recent initiation ceremony. The girls took everything in their stride and to be truthful, I don't know who enjoyed initiation more—the Sophomores or the Freshettes!

C. Thompson.

THE HIKE, 1942. The Campus Shop would have smiled with pleasure at that array of bright jackets, sweaters, skirts, socks, and low-heeled shoes. Our long strides and gaiety matched this multi-coloured attire to mark us, quite plainly—hikers.

The call of autumn had brought us out from our pile of books (honestly) to enjoy the crisp, cool air and, as a result of all our prayers, there was no rain to prevent our enjoying the afternoon completely. We passed the last fringes of populated country at about half-past three and then were treated to about two miles of beautiful autumn scenery. Perhaps a city-dweller is oblivious of trees because they are so crowded from his surroundings, or perhaps, nature was allowing them to pass away in a blaze of glory, just at that particular time. At any rate, those many beautiful pictures made a lasting impression on me and made me envy one who lives near them at all seasons.

Before we realized it, we had reached our picnic spot, where several kind fairies had prepared a feast for us. Aren't you always ravenous after a long walk? Supplies of hot-dogs,

pop-corn, tarts, doughnuts and apples had disappeared when five intrepid members of the group decided to visit the farm. Up the hill and across the pasture we marched, intent on seeing everything there was to be seen. In the farmyard we drowned our thirst with water from the pump and proceeded to the barn. We gazed in awe at the bull, a peaceful creature, and watched as the feathers were plucked from a decapitated hen.

After a long tramp back to the campfire, we left the scene of our picnic—the last to head back for the street-car and city life—until next year.

Eileen Slyne.

A THLETICS.—This year Athletics are going to play a more important part in our curriculum than ever before. There was a splendid attendance at the first General Athletic meeting, in which the officers were introduced and plans discussed. Great enthusiasm was shown, with the result that an entry of 23 was made in the St. Michael's College Women's Tennis Tournament. The finals have not yet been played off, owing to the Interfaculty Tournament.

Because of the astonishing turn-out at the first basketball practice, we expect to form two very good teams this year. These will be coached by Beryl Pollock.

Other sports, such as badminton, swimming and skating (when winter sets in) are also to be developed.

The hard work being done by our two most enthusiastic officers, Aileen McDonough and "Mike" Mahaney, augurs well for our success in sports this year.

Marie Rose Reid, 4T3.

DAY OF RECOLLECTION.—On Sunday, October the twenty-fifth, a Day of Recollection was conducted by Father H. Daly, S.J., to recall to the students the resolutions made in last year's retreat, and to help them make a spiritual preparation for the coming year. Three conferences were given—one on Christ the King, one on the happiness derived from an appreciation and dutiful practice of our Catholic faith, and finally, a talk on the Blessed Virgin and the part she would take in our modern world of to-day. After Benediction the day students were the guests of the resident girls at tea.

OUR HEAD GIRL.—This year we are fortunate to have as our Head Girl, Mary Mogan, '43. Mary came to us from Paris, Ont., where she ranked high in academic and other activities. She won a Knights of Columbus Scholarship for General Proficiency and also the Fontbonne Scholarship for Firsts in Latin and French. She is an active member of Newman Club and an ideal Head Girl of St. Joseph's Residence. Everyone loves Mary and gladly cooperates with her in making the life in residence profitable and enjoyable.

Below—*Eileen Slyne*,
winner of Fontbonne
and Alumnae Schol-
arships.



Above—*Mary Mogan*,
Head Girl, '43.

LET US INTRODUCE to you Eileen Slyne, '46, who comes to us from St. Joseph's College School, from which she graduated with high honours, having won both the Fontbonne Scholarship for Latin and French, and the Alumnae Scholarship for General Proficiency.

Eileen has chosen Honour Moderns as her field of labour and is majoring in French, German and Spanish. Is she preparing for the Diplomatic Service? That we cannot say; but we do know that whatever Eileen does will be well done, and what is more, after four years in College she will still be surprisingly young—not even out of her 'teens. Good luck, Eileen!

ST. TERESA'S LITERARY SOCIETY.—On October 26, the first open meeting of the year of Saint Teresa's Literary Society was addressed by the honorary president, Reverend

Father Shook, C.S.B., who spoke on "Aspects of Modern Literature" with special reference to Grahame Greene's novel, "The Power and the Glory." A short biography of the man who had gone from writing poetry to a position on the "London Times"; then to writing short stories and novels, was followed by an analysis of the novel itself. The story tells of the problems of a persecuted priest in Mexico, the last priest to remain in the country. But this is not only an adventure thriller, it is a psychological novel which shows the inward struggle of a man who, although a priest, was not morally strong. The book is characterized by skilful craftsmanship and true realism. It is neither pseudo-sentimental nor sensational in an attempt to be realistic, but presents "a mature adult realistically grappling with human misery." Greene has obtained a true contact with the past, in contrast with the artificial attempts at tradition of other modern writers. The interesting talk was concluded by a few remarks on what is lacking in modern literature. True reality, not sensationalism, is needed in modern literature to-day. And this truth can only be obtained by an author who is himself in contact with truth.

Audrey Trimble.

THE RESIDENT FRESHMAN CLASS OF 1942.—According to tradition, the first few weeks of the academic year saw the members of the new Freshman class making their first appearance on the campus.

We, at St. Joseph's, have a particularly interesting group of freshies this year. They are all so different! And yet they seem to have already acquired, even in the short interval of time which has elapsed, such a friendly, sisterly feeling for one another and for the other girls of the College, that we do not hesitate to consider ourselves, as it were, all members of one large, happy family. Let us, then, allow them to pass in alphabetical succession before us that we may become the better acquainted with them.

First we see Eleanor Arnold, of dignified bearing, who comes from Elmira, Ontario. Eleanor is a graduate of Elmira High School and is one of our pass arts students.

Marjorie Baechler comes to us from Goderich High School. Marnie is a scholarship student and appears to be the studious type but we all know that she loves a good time too.

Another pass arts girl is Clara Butkovitch from Schumacher. Clara likes Varsity a great deal, but when you look

into her deep brown eyes you feel that she still has a weakness for the great northland.

Niagara Falls sends us another of her daughters in the person of Evelyn Critelli. Evelyn is very enthusiastic about all good causes—not omitting pass arts.

You whom the glamour of old Spain allures must meet Elsa Escallon. Elsa, a pass arts student, comes across the street to us from St. Joseph's College School. Her home is in Colombia, South America.

Then we have Martha Gravel, who has found a very warm spot in everybody's heart. Martha has had the privilege of attending the oldest Convent school in Canada—that of the Ursulines in Quebec City. Her French, of course, is perfect and her English is well on the road in the same direction.

Demure Mary Heffer is an Oshawa girl, a graduate of the Collegiate and Vocational Institute in her home town. Everybody likes Mary.

St. Mary's Academy, Haileybury, sends us one of her budding young musicians—Lucille Legris. Lucille also manages to find a few spare periods for her commercial course at the Convent.

A graduate of Notre dame Convent, Kingston, Alice McDonald of Tamworth, Ontario, has decided to embark upon a pass arts course. Apart from academic duties Alice enjoys chatting, and Newman Club.

Irma Morissette—Irene's sister—also comes from the convent of the Congregation nuns but in her case it is Notre Dame Convent in Ottawa. We shall not attempt to describe the beauty of her rich singing voice.

Our sole representative in first year medicine is Margaret Sheehan from Port Hope. We wish Margaret every success.

And lastly we are very happy to have with us Lorraine Woodcock, one of these fine girls from St. Joseph's Convent in Rosetown, Saskatchewan. Lorraine doesn't mind in the least if we think she is a Rosetown girl but the truth has finally leaked out. She comes from Mildred. Of course you have all heard of Mildred. It's in Saskatchewan—somewhere.

1942 GRADS.—The variety in the occupations that our grads of '42 are engaged in is truly amazing.

Margaret Browne and Kay Lawrence are doing general office work. Attending O.C.E., the school for school-teachers, are Catherine Cooke, Grace Griffin, and Sheilagh Ryan. Virginia Dwyer has a government job in our Capital city, Ottawa.

Mary Kelly is occupying her time with University Extension Courses in English literature. Rita Burns is taking a course at the School of Child Psychology, preparatory to doing day-nursery work.

Lever Brothers' Soap Company has managed to place two of our grads in widely different capacities: Mary Martin of College-dramatics fame travels over the province as mistress of ceremonies for a "soap drama" and show sponsored by the advertising department; and Betty Kirby plays around with test-tubes in the laboratory. Another of our scientifically-minded girls, Terry Knowlton, is employed at the Chemical lab of the Kodak Film Company.

Mil Ogle has launched herself in the field of journalism by making connections with the Winnipeg office of the Canadian Press. Eileen Egan, though at present at home, is preparing to make use of her Modern Language course in the business world. Ann Matheson, our old "Mathe," is in the drug trade—in the dispensary of St. Michael's Hospital. Joyce Field, our contribution to Occupational Therapy, is getting ready for her internship at the Hamilton Sanitarium.

They're a fine crop, aren't they? Best of luck, kids!

Mary Mogan.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Father Daly's conferences on Our Day of Recollection were refreshing and encouraging both spiritually and intellectually?

Bea Dobie is now an assistant managing editor on the Varsity, the first girl to hold that position?

Alice Wysoglad is a creator of Modern Dancing?

Beryl Polloch is coach of the St. Michael's Basketball Team?

Sheila Kirby got home at a reasonable hour from the all University Dance?

Betty Mondo and Aileen McDonough had by-lines in the "Varsity"?

Peggy Wismer spent a delightful week-end in St. Catharines, enjoying the wedding of a friend—and more?

Helen Teolis plays "Malaguena" beautifully on the piano?

"Mike" Mahaney is one of the principal debaters in first year Religion lectures?

Irene Morissette poured at St. Joseph's High Tea after the Day of Recollection?

Martha Gravel is improving marvellously after her operation?

Mary Arnold is engaged to an Airforceman, Paul Greenhill?

Eileen Slyne sat in on an Algebra lecture, and was completely at a loss? Imagine Eileen in this state?

Elsa Escallon won a scholarship from a Pan American Association?

Marion Binks is taking over the teaching of a Sunday School this winter?

Barbara Hood was one of the two freshie day-hops at the All U?

Mary Crocher looks something like Shirley Temple?

Marion Saeli's cello is coming up here via her brother? Who knows where we shall be hearing her play next, the University Symphony, the Toronto Symphony?

Irma Morissette's musical ability is well proven by her violin, piano and vocal renditions?

Mary Morgan is making a "perfect" Head Girl?

The Arthur sisters, Muriel and Gerry, are too quiet for us to find out any news about them?

Pat O'Donohue and Mary Overend caused a great rumpus around the house by leaving their livers brought from Home Economics, out in full view of all?

Maureen Keenaghan has future plans for the interior decoration of her room?

Lucille Legris' fast recovery is hoped and prayed for by all?

Rose Marie Cunningham.

LITERARY CLOSED MEETING.—The first closed meeting took place on October 26th. Mary Mogan discussed Franz Werfel's "*Song of Bernadette*." After summarizing the book, and discussing the merits of the translation, its structure, and the function of background in bringing out character, she stressed its significance at the present time, and the extraordinary appeal it has made to all classes of people. This was illustrated by the understanding notices of the book which have appeared in all sorts of secular reviews, such as The New York Times, The New Yorker, and Time. That of "Time" is particularly illuminating: "For any save the most hopeless skeptic, the Story of Bernadette Soubirous, fully and devotedly told as it is here, is a strong recall towards those ultimate values of our mortal lot. Her life, as Werfel says, is not merely 'The greatest miracle of modern times,' it is also the victorious pitting of the undefended and essential spirit

against the whole musculature of those times. For it took place in the middle of that sick century of which the present decade is the death paroxysm; and it had every feature of that century to contend with and to defeat. . . The touching and astonishing life of Bernadette, her simple nature and unimpeachable replies confounded all other dubious hierarchies of human intelligence." Catholic judgments of the work were represented by reference to "commonweal" and to authorities of our own College, who find in the general response to the work a proof of the general interest in the spiritual, even mystical, aspects of religious experience.

Betty Mondo's discussion of Barbara F. S. Fleury's "*Faith the Root*" followed, and although obliged to curtail it, she gave us a sympathetic interpretation of this character of a loving and beloved parish priest. For it was the love of Father Gerry for his little flock that was the source of his power over them, a love which was not confined to his own particular parishioners, but went out to all, without a trace of patronage in its humble and selfless devotion. The weakness of the book was pointed out to be a tendency to the sentimental and to some this would be an added attraction. It is counterbalanced by the faithful picture of life in a small town on the Saint Clair River. All the threads of life in Algonquin met and crossed in that quiet corner of Father Germain's verandah. Even the Lutheran minister's son brought his train over in order not to disturb his father in the preparation of his sermon. Father Germain's preparation was in those quiet hours before the Tabernacle to which the author refers with understanding and restraint.

INIITIATION.—"Up, freshies, up."

"Hurry up, out you get."

"What time is it?"

"Theirs not to reason why, get going, but fast." Thus began that dreaded business, initiation. The question in the front of all our minds was, "Will we or will we not live through it?" Needless to say we did, though at one time or another I believe each of the freshies sat down and quietly wondered the question in her own mind. That is, she did if she was allowed to sit down long enough.

Most of the time we spent on our knees. If it wasn't saying "Hail worthy Sophomore, Miss Blankety Blank," it

was eating square meals under the supervision of the same Misses Blank.

The first night was memorable though. How would you like to be hauled out of bed at 2.45 a.m.? Well, that's just the way we felt, too. All that we seem to remember about it was hearing a tumult of voices coming to us through the dark.

"Freshie, wipe that smile off your face, this isn't funny."

"Are you hungry, freshie? I thought you were. Here are some nice slimy worms to eat."

"I think this freshie needs a little shoe polish here and there, don't you?"

"On your knees, freshie."

"Don't go to sleep over there, maybe keeping your arms above your head would help. Tha-a-at's better."

Then upstairs on our hands and knees and into bed to finish (?) our interrupted rest.

On the last night "one of the esteemed Sophs" dressed as a witch, made all our freshie blood curdle (later we all agreed that it was a wonderful bit of make-up). On this occasion we were introduced to the marvels of a Court of Honour. It will suffice to say that it was quite an experience.

We have all quietly wondered about the Saturday luncheon. Was it used by the Sophs, as a peace offering to help them escape from the wrath of the freshies or was it really a fine gesture on the part of a "swell bunch" of girls? The question will be forever in our minds.

But now, merely a memory, initiation reveals itself to us in its true colours, as something we are all glad we did not miss. We are agreed, however, not to be so hard on next year's freshies as our Sophs were on us(?)

M. M. Sheehan.

WHY I CAME TO ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

English is indispensable in this world. Everywhere that we either travel or work we must know how to speak English. Therefore, after having graduated from the Ursulines, I had to decide where I wanted to go. What a problem?

The Ursuline nuns recommended St. Joseph's College because they knew the place from having in their community two Toronto girls. Daddy wrote, and after the second letter, it was decided I was to come to Toronto.

I had often heard about Toronto, the Queen City, but I

never thought I would be able to come and study English here. I knew also that St. Michael's College and the Basilian Fathers were renowned for their knowledge. I was glad to come to Toronto, but I felt sorry to leave my family, my city and my own language.

I did not know a thing about the College or about its students and teachers; but I was afraid of nothing; since the first moment I arrived here, everybody has been so nice that I am unable to repay what they have done for me. I have never been to a place where the girls are so pleasant. All are agreeable and they want to make each one happy. And what about the nuns? They are so generous in their kindness that we talk to them as we would speak to our dear mothers.

"Initiation time" was really funny. I had never heard about "initiation" before, and as you can imagine, when they awoke me, telling me I had to follow their "instructions," I did not know what they were doing; I learnt, but with costs!

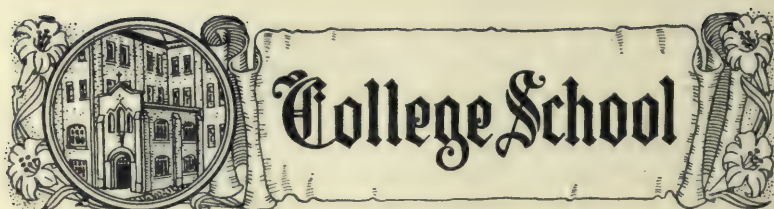
Now I am getting used to the life of the English College. It is so big a change from the French one that it is not surprising that I was terribly home-sick. But after reflection, I think it is a very good thing for a young girl to board once in her life far from her family. She can see how other people live and she has to form her judgment and to take what is good and what isn't. She gains more independence, which is very necessary on earth.

I wanted to learn English and I am sure that here I will learn it fast and that I will speak very good English . . . at Christmas! I never heard so much English in my life; everything, even the prayers, have to be recited in English! I think I will become an English girl soon because I have started to forget my French already!

Marthe Gravel.

Note.—Marthe has been only one month at the College studying English, and we think this first essay speaks for itself.





The New Term. Another school year began on September 9th and "set the wild echoes flying" through the corridors, cafeteria and gymnasium that had been still through the long summer months. The exultant cries of welcome and the easy chatting of the seniors set into relief the strange, shy, sometimes bewildered murmurs of the newcomers to St. Joseph's. The strangeness wears away, and new friendships and studies come to fill in these few first difficult days.

Father Lord's Visit. Father Lord's visit to us in our own auditorium on September 22nd, was a privilege. Katherine Frankish has done justice to the Reverend Speaker's talk to the girls in an appreciation that follows, but a paragraph from a paper by Lorraine Griffin, IV-A, on the same topic deserves some space here too:

"This man of unbounded energy and magnetic personality instilled into the pupils an eagerness to carry on, with fire and boom, Catholic Action. His story of Darby O'Gill made each one of us decide to leave mediocrity behind and advance even to fanaticism, if necessary. 'No more, no more; this praise doth nourish agues' could easily have been said by many of the intent listeners, as an account of the energy and enthusiasm of young Communists and Nazis was related to us."

Initiation. The old Boarders loved the new boarders from the beginning; but it would not be ethical to "grapple them to their souls with hoops of steel" until they had first been tried and found true. Initiation began on Friday, October 9th, after school and culminated in a gala evening Sunday, the eighteenth. The new boarders, duly subdued and chastened, seemed to revive shortly after the refreshments were served!

Illustrated Lecture. Catholic Action was evidenced by the Senior Boarders when they gave an eloquent and illustrated talk on the life of St. Therese of Lisieux in honour of her Feast. So well did the Junior School appreciate their seniors' efforts that it was well "bruit-ed abroad," with the result that the lecturers repeated their talk for the benefit of the Sisters.

Our School Mass. October 15th was the occasion of the School Mass—and edifying and impressive it was to see our entire High School, approximately five hundred girls, evidence their faith as they knelt to ask Christ's blessing on the year that lay ahead.

Our Hike. "Owing to war conditions and the need of conservation," the boarders tell us . . . "owing to all this, the hike was really and literally a hike this year . . . and mind you, it was just as enjoyable as ever! And did we ever have appetites by the time we got to the H.P. farm?"

Elections. The resident Students held their annual elections on November 1st. The results were as follows: President, Audrey Schooley; Vice-President, Betty Way; Sec.-Treas., Winnifred O'Mara; Sports Rep., Charlotte Faessler; Councillors: Mary Gallivan, Monica Purtill, Regina Frawley, Lois Garner, Patricia Payne, Margaret Schooley.

Hallowe'en Ball. The Annual "Hallowe'en Ball for the Boarders" was held Oct. 30th. It is marvellous what the old costume cupboard, that was going strong in our mothers' days, can produce! The Senior Prize went to a romantic Romeo and Juliet (Eleanor Dertinger and Margaret Schooley); the intermediate prize to Helen Lagonterie and Catherine Hambly, who represented two laundry bags (or maybe they were the laundresses) with the line of freshly washed clothes strung between them. They would do your washing for a pittance, they boasted, and deliver it free of charge. The wee ones had a prize too. It went to Kathleen O'Keefe and Rosemary Gerster, who made a fine representation of the old nag, "Spark Plug."

Field Day. The afternoon of October 15th was set apart for Field Day. Field Day at St. Joseph's is always enjoyable. This year two novelty attractions almost "stole the show": gay and voluminous aprons enveloped the skirts of a number of grade-tenners, and, lo and behold, in the pockets were treasures untold—untold, that is, until one dropped one's coin into the pocket and was permitted to take one's pick! Fortune-telling, too, was a new scheme—you had only to cross the gypsy's palm with silver and the future was yours, neatly and cleverly foretold by an ingenious Third Former.

Prizes were awarded some days later to the winners of the various races and games, and on the same day the winning raffle-tickets were picked. The results were as follows:

Miss Helen Murray, Commercial—\$25.00 War Certificate.

Miss Winnifred Prescott, II-C—\$15.00 War Certificate.

Miss Rita Murphy, II-C—\$5.00 War Certificate.

Senior Basketball, IV-C—Captain, Jean Wharton.

Junior Basketball, I-C—Captain, Marianne O'Neill.

Senior Volley Ball, IV-B—Captain, Nyasta Zackanka.

Junior Volley Ball, I-D—Captain, Patricia Wade.

Brown and Gold Exhibition Game, Gold Team—Captain, Phyllis Wharton.

The prize for the class selling most raffle tickets was won, as it has been won for several years, by Grade VIII, who turned in \$46.50.

Condolence. Evelyn Sheahan was called home in October by the sudden death of her father, Dr. Sheahan, of Chapleau, Ontario. It must be a consolation for Evelyn and for her mother, to think that their dear one went to God at the closing of the month of the Holy Rosary and that his memory would be vivid in their friends' minds during the blessed month of the Holy Souls. To Evelyn and her mother and family we offer our sincere and deep sympathy.

Introductions. The resident students include a goodly number of new girls this year. Would you like to meet them? PATRICIA McDERMOTT of IV-B, introduced them to us. It is a long, long time, says Patricia, since she herself was a "new resident student"—a small, red-haired, lively Patsy in Grade 2. She is going to take us to the social room, she says, for the senior girls' recreation:

"This is JACQUELINE MASON," she begins; "Jackie we call her, of course. She has come to us from Kenora and receives the prize for being the farthest from home. She has only one worry in the world, has Jackie: how many doughnuts there will be for lunch. And the girl with her is RITA BAUER. The Sisters tell us that is a familiar name around here. They say they know her aunts. Rita comes from Waterloo and already she has shown herself to be one of our best sports.

"That tall girl over there by the radio with the curly hair—no, silly, the curls are on the girl, not the radio—is PAT PAYNE. The Sisters say of her that she is Sr. Mary Lawrence's sister and Sr. Aloysia's, and we've been thinking of her as Anne's sister but she's getting to be just Pat—a girl in her own right! And you see that foursome over there—well, the two that look alike are ALICE and MARIE O'DONNELL, who've come to us from the not too distant town of Brantford. If all the girls of Brantford are like the O'Donnells, 'send them on!'

"St. Joseph's wouldn't be St. Joseph's without its yearly influx of French girls. This year they are especially noteworthy—quantity and quality. The BEGINS are from Levis, Quebec—they're over by the lamp, reading. PIERRETTE LABBE would be with them but she's in the parlour—Oh, yea, she's enjoying herself! The other one in that group is EVELYN OTIS from Matane; and the very petite ma'mselle stepping around so gayly is JEANNINE SIMARD from Quebec City. She's in Commercial. The very popular GAGNON family of Roberval has its representatives this year. GERMAINE is sister to Gertrude and Therese, and LOUISELLE is sister to Genevieve. Funny how music runs in a family, isn't it? They're all musical. Perhaps it's a trait of the French more than others anyway . . . look at the TURGEONS, for instance: both anxious to play all the instruments going—even the accordion. And GERMAINE SOUCY is artistic.

"That tall, fair girl by the door is BERNADETTE McISAAC from Uptergrove. Can she ever play basketball? She's with MARY McLAUGHLIN—you'll meet the other two McLAUGHLINS downstairs with the intermediates—FRANCES and RITA; they're quite a trio. The other girl with BERNADETTE and MARY is GERTRUDE McKINNON, all the way from Nova Scotia. EVELYN SHEAHAN'S away. Her Dad died suddenly. Evelyn has courage and faith. She won't go to pieces as some would under sorrow. ELEANOR DER-

TINGER isn't here either. She's off looking for a Hallowe'en costume. She comes from Delhi, so she's right at home here!

"Now here's MARION COCKBURN—Oh, she's not new—she's been here for years and years. She's going to take you down to the gym to meet the Intermediates. Good-bye."

"This is MARILYN FINLAY from Oshawa," Marion tells us as a fair maiden practically falls into our arms. Hide-and-Seek, it seems, is the last word in popular recreations among the boarders. "She is in Grade Nine at School and Grade Eight in music, and all grades of fun. This is ANN HAMBLBY," Marion's voice rises to keep pace with the rising crescendo of 'Home free! Home free!' "ANN and her sister CATHERINE—that tall, dark girl just disappearing—are from Oshawa too. And there's THERESA ADAMS of Mimico; we call her Terry; she's lots of fun. That was MARY BRICCO that was home first; she's the most thoroughly alive person you'd ever want to know—has us breathless with her energy most of the time. There are the two BOYLE girls together. They aren't sisters—not a bit of it; MARY ELEANOR'S from Prescott, rather boyish and carefree, you know. HELEN'S more serious, though she's always good for some fun. She's another Oshawaian. She and BETTY SMITH are listening to the radio. Would you describe her as a thoughtful person? I think so. The other two by the radio are the McLAUGHLINS. FRANCES is into all sports, but here's a joke—she talks in her sleep, the girls say, and gives away her secretest secrets—and RITA'S always afraid she'll give hers away too. The two slim, dark girls are MERCEDES and INEZ VALDEZ. They are from Ecuador, though not directly. You see they were in New York all last year. There is another THERESA: THERESA KELLY from Athlone, and I think that's all. We're a pretty jolly group, don't you think—or even a jolly pretty group! No? Well, anyway we are as good as we are beautiful and as clever as we are good."

O Infant King, ascend Your throne,
Come, rule in my poor heart.
Enter now, O Christ, my Love,
And nevermore depart.

Lorraine Griffin, XII-A,
St. Joseph's College School.



THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND WAITS

When the heart is happy, song is joyful. This is the reason why carols are appropriate at Christmas time. The word "carol" is supposed to be derived from the Latin "cantare," to sing, and "rola," an exclamation of joy. The modern singing of carols originated in England during the early Middle Ages. In Russia songs to pagan deities developed into songs of Christian content and the ancient Kolynda echoed through the streets of Russia until Communism came into being. The French, too, sing Noel hymns at Christmas and the Germans sing—or sang—the Kristlieder.

From the scriptures we learn that the first carol was sung by the angel, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." However, apart from supernatural carolling, authorities trace the first carol back to St. Francis of Assisi who made the first crib to represent the Nativity, around which he and his brethren sang.

Over a hundred age-old carols still survive and they form a definite part of Christmas celebrations, especially in England. Here are a few accounts of the origin of some of our most familiar Christmas hymns:

"Good King Wenceslaus" concerns St. Wenceslaus of Bohemia; it is sung to an old traditional melody. "Silent Night" was written by Joseph Mohr of Austria and the legends and histories concerning its inspiration are so intermingled that a whole essay could be written on the carol alone. The music is by Franz Gruber, another Austrian. "The First Noel" is so old that its origin has been lost, but the words and music are traditional.

Singers of carols are called "waits." The earliest carollers were the bishops of the Church, who sang joyful hymns at Christmas. In England and English speaking countries the "waits" go from door to door receiving money offerings for the pleasure given. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in England, however, "waits" were not only carollers but night watchmen who proclaimed the hour by sounding a horn or even playing a tune at different intervals. Even in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the ordinary street watchman sang carols at Christmas.

The singing of carols in our own day is almost as popular as it ever was. Usually it is young people who go from house to house singing Christmas music to obtain funds to bring to a poor

family or some charitable organization. May the practice continue for all time: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Kathleen Williams, XII-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

FATHER LORD'S VISIT

A hush pervaded the usually clamorous atmosphere of our auditorium. At the entrance of a tall, jovial-faced man, three hundred girls stood as one, and raised their youthful voices in accompaniment to the exhilarating martial strains of the Catholic Action hymn.

Completely ignoring the formality of being introduced, Father Lord began speaking to the young moderns, in their own language. The narration and application of the generations-old story of Darby McGill's dogged neutrality in the heavenly conflict gained colour and interest from his fluent, Irish-tipped tongue.

When he had gone, we began seriously considering our own neutral zone half-way between God and the devil, and comparing our own lax faith to the fanatical self-sacrificing beliefs of the Nazis, Communists and Socialists who give their all to their creed and their cause.

Katherine Frankish, V-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

GAMES FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Here is a jolly game to play at the beginning of your Christmas party, when everyone is still a little self-conscious. Try to choose a person who will not be crushed when, at the end of the game, she discovers that she has been "the goat."

Place numerous objects on the floor of the room, scattered in haphazard fashion. Use articles such as a vase of flowers, a fishbowl, lamps, records and a few uncooked eggs. Let the person chosen take a good look at them and try once to thread her way among them. Then blindfold her. While the blindfold is being placed on her eyes, remove all the objects from the floor. Turn the person around a few times, then tell her she must walk across the room. Everyone will enjoy her endeavours to avoid objects which are not there at all.

Margaret Sullivan, XI-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER GAME.

A "Scavenger Hunt" often provides adventure and merriment for a holiday party. Arrange the guests in groups of four and give each group a list of things they must find before they return to the home of the hostess, the odder the assortment the better—for instance, a copper of a certain date, a pilot's autograph, last year's license plate, a feather from a parrot's tail. The group to return first with their list completed wins a prize.

Catherine Shea, XI-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS.



A Christmas essay! I sighed. Then one lone idea sailed into my head: St. Joseph's is a fairly cosmopolitan school. Some girls could surely write interesting accounts of Christmas in other lands. Why, there's Catherine Habasinski, for instance; she's in my own class. I decided to try her.

Poland—C. Habasinski, Grade X-A.

"In Poland," Catherine told me at noon that day, "in pre-war Poland, for that is the only Poland my Dad knows, Christmas is a purely family affair.

For days and days the women would be preparing the food for the holiday.

On Christmas Eve the boys of the family would hike to the woods and chop down a fir tree, which they would set up in front of the home. The real feast would begin on Christmas Eve about seven o'clock, when all the family would dine together . . . seven courses, but, of course, no meat. Then a few Christmas hymns would follow, but soon the family would retire, for they had to rise early for Mass. The people would go to Church in their sleighs, meeting their neighbours on the way and exchanging Christmas greetings, and the rest of the day was much like ours. The 26th was a holiday too, my Father says, and it was on this day, not Christmas day itself, that visits and gifts were exchanged. The gifts were mostly fruit and candies."

Encouraged by Catherine's readiness to give me information, I set out to find Verna Ursini, that live-wire President of Grade XI-C. Although not from Italy herself, she would know all about the Italian Christmas. I was not disappointed.

Italy—Verna Ursini, Grade Eleven C.

Christmas in Italy, Verna says, is very much the same as Christmas in Canada. There are no Christmas trees, however, and the children do not hang up their stockings. But each house has a special room covered with green grass with a few mountains built in it in miniature, and a hill, down which a stream flows. Then, placed in the grass, going up the hill, is a procession of lambs, goats, cows, sheep and donkeys leading to the stable where Our Lord lies in the crib, beside which Our Lady and St. Joseph are kneeling. Every visitor who enters the house goes to that room first. They do not give gifts as we do, but each member of the family is presented with a new suit of clothes on Christmas morning and all march joyfully to Mass singing Christmas carols and calling greetings to their friends.

After Mass the family and a few friends and relatives gather for the Christmas dinner. . . Then, after the children have been given candy, they run off to play a few games while the men and women chat beside the fire-place.

I had been thinking of Charlotte Faessler. Charlotte comes from Montreal, but her father and mother come from Switzerland.

Maybe she would ask them about Christmas in Switzerland. Charlotte's mother answered promptly, but alas, in French . . . It was a long letter, but so beautiful I had to use it all:

Switzerland—Charlotte Faessler, Grade Twelve C.

"Noel en Suisse," wrote Madame Faessler, "is almost always white. . . Christmas in the countryside, as it was twenty years or more ago, that is the 'Christmas in Switzerland' par excellence. Christmas is heralded by the Feast of St. Nicholas (Dec. 6) . . . From this day until Christmas the children say their rosaries faithfully. No rosaries, no Christmas presents. . . Christmas Eve there are many mysterious comings and goings for young eyes to see. Father has to get a fine fir tree; spicy fragrance oozes from under the closed doors of the kitchen, and the children are led to think that the angels are out there helping prepare on this great day.

"At eleven o'clock on this blessed night trumpets on the church tower make the echoes ring with an old Christmas melody, 'Bonne Nuit, Calme Nuit,' and in the sides of the mountains little lights appear . . . One light joins another and soon on the streets of the village, silent shadows approach the church. There is no noise—all one hears is the sound of the heavy hob-nailed boots crunching in the snow. Everyone goes to Midnight Mass, except mother or grandmother, who stay with the very little ones. The church is filled. . . The organ plays our sweet Christmas carols and the choir sings. Everything is sweet, simple, as in the time of the shepherds at Bethlehem. . . . At the Elevation, there is a profound silence, no sound disturbs the holy moment, all hearts are with Jesus in the crib. And in the same silence each one makes his way home—a silence broken only by a simple 'Happy Christmas' from one neighbour to another as he leaves him. . . . Everyone goes to Mass again in the morning—the great High Mass when the organ plays its magnificent notes and an orchestra accompanies it and a choir sings, one that can compare with the finest in the land. . . . There is no silence after Mass now; everyone greets his neighbour warmly. In almost every house there is a Christmas tree, decorated, . . . and here and there a little parcel hidden. Always there is a stable at the foot of the tree. It is always the same, and sometimes dates back for generations. Usually the figures are carved of wood and are sometimes exquisitely done. . . . Around this crib each member of the family finds his place filled with nuts, apples, oranges, chocolates, spiced breads, and bread of anise seed, figs and dried raisins, handkerchiefs, braces, gloves—all the gifts are there, and toys too for the little ones, homemade toys, made during the long winter days. There is no extravagant display—just enough to make each one happy. But before touching their gifts the whole family sings a Christmas hymn. . . . The whole day is a family day; father plays with the children and their new toys and mother is so happy to see all the knitting and dolls' clothes at which she has spent so much time, finished at last."

Someone told me of a little girl who comes from Belgium—was actually there when war broke out. I resolved to "interview" Arlette Wunsch, in Grade Nine-D. The girls have since told me of her that she tops the class in all subjects, including English,

of which she did not know a word when she came to St. Joseph's two years ago. Arlette told me of Christmas in Laroche, a Belgian town in the Ardennes.

Belgium—Arlette Wunsch, Grade Nine-D.

Laroche is situated . . . at the bottom of a narrow valley; the river Orvethe completely encircling its small grey church and its houses, whose slate-covered roofs shine in the summer sun. But it is now winter—Christmas Eve. Everything is white; since eight days (there are a few French kinks left in Arlette's English!) since eight days, the snow has fallen in heavy flakes. In every home the family is grouped around the oven to celebrate the Birth of our Lord. The grandmother has taken out of the old cupboard her black silk shawl and apron and her lace bonnet; the grandfather smokes his best pipe, which represents the head of a Gaelic warrior. Now the Mother says joyously: "Supper is ready," and she puts on the table a huge plate which contains the traditional goose stuffed with chestnuts. The children applaud and the grandfather rises to say Grace. After the meal each one sings a carol and the old recall their youth while the babies admire the crib and play with their new toys. Suddenly a clear sound is heard: it is the church bell calling everyone to Midnight Mass. From the houses on the hills, from the farms and from the town itself lights begin to appear and make the dark country roads gleam. It is the faithful carrying their lanterns on their way to Mass. The church is beautifully illuminated and on the steps each one wishes everyone else a merry Christmas, while the bells constantly ring. It is midnight! The office starts and everyone prays, sings and hopes:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will!"

Arlette told me that there was a new pupil in her class—Blanca Nieves, all the way from Trinidad. She might tell me of a Christmas in the British West Indies. This is what Blanca told me:

Trinidad—Blanca Nieves, Grade Nine-D.

"In Trinidad, Christmas is looked forward to by everyone and schools give a month or more holidays for the event. Places of business also close. About a week before Christmas presents are handed around by everyone, the houses are decorated with blooms, holly and wreaths. The Christmas tree is put up and decorated. There are Christmas tree parties, dances and fairs.

On the night of Christmas Eve, all the children hang their stockings at the foot of their beds and go to bed early to await the coming of Father Christmas. The grown-ups and older children stay awake for the party. All go then to Midnight Mass with their friends. Carol singers go from house to house. Even the natives and poorer class of the people realize how great is the Feast of the Birth of Christ and give to it its due respect.

Barbara Dilworth, I-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

INITIATION

For weeks the words heard most often in the boarding-school, on the flat and in the dormitory, were: "Wait until initiation comes along!" Now, at last, it had come.

This particular week-end only the old girls could anticipate these two hours of free time. As the new girls hurried upstairs at three o'clock they were met with the words, "My bed isn't made yet," "Iron my blouse next," "Will you shine my shoes?" and other similar remarks. They were all good sports and by a quarter to six each felt as if she had completed a good day's work. Instead of wearing their coloured dresses on Saturday, the initiates spent the day in their tunics and blouses.

The finale came Sunday evening. Immediately after supper everyone dashed upstairs and in half an hour the new girls were ready to come downstairs. What a picture they were, some representing day and night, others in braids or ringlets, and all in queer outfits! Each girl carried her own chair into the auditorium and took her place on the stage. A musical quizz followed and the girls were led to the gymnasium for the consequences. When the old boarders were satisfied that the new ones were sufficiently initiated, they took them to the cafeteria. The old boarders served the lunch and, to show their appreciation for their sportsmanship, straightened up afterwards while the new girls went to bed.

Now initiation is over and there are no longer any new girls. We are all old!

Lois Garner, V-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

SLIDES OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

On Thursday evening, October the eighth, the resident students of St. Joseph's gave an illustrated account of the life of St. Theresa of Lisieux. The chairman, Mary Gallivan, introduced the speakers: Lois Garner, who told of her early childhood; Evelyn Sheehan, who continued with her mother's death; Rita Bauer, whose talk included the saint's First Communion; Audrey Schooley, her pilgrimage to Rome; and Patricia McDermott, her life in the convent. Mary Gallivan completed the program by urging the girls to follow her example, the path of spiritual childhood, the way of trust and absolute self-surrender.

Lois Garner, V-B,
St. Joseph's College School.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
He had no place for His Head;
Make your heart His resting place,
Your bosom be His bed.

Let acts of love adorn your heart,
A few of these each day,
Will make it pure and soft and warm,
A place He'd like to stay.

Lorraine Griffin, XII-A,
St. Joseph's College School.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

With Christmas drawing near and everyone saving pennies for War Savings Certificates and Stamps, girls who are handy with paints or scissors will want to make some of the little things that other years they would buy at the shops. Here are some suggestions:

Egg Shell Ideas. If you have conquered the art of blowing eggs, this will be easy: Blow the egg and let the shell dry before you begin to paint it. The shells may be decorated with stars or chubby Santas or clowns and they may be fitted over the lights or just hung on string.

Gift Wrappings. Ordinary white or coloured paper can be made attractive for the price of a small jar of red or white poster paint. Cut from one of last year's Christmas cards some figure or motif symbolic of Christmas, leaving the cord intact except for the hole where the cut out has been made. This makes a stencil or silhouette of that figure. Now dip a piece of rubber sponge in the poster paint very lightly so that it is not too wet and hit inside the hole at regular spaces on the paper you wish to decorate; better still, hold over the silhouette a poster-painted toothbrush and rub it with your fingers so that it spatters in the hole.

Leila O'Reilly, XI-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

TWO CHRISTMASES.

As Margaret Smith passed St. Augustine's hockey game her quick ear caught the frequent English accent amid the Canadian slang. How senseless, she reflected, these small boys in safety so far from their homes and parents, while at the same time sending older boys into danger far away. Her Jimmy, her one and only, had recently met his death in foreign lands. The telegram had read: "Regret to announce . . . shot . . . somewhere over France." Her present problem was how to celebrate Christmas. John, too, was dreading this 1941 Christmas, even as she was. The shrill little clipped English voices gave her ideas.

Margaret quickened her steps; she must consult John immediately.

* * *

Christmas was nearly over and a successful day it had been for John and Margaret and at least five of her six little guests. The ache in her heart had been eased. John, too, had found a new interest as he played Santa to these small lads. Despite the revelry, the plum pudding and the gifts had seemed unnoticed by the frail little figure in the big arm chair. It was time to leave and each boy promised to come and call on her some holiday afternoon.

"Would you like to come to dinner some day, Bruce?" asked his hostess at last.

"I think, perhaps, I'd better not; it makes me too unhappy. I—I just don't think it's good for me to see people in happy homes."

"What an idea! You'll be going back to your own happy home some day!"

"No, No; my home was in Coventry. . . I have no home nor parents now."

* * *

It is Christmas Eve, 1942.

"You may write the place cards, Bruce."

"You didn't have place cards last year, did you?"

"But I didn't know my little guests' names last year—not even yours!"

"Did you know—for my Christmas gift, Dad has offered me his name. Is that all right with you?"

"Perfectly all right, my youngest son."

Donna MacKenzie, XI-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

The history of the First Christmas Tree is difficult to trace. Many countries have legends saying that they were the first to have a Christmas Tree. Several agree that the Germans were the first.

An old German story says that St. Winfrid was responsible for the first Christmas tree. One day while talking to a crowd of people, he cut down an oak tree which had been the object of their Druidic worship. While St. Winfrid was chopping it down a strong wind passed over and picked the oak tree up by its roots. It was dashed to the ground, and split into four pieces. But behind unharmed stood a young fir tree.

Winfrid stopped and turning to the people, said: "This young fir tree shall be your holy tree to-night. It is the sign of endless life as its leaves are ever green. Let it be called the tree of the Christ Child. Take it to your homes and let it be sheltered by loving gifts and rites of kindness."

Phyllis Ronco, I-C,
St. Joseph's College School.

OUR PATRON OF CANADA.

St. Joseph, patron of this land,
Guard us, and help us to understand
That dear Canada, dear land of ours,
With flowing rivers, trees, and flowers,
May not fall within evil powers;
But let us stand with head held high
And welcome those who are passing by.

Shirley Franklin, VIII,
St. Catherine's School,
St. Catharines, Ont.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

The winter's night was cold and dark—
 And silently fell the snow,
 The moon sailed by in a cloud-filled sky
 And the trees rocked to and fro.

On such a night the inns were full
 With the people who thronged the land;
 The moon looked down on Bethlehem town
 And the Magi who travelled the sand.

And Herod was counting the thousands he ruled
 And honored by every one,
 But oh, how few were the ones who knew
 That the King of the world had come!

For only the stars and the moon above
 And only the shepherds and sheep
 Had come to adore in His stable poor
 The Little One lying asleep.

And of all the creatures He'd come to save
 Only His Mother could know
 The sorrow and tears in the coming years
 That into His Heart would flow.

And so she wrapped Him in 'swaddling clothes'
 And held Him in sweet embrace,
 And Joseph stood as near as he could
 And gazed on the Infant face.

This is the story, ages old,
 That choirs of Angels sing
 Of a winter's night, star-filled and bright
 And the coming of a King!

Rita Hireen, XI,
 St. Patrick's High School,
 Vancouver, B.C.

THOROLD.

Thorold, situated on the Welland Canal, is noted for the twin locks where the ships climb the mountain. The Ontario Paper Co., one of the largest in Canada, the Provincial Paper Co., and the Beaver Board Paper Co., are industries of the town as well as the important Exolon Company.

The town, with a population of about 5,500, has about 400 boys in the armed forces. We are proud of our boys and town.

Pat Remigie, VIII.,
 Holy Rosary School,
 Thorold, Ont.

THE THOUGHTS OF AN AVIATOR.

Bombs dropped from the sky!
 To think that I
 Should stoop so low,
 To send hurling towards the land
 Such messengers of woe!

I do not know
 Just whom I've killed
 Nor how many hearts
 With sorrow filled.

But dear Lord,
 Please let it be
 That men shall soon
 Come back to Thee.

That soon this war
 Will cease,
 And we shall find again
 Love's own sweet Peace.

Annabelle Hayes, Grade 9,
 St. Joseph's High School.

GOD'S CREATURES.

The grass is green,
 The flowers are out,
 The birds are singing sweetly.
 The animals roam about the woods
 The stag stands up so stately
 The chipmunk plays up in the trees,
 While away from the weasel
 The field mouse flees,
 These all belong to God on high
 The bees, the beast, the birds of the sky.

Fred Nokes, Grade 7,
 St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro

OUR BALL GAME.

Spring's warm days came early this year and one bright Monday morning two girls arrived at school with baseball and bat. Shouts of glee greeted them. Books deposited in the class room, quickly a rush was made to the diamond where play began in earnest. Nine o'clock came all too soon.

At noon-hour we appointed captains and began choosing teams. A game started at once. How exciting! My team was winning! How long would it last? A quarter to one the score was 29 to 20. We are winning. Hurrah!

Five to one the first school bell sounded. Hearty cheers went up for the losers.

Geraldine Douglas, Grade 7,
 St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

FROM DAWN TILL NIGHT.

The chimney swift has come at last
To tell us that the night is past,
And off he goes into the sky.
Where he goes, who knows? Not I!

A robin begins to hop and squirm,
Searching for a juicy worm,
A warbler with his note so cheery
Brightens up the sick and weary.

A hawk begins to soar on high,
And then he darts from out the sky,
Pouncing upon some running mouse
Heading for a farmer's house.

Throughout the heat of a summer noon
You can hear the laughing of a loon,
Back and forth the martins fly,
Catching insects in the sky.

A flash of colour and a whirl of wings
And then an oriole stops and sings,
Then on he flies, as you see,
Towards his nest in the elm tree.

It's twilight; I hear a robin sing,
A hanging bat has ceased to cling;
A silhouette of an owl I see
Way up in that dead pine tree.

Billy Black, Grade VIII,
Our Lady of the Rosary School,
Thorold, Ont.

I HAVE LIVED ONE YEAR IN VANCOUVER.

From the vast Saskatchewan prairies to mountainous British Columbia is certainly a contrast! When we left Regina, the end of January, 1941, to take up our home in Vancouver, it was piercing cold, and in addition there was a howling wind that seemed to eat into the very bone. Of course, the land was covered with several inches of snow and ice. Alberta, though milder, had much the same scenery. Through the Rockies and over Kicking Horse Canyon, the snow except in the mountain peaks had disappeared. To see green grass and leafy trees in January was a treat to me, but to see a mountain for the first time, well, it was certainly thrilling. So vast, so high, and so wonderfully grand are our Canadian Rockies!

Sunday morning we reached Vancouver. What a surprise—it was raining! What! no snow on the streets! People without overshoes and clad in thin summer coats! Why, that was wonderful.

For the next two months we lived downtown and spent a great deal of time exploring. By that time we had become, I think, real Vancouverites.

My impressions? Sports? Well, sports in the Central West resemble to a great extent those on the coast. Naturally, our greatest amusement is outdoor skating. Everyone learns to skate from almost the time he can walk. Each rink has its own hockey team and competition with other rinks is great fun. A game we girls especially love to play was "Broomball." It follows the same principles as hockey except brooms and a ball are used instead of sticks and pucks.

Would you like to hear about the school system in Saskatchewan? The biggest difference is students are able to obtain senior matriculation in four years. I had not the privilege of attending a Catholic High School, and I now realize the disadvantage that was mine. I am very glad we have come to Vancouver and that now I am a pupil of St. Patrick's High School. Friendlier or nicer teachers and pupils could not be found anywhere.

We have lived in Vancouver one year and like it so well that my parents say, the last thing they would think of doing now would be to return to the prairies.

Eileen Taylor, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

ABOARD THE O. N. CUNNINGHAM

The trim speed boat skimmed over the water gracefully, lightly cutting the waves in a deft line, leaving behind churning and foaming waters. Her bow was pointed straight ahead, and the throb of her engine seemed to be striving for mastery over the inward excitement I possessed.

Quickly, we shot over the sea, passing Jug Island, so called on account of the formation of crags which project from the side of the island to form a handle like that of a jug. Travelling between thirty-five and forty miles an hour, we soon passed the Twin Islands whose cliffs rise high over the waters, and which are separated by only a bed of shells.

As the boat sped on, we were attracted by the heavy timber which almost touches the water. Suddenly, we turned in a perfect arc to the right, and nosed through the entrance of Bidwell Bay, which is guarded by a reef of jagged rocks on which stood a flock of screaming sea-gulls. On either side, we were hemmed in by timbered cliffs. We slackened our speed so as to view at leisure the beauty of our surroundings. On the narrow shore, the wrecked hulk of a schooner lay on her side. Further on, a neglected overgrown orchard on the steep slope brought to mind the sad story of a trapper who had lived and died on these shores.

Finally, we reached the head of the bay and as we turned back in a sweeping curve, we caught glimpses of summer camps under towering firs.

We had enjoyed the enchanting scenery and now the skipper gave himself up to the joys of speed and the little boat leaped through the water as it raced to its moorings at our summer camp. We had had our first view of the beauties and mysteries of the North Arm of our own Burrard Inlet.

Helen Erickson, XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

MY DREAMHOUSE.

The house was built in colonial style. Two stone pillars supported the heavy roof. By the doorway grew a clump of tulips and in the centre of the lawn was a flower-bed which resembled, both in shape and colour, the Union Jack. A tall hedge encircled the premises and a quaint white gate ran across the driveway.

A swing hung from the branch of a stately maple and it was there that I spent many pleasant hours resting in the cool shade beneath the tree.

At one end of the garden a gurgling streamlet flowed through a grove of trees. It emptied into a small lake where water-lilies dotted the calm surface and the bright yellow petals of the buttercup peeped through the tall grass at its edge.

This is my dreamhouse.

Muriel Hansen,
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

ANTICIPATION.

One bright Saturday morning, early in the summer, the occupants of the Lane house were up and bustling around. Mr. Lane had decided to take his wife and two children, Mary and Peter, to the Zoo. Excitedly they bundled into the car, Mary and Peter disputing the front seat. Mary won but just then a loud Bang! was heard. A tire had punctured. That repaired, they were soon on their way.

Half-way to the Zoo they stopped for lunch under an oak tree. Mrs. Lane stepped out and was followed by Mr. Lane, who landed in her basket, squashing an apple pie. That situation was cleared, to be followed by a wail from Mary, who had caught her finger in the car door. After lunch, the dishes were again packed (and some broken too), but they were happy to be on their way to the Zoo. They reached there—but the Zoo was closed.

Patsy Pratt, Grade VIII,
Guardian Angels' School, Orillia.

A MISHAP.

One summer afternoon Betty and I went down by a river which had a swift current.

Separated from Betty, I climbed the steep cliff by the river, gathered flowers and was about to leave when I saw an unusually pretty one growing on the edge of the cliff. As I reached out to pluck it, the earth crumbled beneath my feet, and I fell to the waters below. My cries brought Betty, who tried in vain to reach me. Meanwhile I was being swept towards the thundering falls.

Just then a great St. Bernard dog appeared on the bank, plunged in and caught my dress in his huge teeth and jaws. In a few more seconds I would have been swept over the falls. He brought me safely to the shore.

The heroic dog belonged to a farmer, who hearing our cries for help, had sent "Pal" to the rescue. The farmer took us to his house, and there we ate our lunch and dried my clothes.

Patsy Pratt, Grade VIII,
Guardian Angels' School, Orillia.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The Victoria Cross is the most highly prized decoration of the British and Naval Military Forces. In shape it is a Maltese Cross, and is made from the metal and guns captured in the Crimean War with words "For Valour" inscribed beneath the crest. This decoration was instituted by Queen Victoria to be granted to the men of any rank for notable valor in the presence of the enemy. A pension of \$250 a year goes with the honour.

Sam White,
Holy Rosary School,
Thorold, Ont.

HONOUR LIST.

Honour List of pupils who sent in work that space does not allow us to publish:

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ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL: T. Bellmore, A. Medulan.

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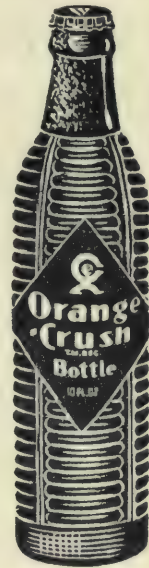
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